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WINTER EDITION
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"INSIDE-HOLLYWOOD" BIOGRAPHIES
GLAMOUR PORTRAITS—SELECTED AND AUTOGRAPHED BY THE STARS

THE 1941 WINTER EDITION OF

SCREEN ALBUM

**AUTOGRAPHED STAR PORTRAITS
INSIDE HOLLYWOOD BIOGRAPHIES**

New Faces is the theme of this 1941 SCREEN ALBUM—the bright, up-and-coming *new* stars you are raving about. Not that we have forgotten your old favorites—you'll find them all practically living for you on the pages of SCREEN ALBUM. The beautifully printed, entrancing portraits, *all* of them autographed, are accompanied by thrilling word pictures—intimate, up-to-the-minute details you have always wanted to know.

Now—in one magazine, for only 10c—you can own an album of a hundred glamorous portraits of Hollywood's most fascinating personalities, with a multitude of inside facts on each one! Ask your newsdealer for a copy today.



NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS 10 CENTS

HE THOUGHT:
"YOU'RE LOVELINESS ITSELF!"

UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!



Take no chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"—help protect
your own bright smile with Ipana and Massage!

FROM ACROSS THE ROOM her beauty was flawless—almost unreal in its perfection of form and color. He thought, above the swift pounding of his heart, "Why, she's the loveliest—the most exciting thing I've ever seen in my life! *I must meet her at once!*"

And when he did, his eyes held hers and whispered, "You're loveliness itself!" But then—right at that breathless moment—she smiled. And in just that instant his eagerness faded.



of "pink tooth brush"! To do so is to risk your winning smile—your charm.

NEVER IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH." When you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist and see him promptly.* It may not

mean serious trouble ahead. It may simply mean that today's soft, creamy foods have robbed your gums of work, left them tender, sensitive, weak. And, often, your dentist's advice will simply be more work and exercise for those lazy gums—"the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is especially designed not only to clean the teeth but to

aid the health of the gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Feel that delightful *tang*—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It flashes the news that gum circulation is improving—strengthening gum tissues—helping to make gums healthier. So get an economical tube of Ipana today. Join the charming women who have found Ipana and massage one way to a more attractive smile.



WHEN YOU BUY IPANA, ask your druggist for the new D. D. tooth brush. Designed with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, the D.D. brush is more effective for gum massage, more thorough cleansing.



POOR TEETH—DINGY GUMS ARE A TRAGEDY. A ruined smile is a tragedy to anyone. But it is a particularly tragic handicap to a woman. So don't YOU be as foolish as this poor girl, and ignore the warning

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S **LION'S ROAR**

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Good morning! We hope you've had a Happy New Year.

We bring you a recipe to start 1941 off right.

It's "The Philadelphia Story". Let us tell you about it.

Once upon a time (are you sitting comfortably on my knee?) there was a girl who was good in the Three R's.

She was Rich, Rare and Racy. *The 3R's*

She also was a Ravishing Redhead.

She was claimed by three men. They were the Three H's. Hero, He-man, and Heel.

They were all Handsome. *The 3H's*

The Three H's loved the Ravishing Redhead. They wooed her on horseback, in swimming pools and at champagne parties.

They Fought for her, Flew to her and Framed her. It all happened in Philadelphia. *The 3F's*

Now that's just a hint of the most delightful New Year's gift you or your friends or your family ever got.

We cannot open the book further on "The Philadelphia Story". You must see it, not hear about it. You cannot afford to miss Cary Grant, Katharine Hepburn and James Stewart.



Paraphrasing the well-known poem, only God can make a trio like that.

"The Philadelphia Story" (shh!) is directed by the incomparable George Cukor. M-G-M's own Joseph Mankiewicz is the producer.

Now there are many plus values—think of adding to Grant, Hepburn and Stewart—in the cast.

For example—in fact, for six examples—Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Roland Young, John Halliday, Mary Nash and Virginia Weidler.

Endowed with a script by Donald Ogden Stewart from the well-known Broadway hit by Philip Barry, M-G-M proudly, buoyantly, happily presents—

"The Philadelphia Story"

—Leo

Another Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer advertisement for "The Philadelphia Story" appears on page 5.

S **TORIES**

F **ASHIONS**

F **EATURES**

MODERN SCREEN

SCANDINAVIAN CHARMER

A close-up of that glamorous import—Ingrid Bergman..... 10

SHOOTING FOR THE STARS

Glamour tricks from movie cameramen to make smoothies of us all! 24

HOLLYWOOD'S NO. 1 MENACE

A new slant on Gable by the chap who knows him best—himself 26

LADY HAMILTON

Leigh and Olivier relive history's most heart-warming romance 28

DATE BAIT

Let the movie kids teach you some siren stuff!..... 32

ALL THIS IS HOLLYWOOD, TOO!

Here's a side of town you'll never see from a sightseeing bus... 34

A THRILL A MINUTE . . .

No more hot spots for Jimmy Stewart—and here's why!..... 36

BEAUTIFUL HANDS TO HOLD

Hands are such tattle-tales—make yours say nice things about you 38

MISTRESS PROBLEMS

Meet the most heckled tribe in Filmdom, the stars' servants!.... 42

A GREAT PERFORMANCE

The poignant story of Madeleine Carroll's unflinching courage.. 44

MATRIMONY IN MOVIELAND

Charts and chatter to keep you up to snuff on your wedlock data 46

CLASSIC, CASUAL AND CHIC . . .

Some adorable nine-to-fivers with a dash of night owl in 'em..... 54

SNOW—SUN

Ski clothes cute enough to melt an iceberg—sun clothes with verve! 56

PROP SHOP

Some new fillips for that jaded winter wardrobe..... 58

Information Desk..... 6

"The Shepherd of the Hills"..... 8

Movie Reviews..... 12

Our Puzzle Page..... 14

Portrait Gallery..... 19

Dangerous Curves..... 30

Designing Males..... 40

Good News..... 50

Modern Hostess..... 64

Sugar 'n Spice..... 95













Movie Scoreboard..... 97

Cover Girl: Vivien Leigh, natural color photograph by Coburn

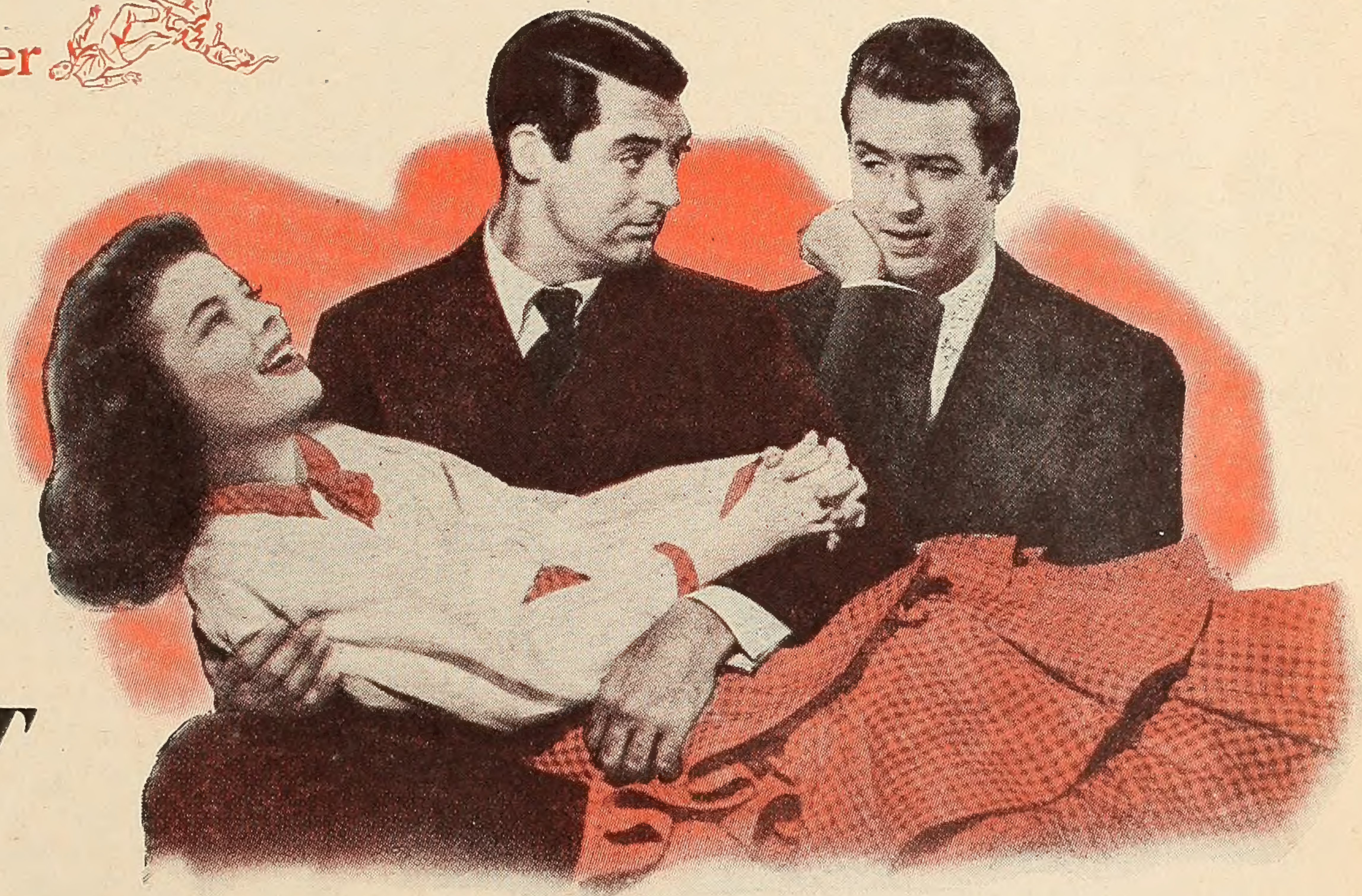
PEARL H. FINLEY, Editor - SYLVIA KAHN, Hollywood Reporter

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Once upon a cockeyed time...

there was a ravishing **redhead**  who was very, very elegant and fancied herself as a kind  of goddess. (*Imagine!*) ... And she was all set to marry a truly **stuffy** guy  ... when her ex-husband showed up. Now *he* was a regular fellow  with many human frailties such as  and  and you-know-what. **This** time he brought with him a handsome reporter with  candid camera and candid **girl friend** by means of which he hoped to snare many snappy morsels for his **Scandal sheet**.  So-o-o-o things got **hotly** mixed up. There was a **midnight** bathing party for two  ... and a fight  ... and a wedding  ... and how it all comes out makes **THE PHILADELPHIA STORY** the funniest film in years ... which should cause **you** to roll in the aisles with **laughter** 

Cary
GRANT
Katharine
HEPBURN
James
STEWART



THE PHILADELPHIA STORY

with **RUTH HUSSEY**

JOHN HOWARD • ROLAND YOUNG • JOHN HALLIDAY • MARY NASH • VIRGINIA WEIDLER

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart • Based on the Play by Philip Barry

Produced by The Theatre Guild Inc. • Produced by **JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ**

Directed by **GEORGE CUKOR** • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

There's more about
"PHILADELPHIA
STORY"
in the Lion's Roar
Column on page 4



INFORMATION DESK

OUR MAILMAN'S A BUSY CHAP, AND WE WANT TO KEEP HIM THAT WAY! WRITE US AND WE'LL ANSWER!



Gloria Brandriff, St. Louis, Mo. Get out your little black book—here's your date data! Bob Hope and Dolores Read were married Dec. 25, 1934. Their adopted daughter is sixteen months old. You may be interested to learn that she's recently acquired an adopted six-month-old brother Tony. Annabella was born July 14, 1912. George Brent came into the world on March 15, 1904, and Laraine Day first saw light Oct. 13, 1919. Irene Dunne's birthdate was July 14, 1904. Richard Greene was born on Aug. 24, 1914, and Virginia Field on Nov. 4, 1917. Janet Gaynor's and Adrian's son is about six months old now and the best-dressed baby in Hollywood!

Margie Neumann, New York, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Lundigan were blessed with baby William on June 12, 1914, in Syracuse, N. Y. He has grown to the sizable proportions of six feet two inches in height and 170 pounds in weight and has blue eyes and light brown hair. After high school and Syracuse University, he took a job as local radio announcer in his home town. His voice attracted the attention of a screen executive who interviewed him and believed he had spotted something a little extra in Hollywood hero material. Later events proved his judgment 100% correct, and today Lundigan's really on his way up. He's unmarried, but currently in the toils of lovely Margaret Lindsay. During his spare time he reads and tries his hand at radio playlets.



Martha Jones, Atlanta, Ga. Louis Hayward's playing opposite Joan Bennett in "The Son of Monte Cristo." Since his entry into the world thirty-one years ago, he's grown to a height of five feet ten and a half inches, created a successful six-year picture career and married twenty-four-year-old Ida Lupino. They are both athletic and thrive on a steady diet of tennis and golf. No, he's never been married before. Louis, who has dark brown hair, blue-grey eyes, scored a hit in "The Duke of West Point," which was released Dec. 29, 1938. In this picture he played the leading role opposite Joan Fontaine.

Sharon Cameron, Chicago, Ill. You know a good thing when you see it! Dennis Morgan was the gorgeous man who played Thomas McCabe in "Tear Gas Squad" and who, incidentally, is rapidly headed toward stardom in "Kitty Foyle." Born Stanley Morner in Prentice, Wis., he was educated at Carroll College and gained fame singing in opera and over NBC nation-wide hookups. In 1936 he entered movies and he's likely to stay there at the rate he's going now! Warner Brothers, Burbank, Cal., are distributing autographed pictures of him for a mere 25c.

Cherie LaCroix, Tampa, Fla. Your inquiry about the person who took the part of Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, Nazi Minister of Propaganda in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," led us into very interesting channels. It seems that the studio prefers to leave him unidentified! If he plays the role *that* convincingly, he must be a pretty swell actor.



Mrs. T. F. McCaffrey, Kingston, Pa. Any song Deanna Durbin sings in her pictures is literally "made" right then and there! In "Mad About Music" she wowed 'em with "A Serenade to the Stars," "Chapel Bells" and "I Love to Whistle," and in "That Certain Age," brought fame and fortune to the composers of "My Own," "Be a Good Scout," "You're As Pretty As a Picture" and "That Certain Age." You'll remember "It's Raining Sunbeams" in "100 Men and a Girl" and "Someone to Care for Me" and "My Heart is Singing" in "Three Smart Girls." Her next film is "Nice Girl."

Eunice Millen, Southern Pines, N. C. Lionel Barrymore was really crippled with arthritis for several months, that's why he always played those wheel-chair parts in the "Dr. Kildare" series. Good news is that he's recovering and will be able to walk around soon. . . . None of the Andrews sisters, playing in "Argentine Nights," are twins. Patty, LaVerne and Maxine are their names.



A Lew Ayres Fan, Albany, N. Y. Born in Minneapolis in 1908, Lew Ayres was bitten by the "movie bug" in the second grade. After high school he went to the University of Arizona where he centered all his interest on his banjo and guitar in the college orchestra. Hollywood was still his goal, so when part of the band decided to drift West, he was eager to go along. The Coast didn't offer all the glory he'd expected, but he managed to keep himself going and hung around the studios between orchestra engagements. The breaks were slow in coming, but he finally made the grade after a wowing success with Garbo in "The Kiss." At the height of his career he satisfied his yen to direct and almost disappeared from sight as a result of his failure in that venture. Recently, however, the Dr. Kildare films have pushed him back to the top again, and he's going to confine himself to acting for a while! He's very casual about the women at this point and doesn't seem to be attracted to any particular one.

NOTE: If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.

"This is the most exciting story I know!"

says Newspaperdom's ace story-teller
MARK HELLINGER

HIGH SIERRA

by
W. R. BURNETT
Author of 'Little Caesar'

THEY call him 'Mad Dog' Earle, enemy of all that is decent and good. Yet his dreams are every man's dreams: a fireside on a friendly farm, and the arms of the woman he loves . . . Then there's Marie, deep down just another woman with a hungry heart—but to the world a hard-boiled taxi dancer and Killer's companion . . . (Now her man is trapped alone, still fearless and defiant, on the highest peak of the terrifying High Sierras. He hasn't bowed to any law on earth. He's trapped only because Man can climb no higher . . . Is this the end for the most dangerous criminal since Dillinger—or is it only the beginning? *It's all blazingly told in the new film success, 'High Sierra', hailed far and wide as 'the peak of screen excitement'!* . . .

'HIGH SIERRA' is the sensational new success produced by WARNER BROS. . . . For both their brilliant performances it skyrockets to the top-most star ranks

IDA LUPINO

The star whose startling performance in 'They Drive by Night' made her an overnight sensation! Here's the big role she earned!



HUMPHREY BOGART

No characterization within memory has packed the power of this, the greatest performance in the career of Humphrey Bogart!

RAOUL WALSH,

DIRECTOR



Of all his screen successes, from 'What Price Glory' to 'They Drive by Night', this film stands supreme!



MARK HELLINGER'S high tribute to 'High Sierra' is a rare one, and mighty well-deserved!

with ALAN CURTIS • ARTHUR KENNEDY • JOAN LESLIE • HENRY HULL • HENRY TRAVERS
Screen Play by John Huston and W. R. Burnett • From a Novel by W. R. Burnett

On The Set With...

"THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS"

PARAMOUNT TROUPE CUTS CAPERS
HIGH ATOP SAN FERNANDO PEAKS!



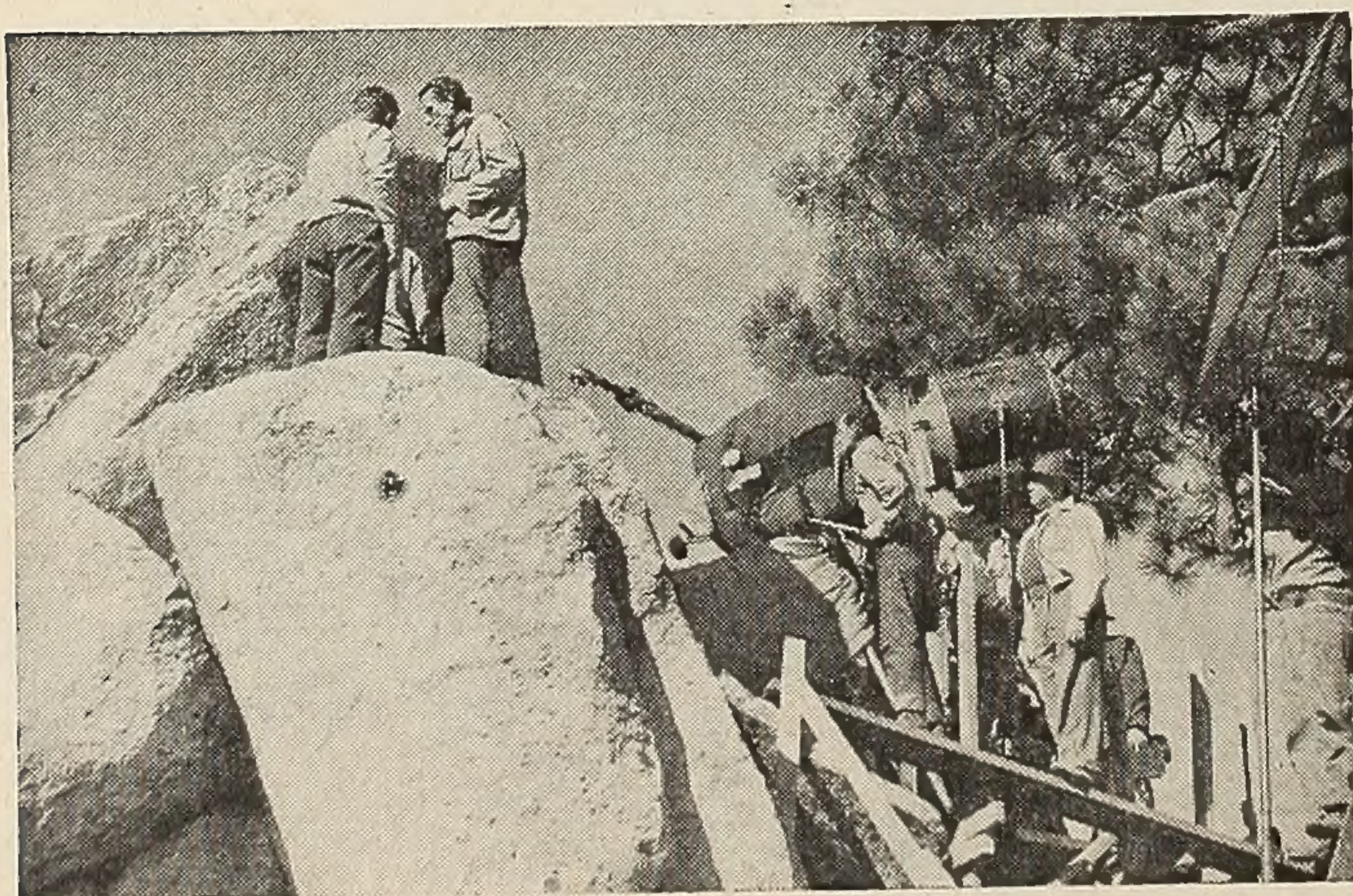
Leader of the monkeyshiners, John Wayne, narrowly escapes an unexpected shiner!



It's six o'clock in the morning and Henry Hathaway and John Wayne are up and about shoveling away snow from a "location."



Here's Carey—"The Shepherd of the Hills"—with his two cronies, Virita Campbell and Lucky, the director's non-professional pup.



Cast and crew teeter on a mountain top following a long timeout. The terrific altitude was too much for delicate constitutions!



Director Hathaway ribs U. of S. Cal. former gridiron stars Templeton, Wayne and Gibbs on their alma mater's terrific shellacking.

NEWS!

Carole Returns To Comedy; Makes First Laugh Show In Three Years!



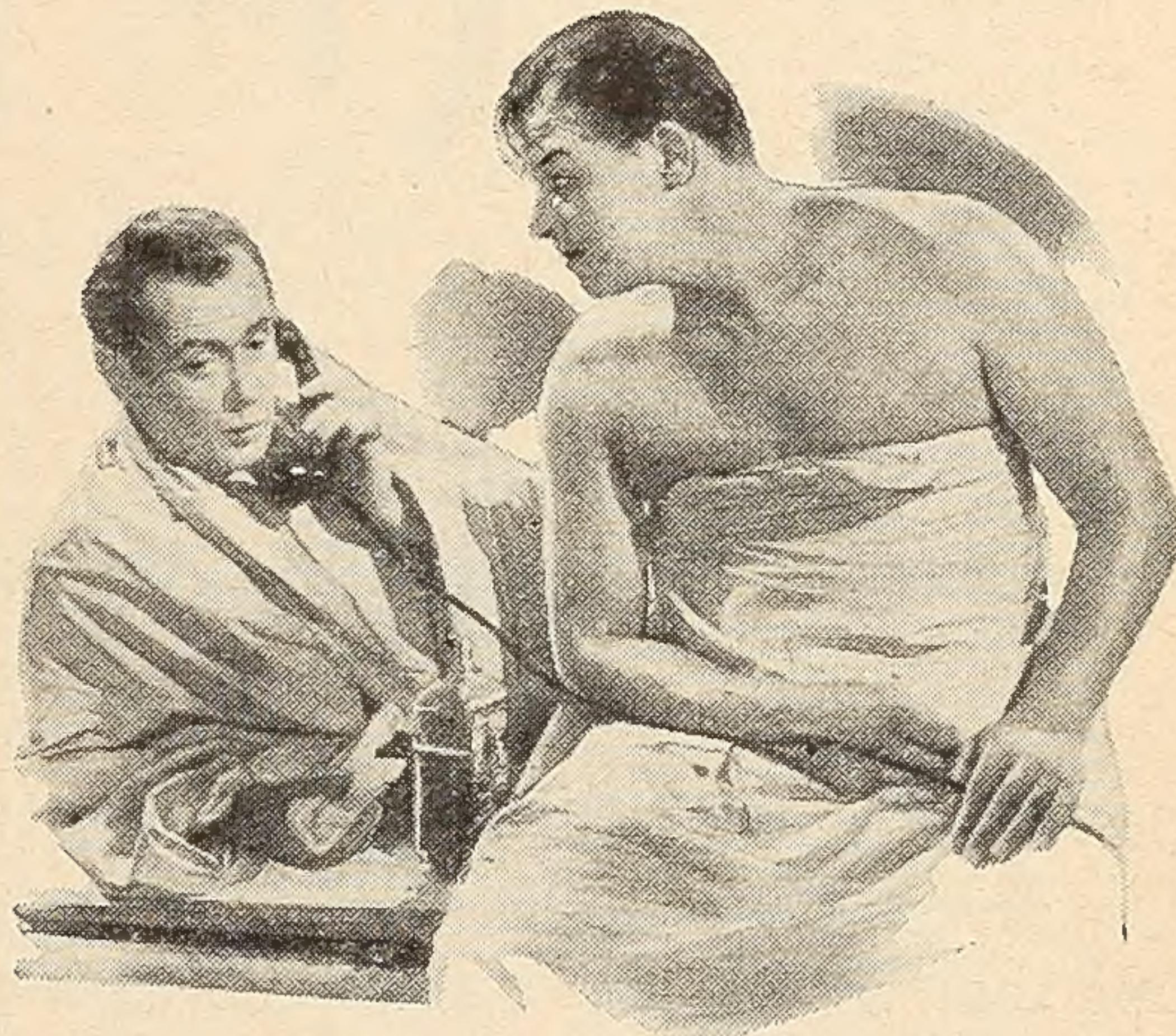
NEWS!

Bob And Carole Are Co-Sparring For The First Time In Screen History



NEWS!

'Foreign Correspondent' Hitchcock Puts Over Another Terrific Scoop!



AND IT ALL HAPPENS IN ONE GREAT HIT—THE STORY OF A BRIDE WHO COULDN'T STAY MAD...

Carole Lombard Rob't Montgomery

**Mr. & Mrs.
Smith**

Directed By

Alfred Hitchcock

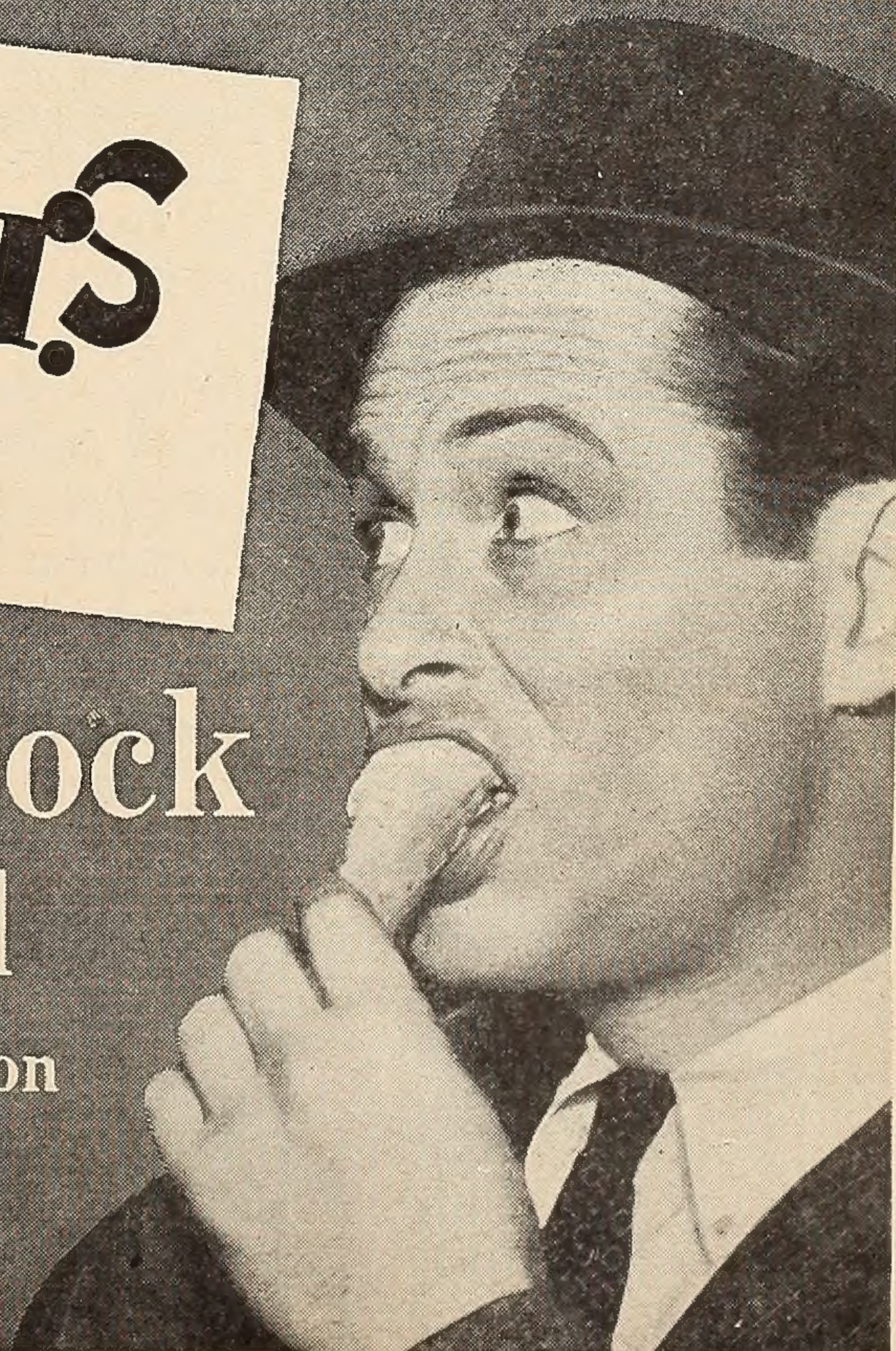
With **Gene Raymond**

Jack Carson · Philip Merivale · Lucile Watson

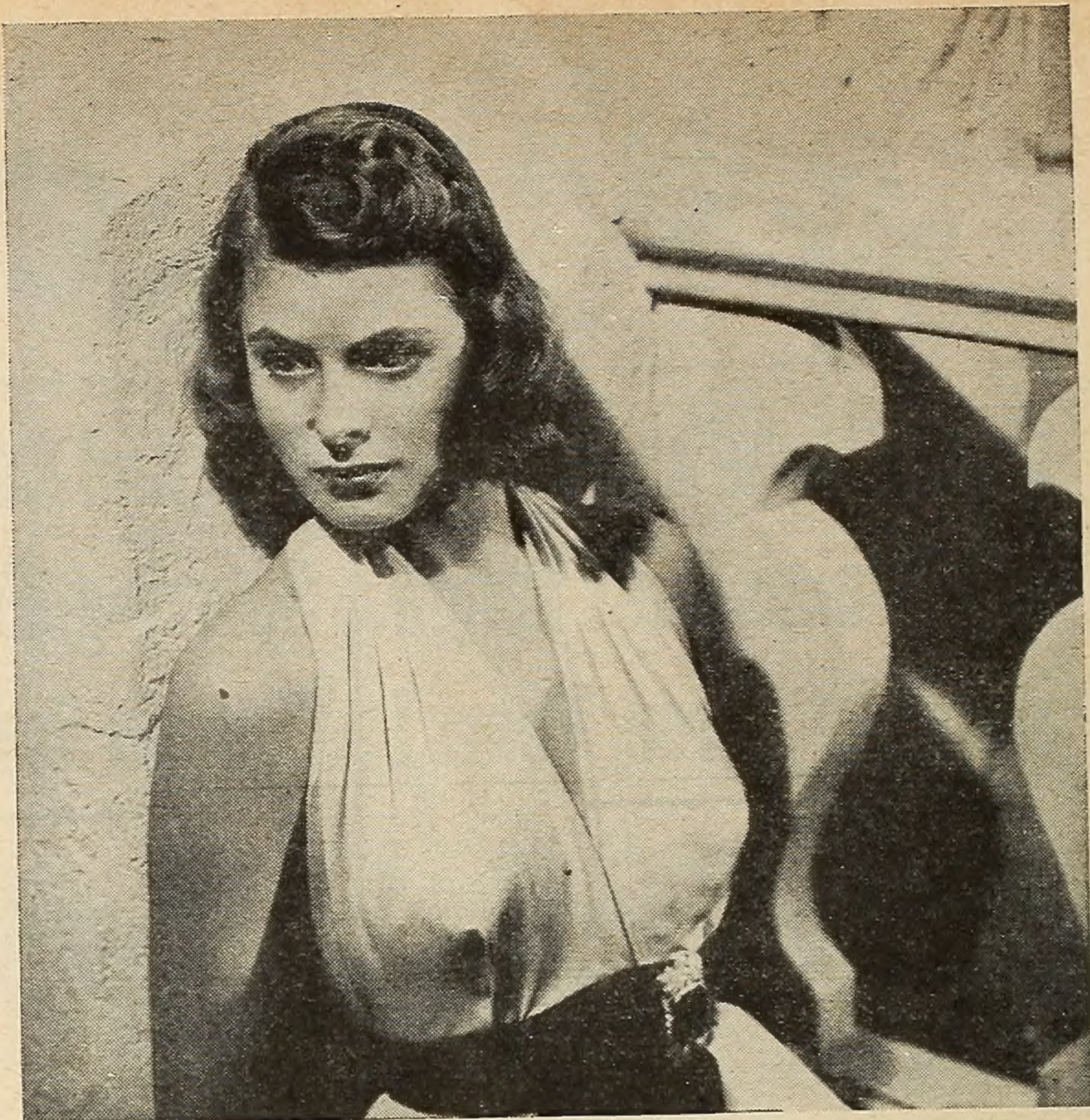
Story and Screen Play by Norman Krasna

RKO RADIO PICTURE

Harry E. Edington, Executive Producer



The Scandinavian Charmer



Garbo isn't the only Swedish siren nowadays! Not with Ingrid Bergman on these shores!

The fact that Ingrid Bergman has been awarded so tasty a screen prize as the role of the governess in "Legacy" means that within just a few months a great many things must have happened.

They began happening in a projection room in New York City in the Spring of 1938. Katharine Brown, Selznick's story editor, was watching the screening of "Intermezzo," a Swedish film starring Josepha Ekman, Inga Tidblad and Ingrid Bergman. Miss Brown was not unduly concerned with the story, nor with the histrionic talents of Mr. Ekman and Miss Tidblad. But this Ingrid Bergman—she was captivating.

Miss Brown's estimation of the Swedish star's gifts was immediately transmitted via long distance to Mr. Selznick in Hollywood, at about one dollar per glowing word. Mr. Selznick was interested and asked that a print of "Intermezzo" be shipped immediately to the West Coast.

In a few days Miss Brown received an order from her boss to buy the American rights to the film—but the film only, no Bergman. Miss Brown set about doing this with her customary alacrity, but to her it was like buying an automobile without an engine.

A less determined soul might have let the matter drop there, but when Miss Brown went on one of her regular scouting trips in England for David Selznick, she couldn't resist the opportunity of calling Stockholm and talking to this Ingrid Bergman. Perhaps the young actress could not speak English, which lack would make her useless as a Hollywood player. Perhaps she would not want to leave her native Sweden. Perhaps a lot of things. However, Miss

Brown put through her call. There was a long wait, and then a man's voice boomed, "I'm sorry, but Miss Bergman cannot speak to you. She is very busy, right now."

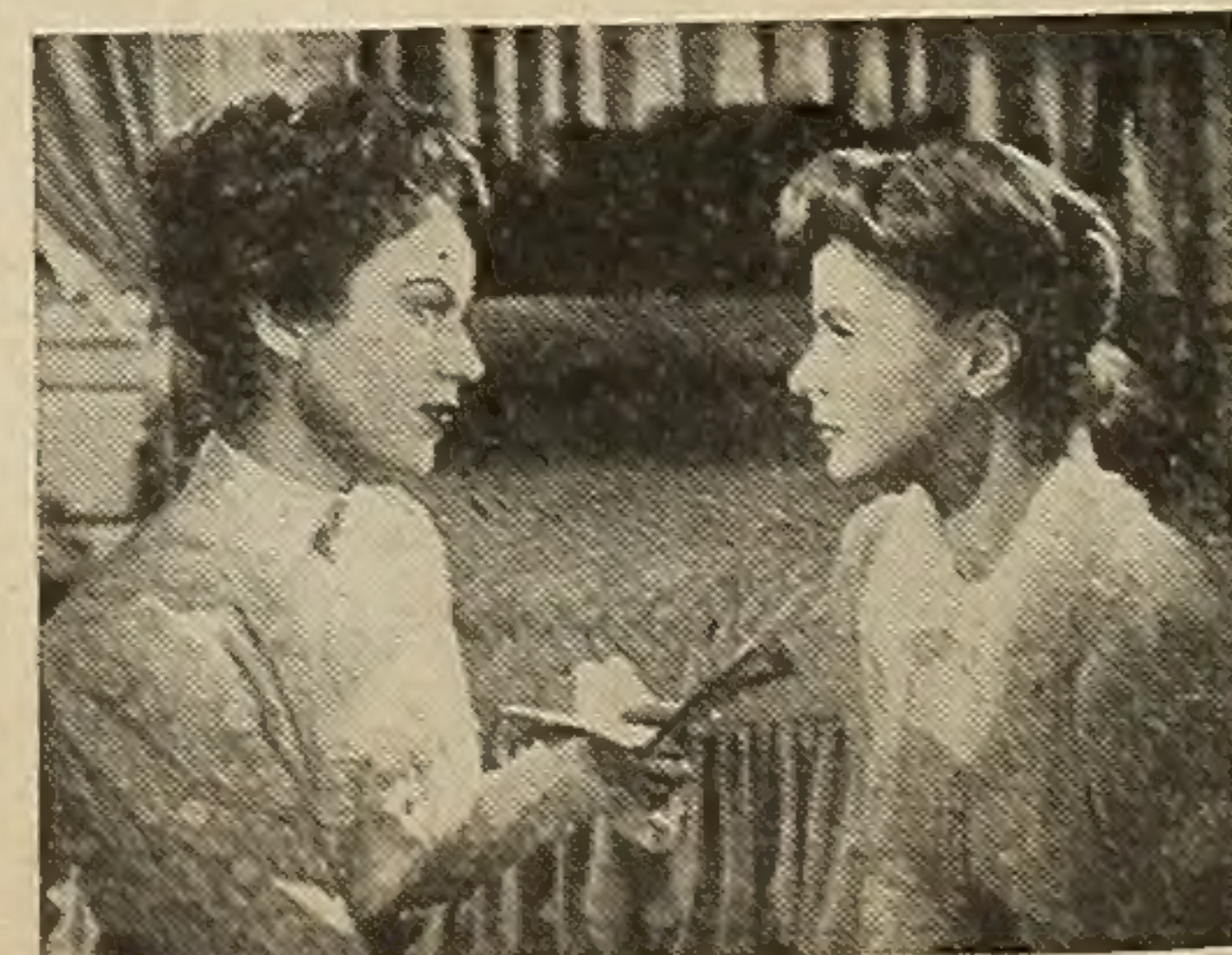
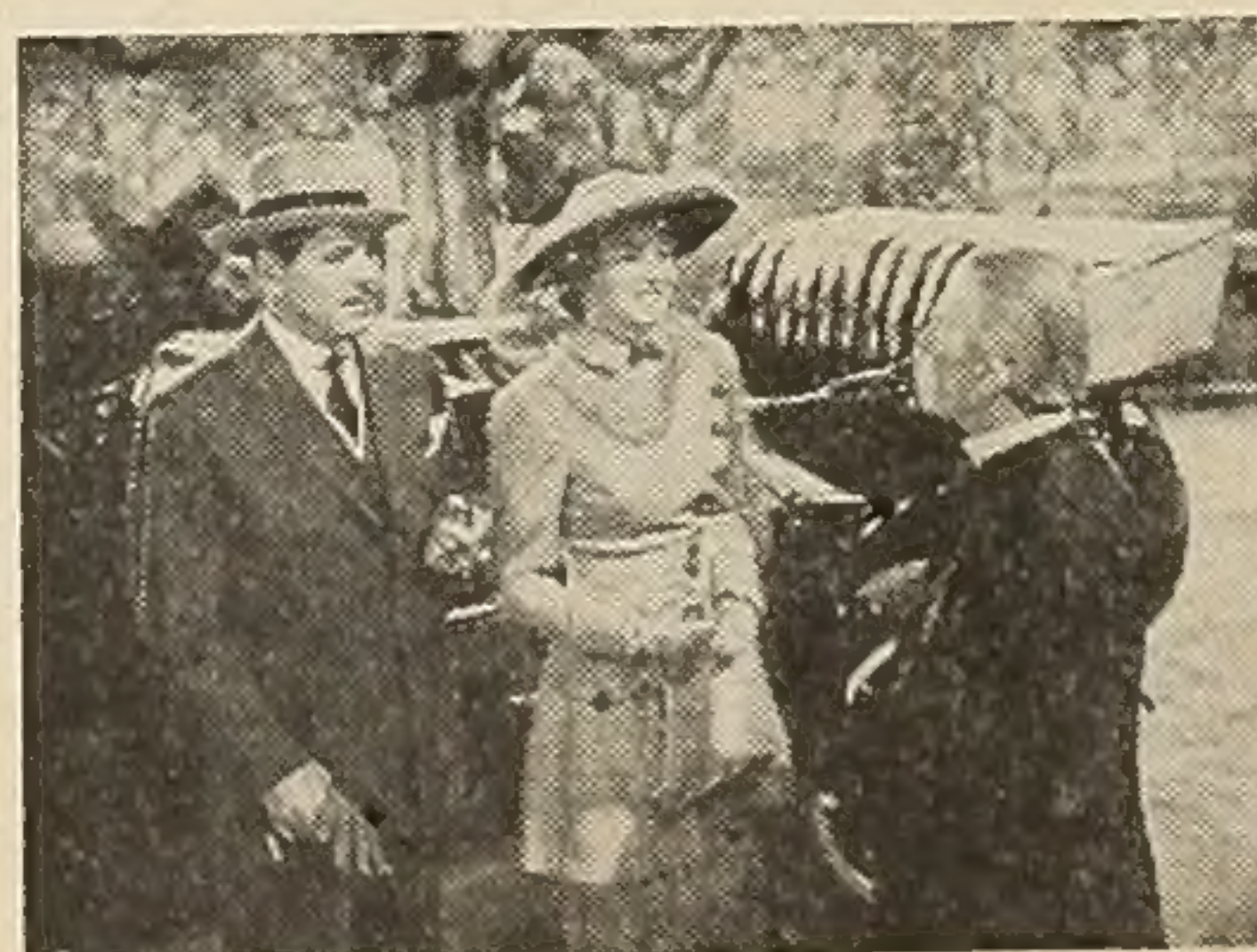
Miss Brown returned to New York with little hope of ever seeing Ingrid Bergman on an American screen. However, a terse order from Mr. Selznick to return to Europe immediately and sign up the young Swedish star rekindled her enthusiasm.

A week later she was in Stockholm, where she was introduced for the first time to Ingrid Bergman, whose name in private life is Mrs. Peter Lindstrom. "On the screen she had looked rather like a femme fatale," recalls Miss Brown, "so you can imagine my amazement when this youngster, looking not more than sixteen, with apple-red cheeks, walked into the room. I thought I had made a mistake, that I was negotiating with the wrong actress."

"I am so sorry I was unable to speak with you that day on the telephone," Ingrid said quietly. "I was very busy. I was having my baby."

Katharine Brown learned that in Sweden Ingrid Bergman's professional reputation corresponded approximately to that of Bette Davis over here. Miss Bergman had been a film star for many years. She spoke, besides Swedish and an excellent English, fluent French and German. She had been a student for eleven years at the Stockholm Lyceum for Flickor, a smart school for young girls specializing in languages which, by the way, has nothing to do with "the flickers."

She also learned that Ingrid Bergman had, at the age of fifteen, written, produced, directed and even acted



in a juvenile playlet that had brought her to the attention of the Royal Dramatic School in Stockholm. It was there that she was discovered by Svensk Filmindustri, Sweden's leading producing outfit, for an important part in a film called "Munkbrogreven." During the next five years she appeared in eleven pictures, and starred in the last three.

Her decision to leave an assured career as Sweden's leading actress was a daring one. The mere thought of Hollywood terrified her, but two things made her think that *perhaps* her decision was a wise one. First, she was familiar with the part she was to play in "Intermezzo," and second, she knew that a role in a picture starring Leslie Howard and co-produced by him was an exceptional opportunity. "Mr. Howard does not make bad films," is the way she puts it.

Ingrid Bergman's arrival on these shores in the early summer of 1939 was like that of any ordinary European visitor who steps off the gangplank for the first time. She was besieged by neither reporters nor photographers. She was, in fact, totally unknown and therefore totally unmolested. A fortnight in New York City did not mean lots of giddy night life or interminable press parties, but a continuous round of movies and plays. She did not miss a single matinée or night performance because, as she says, "that's a good way to learn the language."

In Hollywood she stayed with the Selznicks until she could find a small house. For the first three weeks after her arrival she was forced to undergo the rigorous régime of Hollywood prettifying with fittings, makeup, screen tests, rehearsals, speech classes.

Ingrid was given no build-up during the three months that "Intermezzo" was in production. Selznick wisely concluded

that the American public likes to do its own discovering, and his new importation was not to be publicized at all. She was to play the part of Anita Hoffman in "Intermezzo, A Love Story"; the picture was to be released; and *then* the public could be advised of her past and her future.

She was industrious and co-operative on the set. Two incidents particularly are remembered by her co-workers with evident relish: The time she suggested to the wardrobe mistress that she, herself, repair a damaged gown; and the naïve fury with which she tore down the "No Visitors" sign on her dressing-room door. "That is a rude thing to say," she explained. After work she was able, unlike other Hollywood personalities, to wander about the town as she pleased. No one knew her by sight, and a foreign accent in Hollywood is as a coal in Newcastle. Her desire to compare the New York Fair with the San Francisco Fair led her on a lone trek to the Golden Gate city where she was so delighted with the sights that she calmly overstayed her leave by one entire shooting day! The Selznick office, of course, was practically hysterical wondering what had happened to her!

At last "Intermezzo, A Love Story" was finished. Ingrid Bergman was invited by William Van Schmus of Radio City Music Hall, to be guest of honor at a preview attended by the Swedish, Danish and Finnish consuls and their staffs. It was a dignified and distinguished gathering, and Miss Bergman had her first taste of fame in America. This was followed almost immediately by the release of the picture in New York. There was some reservation on the part of the critics as to the greatness of the picture. Of Ingrid Bergman there was no reservation at all.

Walter Winchell reported: "New Yorkers. Ingrid Bergman, the Swedenchance, in 'Intermezzo.' Oomf'ly good."

The New York Times said: "Miss Bergman's début is one of the most delightful things of the season."

The New York Herald Tribune wrote: "Miss Bergman is the best acting find Hollywood has made in a dog's age."

The New York Post reported: "Not since Geraldine Fitzgerald débuted has anything as nice as Miss Ingrid Bergman happened."

The Daily Mirror said: "She is the finest thing that has come to Hollywood, from anywhere, in many a day."

And Ed Sullivan: "Unknown Ingrid Bergman ran away with the honors."

And Dixie Tighe: "Absolutely tops."

All America evidently agreed with these critics and columnists. Within six months an unknown actress had won the unqualified praise of press and public by a great display of intelligence and emotion on the screen. Off-screen she is a revelation as well. She is vigorous, robust, and responsive. She can sit on the coldest day before an open window without shivering. She is twenty-three years old, five feet nine inches tall, weighs 126 pounds and is vivid rather than pretty. Her complexion has been called "the most perfect," in Hollywood, and it is quite unnecessary for her to use makeup while appearing before the cameras.

Ingrid is quietly thrilled at her "great good luck." She has lost every bit of her fear of the Cinema City. As she puts it, "I like Hollywood. Here, you work hard, but it is fun. No one looks at you if you wear slacks and comfortable clothes. You can say what you please. Yes, I like it here."

Well, stick around, Ingrid, because Hollywood likes you too.

Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps helps Women Everywhere to a Lovelier Skin!

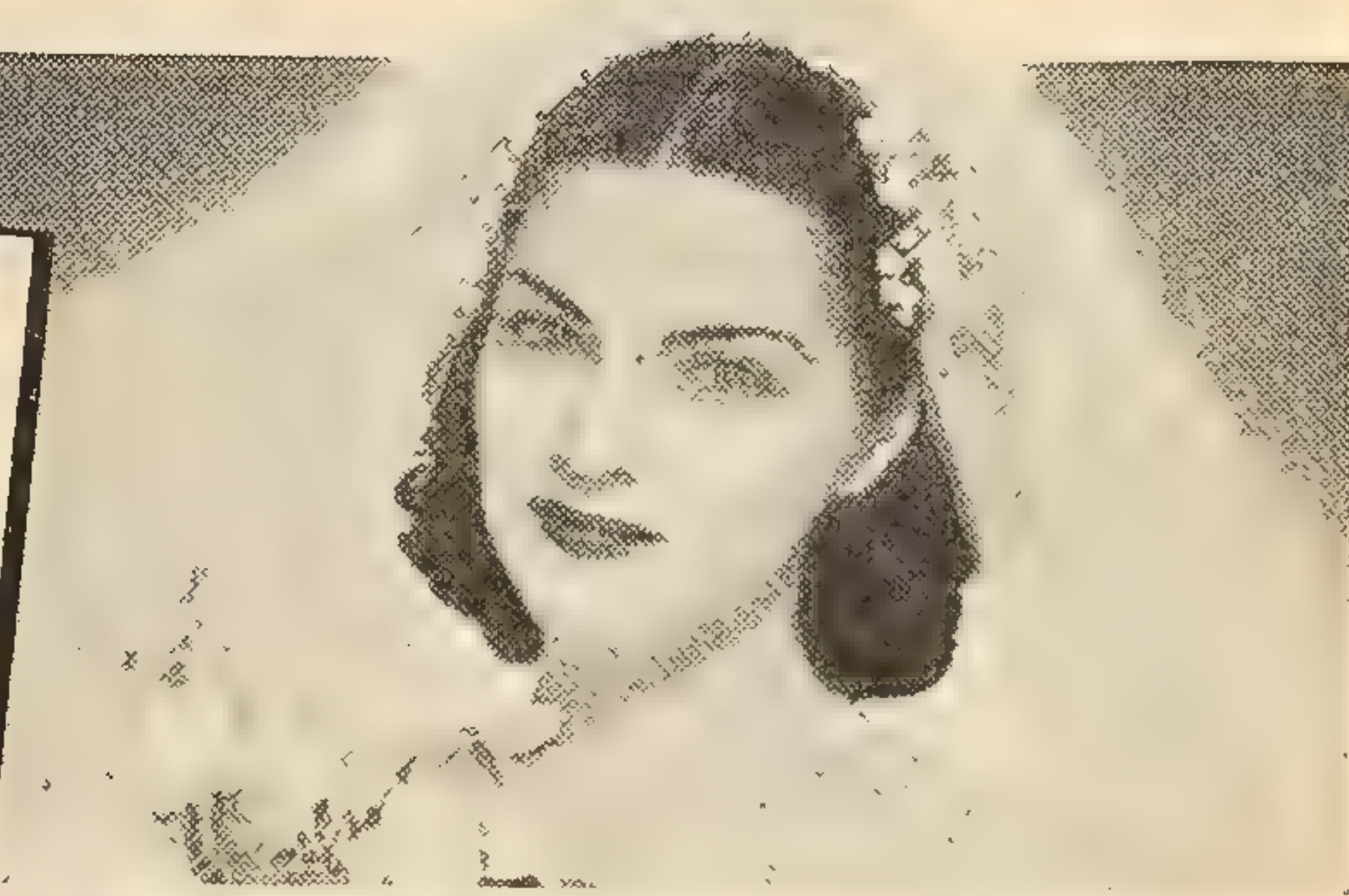


"I'm just thrilled by new Camay," writes Mrs. J. W. Carlisle, Boston, Mass. "My skin has always seemed rather sensitive, but new Camay is so wonderfully mild that it actually seems to soothe my skin as it cleanses. I know women who feel they have sensitive skin will be grateful for new Camay!"

Camay now
Milder than
other Leading
Beauty Soaps!



At your dealer's now,
no change in wrapper!



"I'm telling all my friends about new Camay!" says Mrs. A. L. Valery, New Rochelle, N. Y. "It's so mild and gentle it's just perfect for my skin!"

Everywhere women are turning to this wonderful new Camay to help them in their search for greater loveliness! They're thrilled to find a beauty soap milder than other leading beauty soaps they have known.

We proved Camay's greater mildness by tests against six of the best-selling beauty soaps we could find. Proved, too, that Camay gave more abundant lather in a short time.

If like many beautiful women your skin seems sensitive, let regular cleansing with this milder beauty soap help you to loveliness!

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

ARIZONA—This exciting hunk of Americana is well over two hours long, but every moment of it moves with rapid-fire precision. It is the graphic story of the birth of Arizona, brought to life in an imaginative yarn by Clarence Buddington Kelland, a native son, and acted by a big company of players.

All the characters in the film are taken from history books, with the exception of those played by Jean Arthur and William Holden. Jean is cast as a rough, tough gal fighting her way in a rough, tough world.

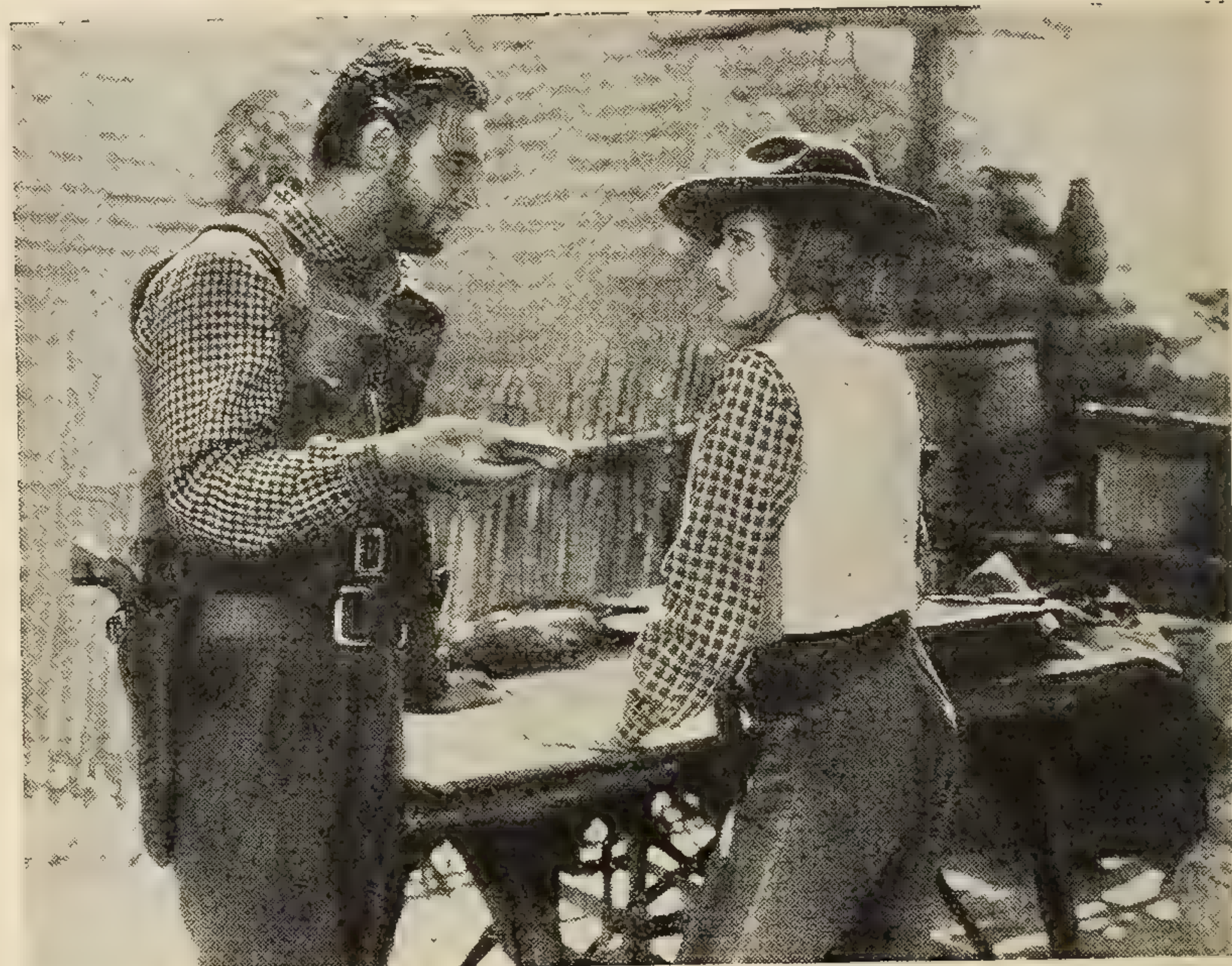
For purposes of this yarn, Jean bakes pies for a living and dreams of starting her own empire. Eventually she starts a freighting business, falls in love with Bill Holden, a wandering soldier boy, and is almost whipped in the struggle for life by a gang of tough guys who don't like to see a gal amass a fortune. She hangs up her six-shooters, reaches for an apron and knitting needles and settles down to being a good wife.

Young Holden, as the romantic influence, turns in a very neat job and marches steadily upward on the road to screen recognition; the boy has a lot of personality. Warren William is fine as the head bully, but a bit too heavy. It isn't his fault; it's the unrelieved meanness of his lines. The other characters are all good.

Two of the things that make this film stand out are the breathtaking scenery (it was filmed right in Arizona, you know) and the photography. The script and direction are jerky in a few spots, but that is because the lads were trying to cram so much punch and excitement into it. Directed by Wesley Ruggles.—*Columbia*.

★ ★ ★ ★

Movie Reviews



Jean Arthur returns to westerns for the first time in ages to play opposite William Holden in "Arizona"—a rootin', tootin' epic.

★ ★ ★ ★

THE LETTER—W. Somerset Maugham's most dramatic story meets up with Hollywood's most dramatic actress and the result is one of the finest films of the year.

It is the tale of a woman, happily married, as far as the outside world is concerned, but who has been carrying on a clandestine love affair. She kills her lover when he jilts her and almost gets away with it—but one tell-tale letter, written in a moment of desperation, proves her undoing.

William Wyler, in directing this yarn, has chosen a very lethargic pace and drives you quietly mad with his masterly deliberation. The story holds you, the acting holds you, but you almost want to cry out, "Get on with it, man; what happens next?" And that's not a squawk, but a compliment. Because it means that he has you on the edge of your seat throughout the film.

The story seems almost to have been written with Bette Davis in mind; you can't imagine anyone else acting it. But by no means is it a one-performance film. Herbert Marshall lends quiet distinction to the role of her husband, and James Stephenson, as her lawyer, makes you wonder why you haven't noticed him before. Get ready for some very important work by this gent.

Best among the minor players are Sen Yung, a newcomer with a tremendous amount of talent, and Gale Sondergaard, who has an increasingly annoying (to stars) habit of walking away with strong, very dramatic scenes. Directed by William Wyler.—*Warners*.



James Stephenson, brilliant British newcomer, makes a screen reputation for himself in "The Letter" starring a villainous Bette Davis.

by Wolfe Kaufman



John Payne was the only one who escaped unscathed during the filming of "Tin Pan Alley." Faye lost her voice and Oakie burned a foot.

TIN PAN ALLEY—Here's a picture that has pep, rhythm and laughter, all in copious quantities.

"Tin Pan Alley," which is generally conceded to be 45th Street, between 7th and 8th Avenues in New York, is the famous block where all of America's popular songs have been manufactured for the past thirty years or so. In this block, we meet Jack Oakie and John Payne who are partners in a fly-by-night, three-flights-up "publishing house." The two lads are typical songwriters, ambitious, full of dreams, none too scrupulous. They have a tough struggle but manage to get to the top of the heap with the help of a sister team consisting of Alice Faye and Betty Grable.

The story is spread rather thinly, but pleasantly, and is kept alive by a series of very amusing incidents and a number of good, solid song and dance routines. And by the way, a couple of those oldies may hit the comeback trail.

The casting of the players is well nigh perfect. Jack Oakie has never been better and comes near to walking away with the film. Alice Faye and Betty Grable make an exciting sister team—Alice excelling at the singing, Betty tops at dancing, but both doing a bit of each. John Payne has a new kind of assignment here. He's a dashing, ambitious, fast-talking young man, and chances are that he's at last found a role that'll lead him straight to stardom. There are a number of excellent bit performers, tops among them being Elisha Cook, Jr., the inimitable Billy Gilbert, John Loder and George Watts. Directed by Walter Lang.—*20th Century-Fox*.

★ ★ ★ 1/2



You won't be able to stay in your seat when you watch Norma Shearer, Robert Taylor and Nazimova outwit the Nazis in "Escape."

ESCAPE—One of the most poignantly dramatic films of the year is "Escape," gripping and spine-tightening melodrama. Both Norma Shearer and Robert Taylor are excellent and the subject matter is very provocative.

Based on the best seller novel by Ethel Vance, the film sticks very closely to the original, telling the story of an actress who talks too freely in a land where freedom is a thing of the past. She's carted off to a concentration camp to die and her son, Robert Taylor, an American, pulls all sorts of strings to free her. He finally manages to arrange her escape by a series of ingenious moves. But he is obliged to seek the help of Norma, an American living in Germany so long she had almost been blinded by its cruelties until this dramatic incident inserts itself into her life—to act as her escape.

The thing that annoys you just a bit is the delineation of the main characters. You get especially impatient with the character played by Taylor and almost want to wring his neck when he insists on refusing to be patient and discreet. Most of his troubles (and those of his mother, too), are brought about by this insistence on a freedom of speech when such insistence is folly.

As mentioned, both Miss Shearer and Mr. Taylor are top-notch. Not far behind, if at all, is Conrad Veidt in a masterly portrayal of a difficult role, and Phillip Dorn, a handsome newcomer whom you'll be hearing a lot about. Nazimova is an experienced performer, but has only a few scenes. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy.—*M-G-M*.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

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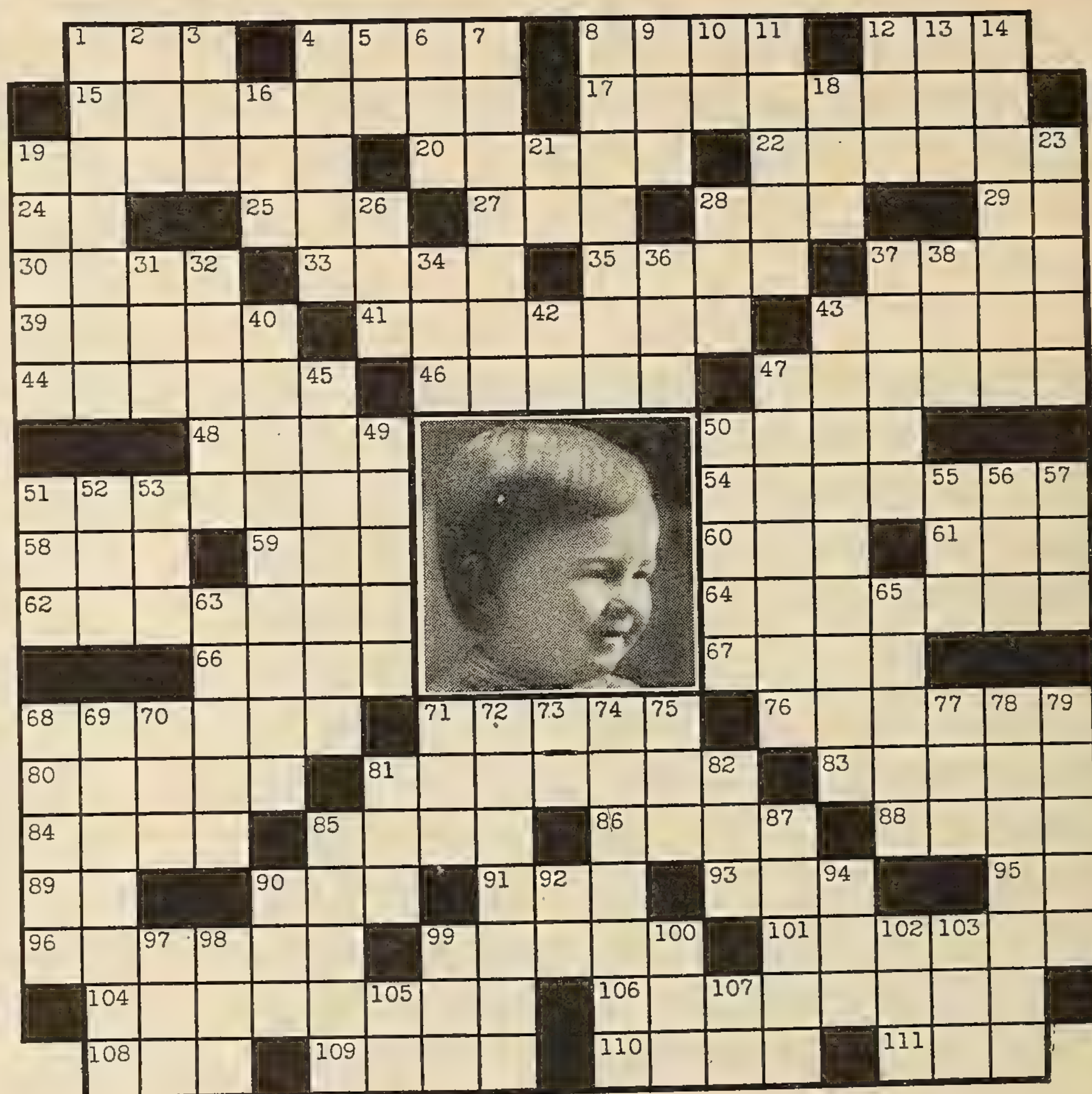
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☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

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OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 71

ACROSS

1. Character actor: --- Rumann
4. Baby's bed
8. Child actress
12. Grain
15. Indian girl in "North West Mounted Police"
17. Femme in "Angels Over Broadway"
19. With Ginger in "Kitty Foyle"
20. An unheralded film preview
22. Last name of 71 Across
24. "T - - Pan Alley"
25. Male lead of "Escape To Glory"
27. Pile
28. Wrath
29. "Past - - Hall"
30. Measure of land
33. What Western heroes carry
35. Wife in "Four Mothers"
37. Villain in "I Love You Again"
39. Draws closer
41. She was in "My Favorite Wife"
43. Girl in "I'm Nobody's Sweetheart Now"
44. Actor in "Meet John Doe"
46. Maureen's father in "Sporting Blood"
47. Male lead of "High Sierra"
48. What Oliver Hardy doesn't do
50. Universal's Mexican dancer
51. Popular Greek comedian
54. Girl in "Five Little Peppers" series
58. How many Marx in "Go West?"
59. Border
60. Famous director of films
61. Portuguese coin
62. She's grand in "Seven Sinners"
64. Jiminy Cricket's voice in "Pinocchio"
66. Crafts
67. Theatre signs contain this gas
68. Frightens
71. Warner Brothers actor, pictured here
76. Doctrines
80. A landed proprietor: Scot.
81. Youthful screen player
83. Shirley - - - -
84. Confederate
85. Miserly
86. "The Great O'Ma - - -"
88. Actor in "My Love Came Back"
89. Italian article
90. Fasten
91. Actor in "A Night At Earl Carroll's"
93. Birthmonth of 71 Across: abbr.
95. Pronoun
96. With Jeanette in "Bitter Sweet"
99. Actor in "You'll Find Out"
101. Entertain
104. State where our star was born
106. Once
108. Joan's role in "Little Women"
109. Dill
110. Visualizes
111. Comic in "Dr. Kildare Goes Home"

DOWN

1. Great actor in "Boom Town"
2. He's in "The Long Voyage Home"
3. Necessary prop in Westerns
4. "The Cisco Kid"
5. Star of "Flight Command": init.
6. " - - A Date"
7. Heroine of "The Son of Monte Cristo"
8. "The Great Dictator"
9. Jack - - - ie
10. Railway: abbr.
11. Conscious
12. A spherical body
13. Consumed
14. Hurler
16. Flaring rim
18. Johnson's comedy partner
19. Wife of William Powell
21. "R - - ching For The Sun"
23. Flyer in "I Wanted Wings"
26. Surface
28. Writing fluid
31. Sped
32. Disintegrate
34. Dance step
36. Unit
37. Pertaining to law
38. Mary B - - nd
40. Glided
42. "B - - ther Rat And a Baby"
43. Home of motion pictures
45. Checking devices
47. Coated with bread crumbs
49. Domesticates
50. Frequently
51. To endeavor
52. Inlet
53. Isa - - - anda
55. William - - -
56. Married
57. What Joan is to Olivia
63. Boy in "Blondie Plays Cupid"
65. "An - - - From Texas"
68. Killed
69. Ace screen villain
70. To feel pain
71. Greek letter
72. Dampest
73. " - - Kildare's Crisis"
74. Sickness
75. Slippery fish
77. Grand old lady in "Four Mothers"
73. Little ring
79. Comprehend
81. Young Chinese actor
82. Beverage
85. - - - - Gombell
87. Belgian city
90. Hawaiian dish
92. "The L - - ter"
94. To steep
97. Master of laws: abbr.
98. Cunning
99. Pastry
100. Eggs of fishes
102. Cocktail ingredient
103. Wine chalice
105. " - - Your Toes"
107. Personal pronoun

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 13)

★★★½ The Mark of Zorro

This picture will automatically remind many grey-haired ones of the high point in the film career of the late Douglas Fairbanks. But you don't have to be an old-timer to enjoy it, because for anybody, of any age, this is exciting movie fare.

You will meet a new Tyrone Power here, a better Ty than you expected. He has dash, color, vitality and range. It's not the kind of acting that wins Academy Awards, but it does sell theatre tickets. You fans who have stuck faithfully by Tyrone through a half dozen or so films which were not up to snuff will now be able to puff your chests out and strut your "I told you so."

The story is another version of the Robin Hood saga. Laid in old Spanish-owned California, it tells about young Zorro (Tyrone), son of the Governor. A meanie named Rathbone and his stooge named J. Edward Bromberg push the Guv (Montague Love) aside and take over, meting out very tough treatment to everyone concerned. So young Zorro plays a spineless sissy daytimes and goes ariding by night, masked, with a sharp sword poised. He straightens everything out for a happy ending, which includes a lovely damsel named Linda Darnell.

You've seen the same story before in a dozen different versions, but never as thrillingly told or with as much rapid-fire action. Power's not as acrobatic as Doug used to be, but he keeps moving mighty fast, and he's as handsome all tricked out in his brand new mustache. As for the rest of the cast, they're exactly what you expect when they're at their best. Which is plenty good. Bromberg is perhaps especially effective in his best film chance to date, and Gale Sondergaard, too, rates a special mention in a difficult role.

This, by the way, is one of those cases where the director's hand is always evident—good, clear direction, photography and acting, all neatly blended into a solid entertainment package; not a minute of it drags. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. —*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

YIPPEE, FANS!

At last we have it for you—that biographical chart of your favorite "westerns" that you've been begging for! Imagine having at your fingertips the real names, birthplaces, birthdates, heights, weights, how they got their start and studio addresses of over sixty of those rough-riding heroes, leering villains and wide-eyed heroines of your pet "horse opries!" Made up in a most attractive form, it will make your album proud as anything. Just send five cents in coin or stamps with the coupon below and your chart is as good as lassoed!

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Use Mum daily to guard your charm!**

OUTDOORS, winter may bluster. But outdoors or indoors, it's always August, always 98 degrees, under your coat and dress, underneath your arms.

So don't let winter fool you. Remember, even when you see no moisture, odor can and does form, and winter clothes especially, are apt to carry tales about any lack of daintiness.

That's why Mum is so important to you right now. Just smooth Mum on and you're safe from odor, sure of your popularity, for a full day or evening.

Use Mum daily, for even daily baths

can't prevent risk of underarm odor. But Mum's effectiveness *lasts*. Winter or summer, Mum is the word for charm.

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FOR CHARM! You're dainty always, when you make Mum a daily habit. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today. Long after your bath has faded, Mum goes on guarding your charm.

WINTER AND SUMMER...MUM'S THE WORD FOR CHARM!



For Sanitary Napkins
Napkins need Mum, too. For this important purpose, thousands of women use Mum because it is always so gentle, so dependable.

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★★★ Bitter Sweet

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in a Noel Coward musical is enough to make you realize that this is an important film. Unfortunately, the story has not stood up against the ravages of time as well as the music which is still the best score Coward ever wrote.

The tale's a pretty little trifle about a struggling young musician (Eddy) and his wife. It is Vienna and being poor does not seem to be important as long as they can sing and dance and dream. Then comes realization of their joint ambition, Eddy's musical is accepted for production, and fame is just around the corner. But remember the title. Bitter Sweet. At the crucial moment there is a café brawl and Eddy is killed defending his wife's honor. She lives to see him immortalized by his music.

Although this story is not very faithful to the original, it is charmingly handled and not too saccharine. Both Nelson and Jeanette are in fine voice throughout the film; the Technicolor is hauntingly beautiful especially in the ivory finale; and "Zigeuner" and "I'll See You Again" will linger with you. You'll probably find yourself humming them for days, in fact.

Ian Hunter and George Sanders are tops among the supporting players but don't have too much to do, which seems a shame, somehow. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★★★ You'll Find Out

Here is fun with a capital F, a picture that makes no sense whatever but is a roar from the first scene on. Kay Kyser for rhythm; Peter Lorre, Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi for chills and thrills; Helen Parrish and Dennis O'Keefe for romance—and the combination of all for laughs.

Most pictures wound around a band-leader don't bother with story, but this

one does; it has a pretty good one, in fact. It seems that Helen Parrish is a rich heiress who hires Kyser and his band to entertain at a party in her ancestral old mansion. There, everything goes wrong. A number of attempts are made at Helen's life, and Kay Kyser discovers what almost anybody in the audience could have told him—that Peter, Boris and Bela are not good friends of the family as Helen foolishly believes.

The writer and director have managed to contrive a series of really exciting and eerie happenings which keep things moving along at a rapid pace, and there are a number of songs and dances flowing quite naturally throughout. It is a very neat combination of chiller and musical formulas, and it should add up to fun for almost any kind of an audience.

You don't need to be told what the various members of the cast do, since you know them all and they are all permitted to be themselves here. It should be noted that band-leader Kyser is developing quite a pleasant filmic comedy sense. And Ginny Simms, his specialty songstress, not only warbles pleasantly, but is mighty good to look at. "I've Got A One Track Mind" is the best song. Directed by David Butler.—RKO-Radio.

★★★ Lady With Red Hair

"Lady With Red Hair" is the screen biography of a famous actress, Mrs. Leslie Carter, interwoven with a film yarn about David Belasco. The combination makes for plenty okay entertainment.

Miriam Hopkins does a thorough and competent job in her role. But that she is no Mrs. Carter shows up all too clearly when she tries to reproduce that red-haired lady's famous on-stage emoting. Claude Rains as Belasco is tops from the word go. He's always been a good actor, and this is his best role by far.

How accurate the story is does not matter. It tells very simply and movingly



Ann Sothorn not only goes glamorous in a great big way but also appears headless in parts of "Maisie Was a Lady," her new film—co-starring Lew Ayres.

the career of an ambitious actress and her fight to win fame and happiness. It is a woman's story frequently stirring, although occasionally in need of more suspense.

Richard Ainley, newcomer from London, will have to do better than he does in this picture before he will make hearts tingle in this country. Laura Hope Crews and Helen Westley handle comedy characterizations intelligently. Directed by Kurt Bernhardt.—Warner Bros.

★★★ Little Nellie Kelly

Judy Garland grows up—which is the big news about this one. "Little Nellie Kelly" is not the sort of picture that you are likely to write letters home about, but it's good, clean fun. In film circles, it is what is known as "a family picture," meaning okay for the entire family, especially mom and pop. And in this classification it is tops.

The story is taken from an old George M. Cohan play which was better in its day. Judy plays a double role. First we see her as an Irish lass being courted by George Murphy; she's a rather quiet, somber young woman inclined not to smile too often. They marry, come to America, and she dies in childbirth in a deathbed scene in which there's really fine acting. Then there's a time lapse and Judy appears again as the daughter, fully grown, happy, carefree, almost giddy. Douglas McPhail is her boyfriend now, Murphy her pop and Charlie Winninger his pop. It's pretty much hearts and flowers with a lot of brogue thrown around, but it holds up throughout because of Judy's splendid work.

There's a bit of disappointment in Murphy's assignment here; it's almost a straight dramatic role, and he gets very little chance to be the splendid song and dance man that he is. McPhail hasn't much to do, but Winninger is a sock in a straight comedy assignment. There are a number of swell, old-timey songs strewn through the picture, including "Nelly Kelly, I Love You" and "Danny Boy." Directed by Norman Taurog.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★★½ Gallant Sons

"Gallant Sons" is a whodunit with the cast made up almost entirely of youngsters. Jackie Cooper, Bonita Granville and Gene Reynolds are the stars, and they keep things moving pretty pleasantly most of the way. It's no world-beater, but it will afford you some fun if you sit back and relax.

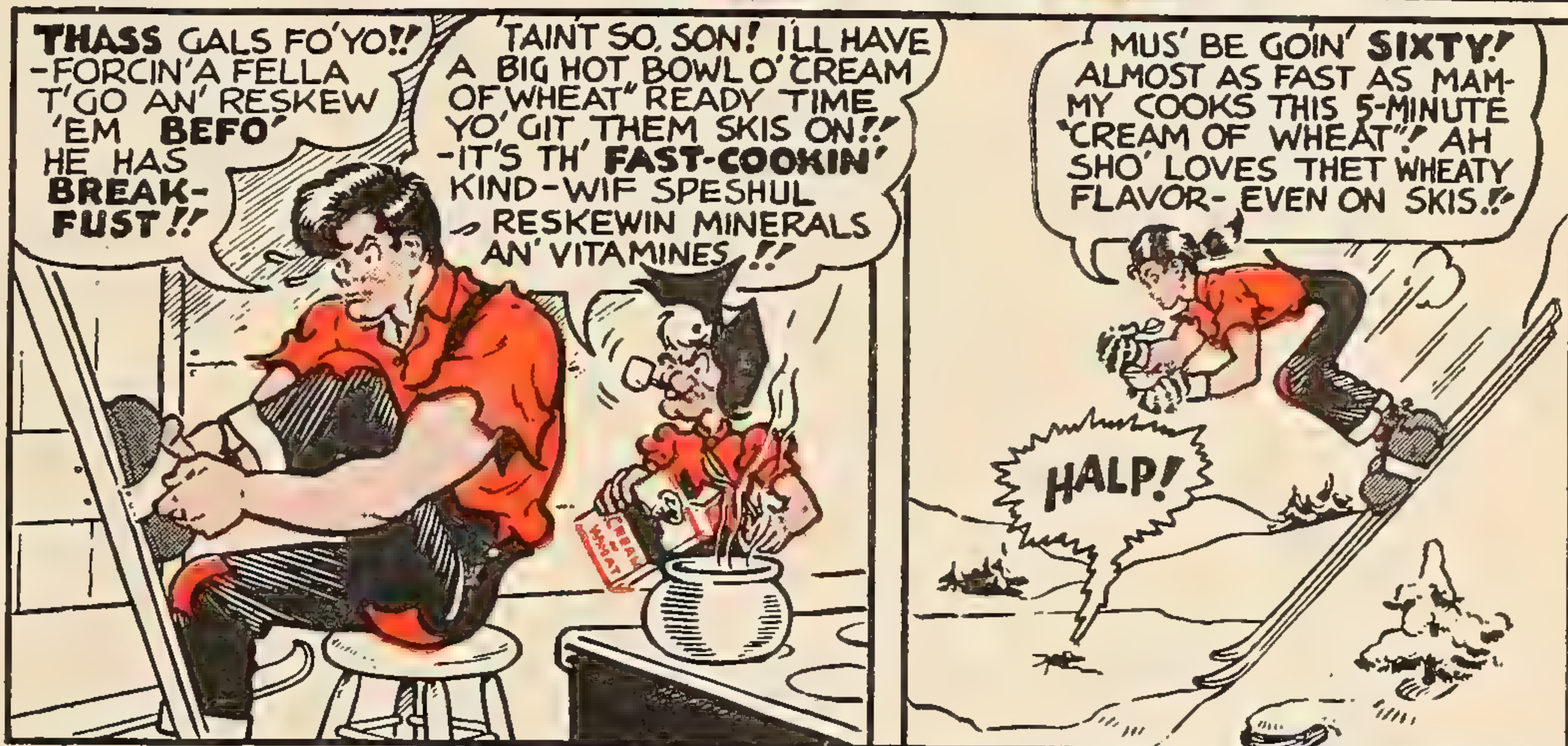
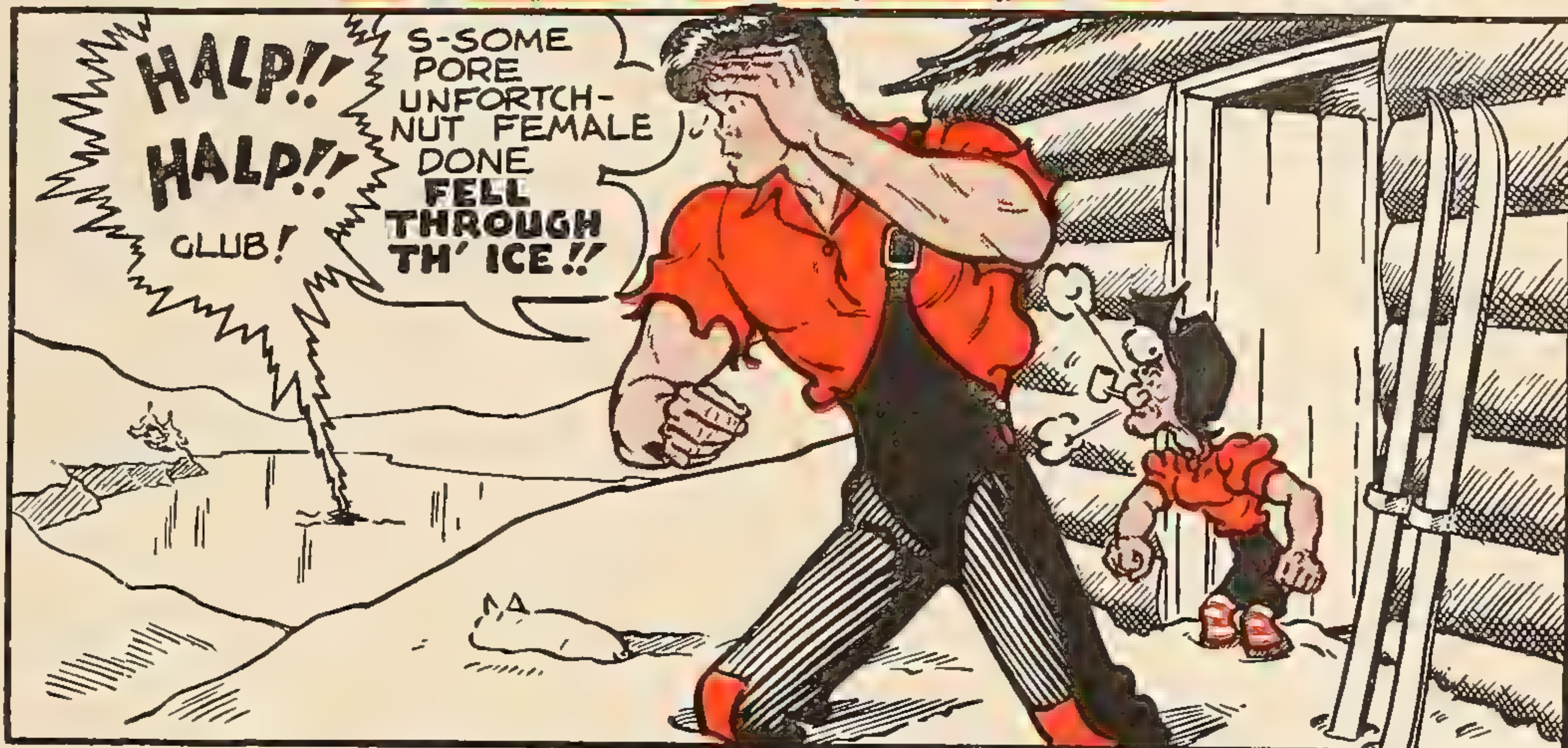
It seems that Gene Reynolds is the son of Ian Hunter, a professional gambler, and Jackie Cooper is the son of Minor Watson, a newspaper man. Cooper's dad is instrumental in getting Reynolds' dad sent to jail on a murder rap. The kids are fast friends, however, so they gather up a bunch of their schoolmates, investigate the murder, prove that Ian Hunter is innocent and that another guy actually did the killing.

The way in which the youngsters handle their detecting is ingeniously worked out, although a few of the deductive steps are a bit too obvious and some of the action is rather slow.

The romantic interest is supplied by Bonita Granville, Jackie Cooper's girl friend and daughter of Gail Patrick. Hunter's so good, he seems wasted in a bit part like this. Leo Gorcey, June Preisser, Tommy Kelly and William Tracy are certainly best among the youngsters in supporting roles. Directed by George B. Seitz.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

LIL ABNER

by
AL CAPP



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with

GENE TIERNEY

LAIRD CREGAR • JOHN
SUTTON • VIRGINIA FIELD
VINCENT PRICE • NIGEL BRUCE

Directed by Irving Pichel
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WAYNE MORRIS • BRIAN DONLEVY

with Constance Moore • Veronica Lake

Hedda Hopper • Directed by Mitchell Leisen



Paramount's
Glamorous New
Star Discovery

VERONICA LAKE

SHOOTING FOR THE STARS

By William Roberts

They make fat stars thin and old stars young! Who? Those magnificent Merlins of Movietown — the unsung cameramen

These fellows are pretty tough, believe me. They're banded together in a secret organization called the ASC, and it's not that they try to be secret but just that no one knows much about them outside of Hollywood. Movie stars dread them and, privately, call them super-assassins.

The leaders of the ASC have committed many drastic deeds. They have literally taken flesh off Myrna Loy's legs. They have flattened Brenda Marshall's nose. They have removed pieces of Madeleine Carroll's cheeks. They've reduced Priscilla Lane's mouth, narrowed Zorina's forehead and changed Vivien Leigh's blue eyes to pure green. And for committing these atrocities they have been paid as much as \$1,500 per week.

However, if truth will out, the secret organization referred to is actually a staid labor union, the American Society of Cinematographers. The members, merchants of mayhem, are the very expert and very well-paid cameramen of Movieland who, with thick ground glass and well-placed kliegs, have made ordinary faces beautiful and have converted terrible defects into gorgeous assets.

If any one class of worker in Hollywood does not get credit where credit is due, if any one class of laborer is hidden behind the star-bright glare of publicity, obscure, unsung, unknown—it is the cinema cameraman.

"It's this way with us," Gregg Toland told me. "They've got us wrong,



Merle Oberon gives Gregg Toland a lot of work. She photographs well only in extremely fluffy clothes.

entirely wrong, everywhere. They think cameramen are low-grade mechanical morons, wearing overalls and stupid grins, existing on starvation wages and merely grinding 35 mm. toys. Well, maybe. Only we don't like that impression. Maybe we are technicians. Nothing wrong with that. But sakes alive, man, tell 'em we're creative artists, too!"

And so, I'm telling you. They're creative artists, too. They're makers and breakers of thespians and pictures. They're the Merlins behind the movies.

Take that fellow Gregg Toland who just had the floor. A lean little man in brown clothes—cultured, brilliant and active. Twenty-one years ago he obtained a job during a summer vacation as an office boy at the old Fox Studios. The film stars on the lot didn't impress him, but the intent cameramen, cranking their black-sheathed boxes, hypnotized him. He decided to skip school and become a photographer. The result? Well, the last I heard, he had prepared for canning such products as "The Grapes of Wrath," "The Long Voyage Home" and "Citizen Kane."

I talked with Toland in the comfortable study of his sprawling Benedict Canyon home. He downed a long beer with a practiced gulp and explained the qualifications and duties of the cameraman.

"A first-rate cameraman must realize," said Toland, "that while some scenes of a film might be shot much, much better, much more artistically, those scenes are worth neither the extra time nor extra cash investment. The cameraman must have a strain of the economist in him, and get speed into his picture without sacrificing quality. After all,

time becomes a paramount item when you realize that a single day on a certain picture may run to \$22,000 in expenses!

"As photographer on a major movie, my first job is to manage my camera crew. I have a special crew of seven men. All specialists. I take them with me wherever I go. There's an operator and two assistants. There's a grip, a gaffer or electrician, a stand-by painter and a microphone boy. But that's only the beginning of my job. I must see that there is efficiency. Speed, again. And, with things as they are, I must practice economy by being artistic with one eye on the production budget. These days a cameraman is actually a producer, director, photographer, actor and electrician. The out-and-out old-fashioned photographer who just had to maneuver a camera is as extinct as the dodo bird."

With two decades behind a Hollywood camera, I wondered just which particular feminine face Gregg Toland considered the best he had ever brought into focus.

His answer, like his personality and his pictures, was direct.

"Anna Sten," he replied. "She was by far the most photogenic woman I ever shot. She didn't have an insipid baby doll face, you know the type. She had a face full of good bones and character. Her cheeks caught the lights well, and her nose was so tilted as to place attractive shadows beneath. Frances Farmer was another face I enjoyed working on and, of course, if you want to go way back into ancient history, there was no one like the incomparable Gloria Swanson. (Continued on page 81)

Vivien Leigh's and Laurence Olivier's stand-ins eavesdrop on Rudolph Mate and the electrician.



Jimmy Howe, who knows Hollywood better than any photographer alive, calls Priscilla Lane's face the most photogenic of all time.



Ernie Haller—"a plastic surgeon with lights"—changed the color of Leigh's eyes and the shape of Marshall's nose!



hollywood's
no. 1
menace



Gable kisses Lamarr (this clinch is from "Comrade X") and gals wonder what they ever saw in their hubbies.

A million soupy sagas have been

HOUSANDS, perhaps millions, of words have been written about how "natural" Clark Gable is, how he takes everything with his tongue in his cheek, how he has a complete lack of ego after years of such fame and adulation as have befallen no man save, possibly, Valentino. Directors, bit players, his fellow stars, interviewers, extras, the studio personnel, from Louis B. Mayer down to a junior bus boy in the commissary, chants the one refrain about Gable: "He blows himself down! He horses his own stardom. He gives Gable, the star, the belly laugh." It's almost impossible to believe it, but just listen to a couple of classic examples:

One day the assistant director of "Comrade X" stuck his head into Clark's portable dressing-room. "Hey, Clark," he yelled. "The pigs are waiting."

"I'm ready," said Mr. G.

"Mr. Vidor says," added the assistant director, "that he can make this scene a long shot and your stand-in can do it, if you'd rather not. It's going to be pretty messy."

"Boloney," said Mr. G., "what's wrong with pigs?"

And another day, Clark stepped off the set after doing one of the big, emotional scenes of the picture. The crew applauded. Hedy Lamarr applauded. Director King Vidor gave his star a hand. The big fellow grinned. "I certainly hammed that one up, didn't I?" he beamed.

Later, when Clark was safely out of earshot, King Vidor said to me, "I have been in this business a long while. I have directed most of them, oldtimers and newcomers, big stars and bit players. And you can quote me as saying that Gable is the man for my money. Not only because he is a very fine actor, but also because he is the most down-to-earth, easy-to-get-along-with actor I have ever known. This 'Comrade X' hasn't been an easy picture to film.

We've worked inside a mechanized tank a lot, and close

quarters are always difficult. We have worked through fog and smoke and rain and, furthermore, Clark had to ride in a truck which also housed a pen of pigs. I don't know any other star in the business who wouldn't have passed that buck. Not Gable. He never complains about anything. We always had a lot of laughs. He's not a fair-weather guy. He has no conceit whatsoever. What's more, he has an enormous and lusty relish for kidding himself. Quite a different matter, you know, from a relish for kidding the other fellow. Practically every time he finishes a big scene, and a damn fine one at that, he says what you just heard him say, 'Well, I certainly hammed that one up.' And he *believes* it. How he has managed to stay as he is through the blitzkrieg of fame and favor is, to me, the major mystery of the picture business."

Hedy had a few words to say on the subject, too. "This is the first time I have felt absolutely at home making a picture," she told me. "It might have been my hardest one because I wear no glamorous, attractive clothes. I wear an old street car conductor's uniform, and my hair is all straggly.

"The first day I started to work, I was more afraid than usual. I suddenly realized I was playing opposite the Great Gable, and it froze me. In 'Boom Town' I did not have a big part and was not often on the sets; I did not have much responsibility. But this 'Comrade X' was different. In this, it was Clark and myself!

"He laughed at me for worrying and accused me of thinking motion pictures the most important thing in the world. He kidded me, saying, 'They are not as important as all that, sister. Relax. Motion pictures will be here long after you and I are both gone.' He said, 'Look, baby, this is a picnic, a clambake.' I did not know what he meant by a 'clambake' but I did know I was having fun for the first time since I had been in pictures. I did know that for the first time I relaxed when I worked.

"We would have 'tea' every afternoon on the set. The first time Clark invited me to tea, I did not know what to expect. It turned out to be tea made in an old coffee pot and he served it with dozens of five-and-ten cookies!

"He helped me so much by making suggestions entirely for my benefit. During the filming of a love scene that was to be shot as a large close-up of the two of us, I was supposed to lean over and kiss him quickly on the lips. It seemed rather awkward for me to do. So Clark suggested that he stay to one side, almost out of the close-up, and that I first reach over my hand and touch his cheek, then slowly draw his face to mine for the kiss. That approach was easier and gave me more confidence. It also gave me the close-up! After a while, I got so that I forgot we were acting at all. We got down in the dirt and fought like two wildcats for some scenes. I even had to kick him where he sits down, and I wasn't afraid to kick good and hard because I knew he could take it. That's how he is."

I was convinced at last that Gable was okay—a natural—but how has he stayed that way, I found myself wondering. Just one man could give me the real answer—Mammy Lombard's Pappy Gable, himself!

"How come?" I asked him point-blank.

Gable favored me with a large and lavish wink. He said, "I've got the answer right (*Continued on page 77*)

BY GLADYS HALL



No one else stands a chance with the cameraman when Clark and the photogenic Lombard are around!

penned about Gable, but here's a punchy one right from headquarters!

The gripping story of an overwhelming
love that defied public opinion and sur-
passed the might of Napoleon's armies!

Lady Hamilton



THE coach from London!" called the gatemanager. "The coach from London, your Excellency!" said a lackey to Sir William Hamilton, Ambassador from Great Britain to the Court of Naples—for, less than one hundred and fifty years ago, Naples had not yet been absorbed by a larger power. There was a King and, more especially, a Queen in the Kingdom of Naples.

A few moments later Sir William was happily unboxing art treasures which the coach had brought him. Assisting him was the French Ambassador, who had been a bit ruffled when Sir William had unceremoniously walked out in the middle of a conference. But as he looked at a Greek statue being lifted out of its case, he murmured, "Exquisite!" and, as Sir William showed him a painting by Romney of a divinely beautiful woman, he forgot there had ever been a conference.

"If he could paint reality, he would be a master!" said the French Ambassador critically. "No woman ever lived with such coloring!"

"I thought so, too, until I met her," observed Sir William.

"You met her!" gasped the Frenchman wonderingly. "She exists!"

Gavin, Sir William's secretary, had been trying to break in. At last he succeeded and drew Sir William off to one side.

At that moment two servants removed the portrait at which the French Ambassador had been looking. He stared much harder at what he saw behind it. Two women were sitting on a bench, and one, a lovely young thing, was the portrait come alive.

Miss Emma Hart and her mother rose from the bench and stared back at him, completely at a loss as to what to do. Just then Sir William came up. Gavin had managed to explain to him that the two ladies had been sent on along with the other art objects and bric-a-brac, from his nephew. Sir William bowed deeply and presented the French Ambassador to them.

The young lady had an enchantingly frivolous spirit. Moreover, she was so lightly informed that she had fortified her mind with a few memorized platitudes about the famous places she had passed on her voyage. These she repeated, with no idea at all of the extraordinary effect of amazement and delight they had on the two diplomats. If anything, this naiveté only added to her charm.

Lady Hamilton—whose beauty was unforgettable



"You met her!" gasped the French Ambassador to Sir William. "She exists!"



Contemptuously, Emma accused her husband of interfering in her love affair.



"Now I have kissed you through two centuries," Nelson whispered to Emma.

But even Emma was definitely aware of something wrong when her mother, referring to the Leaning Tower of Pisa, remarked, "A chimney went like that in Liverpool last year. You remember, Emma, the soap works? It leant right over the gin warehouse, and the Bishop said it was the finger of God."

It must be stated here that the lovely Emma had arrived, ostensibly to study singing, in the home of the Ambassador as the friend of his nephew, Charles Greville, and that Greville had previously found her established in Featherstone Castle, home of his friend Sir Harry, during a very gay hunting season. And further it may be stated that Sir Harry had earlier found her doing the Dance of the Seven Veils in Dr. Graham's Temple of Health, which had been closed by the police just after Emma dropped the seventh veil.

"Don't ask me what she had done before that," said Sir William, explaining these few details to the French Ambassador who had been overcome with the girl's seeming innocence and was a trifle bewildered. "Perhaps," went on her fiancé's uncle, "perhaps a poor little country girl wronged once—wronged again—the usual story—lower and lower—but always up and up! As for that, consider this superb statue that came with her. Two hundred years in a Greek Temple—then thrown into the mud by some barbarian soldier—two thousand years sinking deeper and deeper into the mud—then dug out by the plow of a peasant—changing hands every year until, at last, it comes into its rightful place in the hands of someone who understands the glory of its beauty—because it is still beautiful, despite its past." And the tolerant man added aside to his secretary, "I'll dine with Miss Hart alone tonight—at eight o'clock."

Emma did her best at dinner. It was very important, she knew, to make Charles' uncle like her if Charles was to pay his debts, come for her in October and make her at last a wife.

Sir William tried one way and another to enlighten her. "Now, my child, as we are going to live under one roof, we should be perfectly frank with one another. Charles Greville will *never* come to Naples."

"But your Excellency—Uncle—" Emma answered with quiet assurance, "he definitely promised to come for me very soon, and the promise he gave me he'll surely keep."

• C A S T •

Emma Hamilton.....	Vivien Leigh
Lord Nelson.....	Laurence Olivier
Sir William Hamilton.....	Alan Mowbray
Rev. Nelson.....	Halliwel Hobbes
Capt. Hardy.....	Henry Wilcoxon
King of Naples.....	Luis Alberni
Queen of Naples.....	Norma Drury
Josiah.....	Ronald Sinclair
Gavin.....	Olaf Hytton
French Ambassador.....	Georges Renavent
Mrs. Nelson.....	Gladys Cooper

Adapted from the ALEXANDER KORDA
Production for UNITED ARTISTS Release—
Directed by ALEXANDER KORDA—Screen
Play by WALTER REISCH and R. C. SHERIFF

"I suppose he promised you marriage as well?" he asked at length, and at her answer added, "My child, I'm afraid I must destroy those sweet dreams of yours. My nephew never had the slightest intention of marrying you, either with my consent or without it."

Emma could not believe him. But she had an inspiration. "Tell me, your Excellency, do you know about me—I mean—did Charles tell you?"

"He did," said Sir William. "I imagine that was the only thing he did not lie about. But please, I don't want to make you ashamed."

"There's nothing I'm ashamed of," said Emma, looking at him with a straight insistent honesty. "I made many mistakes in my life—I was stupid—too young—I believed in men and their promises until I (Continued on page 66)

Fictionized by Katharine Roberts

1



2



DANGEROUS CURVES





1. 22-year-old Rita Hayworth keeps her million dollar figure without benefit of bra or girdle! Favors scanty lingerie and one-thread hose. Splurges on clothes to the tune of over \$15,000 yearly, but economizes on help. Has only Velma (above) and Larabee, who's a chauffeur-butler.

2. When she was 17, and dancing in an Agua Caliente cabaret, a Texas oilman—Eddie Judson—was her most ardent stage door Johnnie. They were married four years ago, after an 18-month courtship. Both love dogs, the Conga, bowling and that brand new card game—gin rummy.

3. Rita and Eddie have separate bedrooms. Main feature of hers is a 12-foot satin-upholstered bed. Rita—whose hair is flaming for her role in "Strawberry Blonde"—crams her lines for two hours nightly simultaneously nibbling chocolates, but never weighs over 118 lbs!

4. She has a size 5½ foot, pays up to \$75 for shoes and always has 45 pairs on hand—some of which match her living room furniture! She smokes, wears scarlet nail polish, has received 300 proposals of marriage, is mayor of 12 South American cities and speaks Spanish like a native.



**FIGURATIVELY AND DRAMATICALLY SPEAKING—LUSCIOUS RITA
HAYWORTH IS INCHING HER WAY TO THE TOP OF THE HEAP!**

Date Bait



If you're angling for a smoothie,
hook him with Bonita's wiles—and if you
boys are battling heavy competition, clear
the field with some of Jackie's stuff!

Is it hopeless if the girl of your dreams can't
see you for dust? A thousand times
no, says Bobby Stack—who made Mary Beth
see him in a new light!



You hear an awful lot about the "heat" stage of Hollywood romances, but somehow the "meet" stage rarely makes the movie columns. You and I have always believed that in the cinema city boy invariably meets girl under the world's most glamorous and moonlit circumstances. And we've finally resigned ourselves to the fact that romance blooms like mad out there but that it just can't happen here. Well, gather around, children, and learn the unbelievable truth.

A Hollywood commentator or publicity agent who can't figure out a new way for a "he" to meet a "she" is in the same position as an author of detective fiction who runs short of murder methods. But while these Hollywood drum-beaters stew, the youngsters themselves meet and

fall in love under circumstances that are duplicated all over the world every day.

As proof of this we present the case of Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville. The conditions under which they met were no more glamorous than those which attended your best beau when he fell. The alarming difference is that their meeting took place in Hollywood. Bonita went to a party with Frankie Darro at Judy Garland's house and Jackie came alone. The festivities wound up with a scavenger hunt, and at one of the clues they bumped into each other and Bonita said, "Hello." For weeks thereafter Jackie angled for a date but nothing happened. Finally, after they had been formally introduced at the studio, Bonita had a birthday and Jackie sent her eight gardenias

BY FRED HERBERT

MODERN SCREEN

and her very, very first orchid. Still no dice. When Valentine's Day came around, he sent her a bottle of her favorite scent, but with typical boyish caution he enclosed a phony greeting that read: "You're so sweet when you pass on the street, all the boys stare. Gee, it's too bad you've got such big feet."

Miss Granville kept the perfume and made no comment on the card. But when young Mr. Cooper called up for a date, she said, "Sorry, I'm too young." The truth of the matter was that Bonita, realizing that she had Jackie hooked, decided to get even with him for the comic valentine. So she proceeded to do the town with various escorts and even went so far as to turn up at parties in Jackie's home with other boys.

Being convinced now that he had made a mistake, he tried a fresh tack. Just before Christmas he sent orchids with a note stressing "good will toward men," and ending with the plea, "May I take you dancing soon?" P.S. The "humble pie" did the trick. She accepted . . . they danced . . . he complimented her . . . she complimented him . . . and the little guy with the bow and arrow sat grinning on the sidelines.

The payoff is that Mr. Cooper waited almost a year for that date and all because of a prankish valentine. However, Bonita and Jackie are now a usual twosome and Bonita beams about his thoughtfulness and his sweet personality.

Case Number Two might be that of Bob Stack and Mary Beth Hughes. When Mary was asked to meet Bob she turned her back on the invitation. When pressed for a reason, she explained that he had gone out with somebody else for a long time and then had stopped seeing that "somebody else" for no good reason. Finally, at Bob's urging, a mutual friend convinced her that she had confused him with another man. Mollified now, she agreed

YOU'LL BE HANGING OUT THE STANDING ROOM ONLY SIGN ONCE YOU'VE TRIED THIS HOLLYWOOD TECHNIQUE ON THE LOCAL TALENT!

to look him over from a distance but made no promises. Accordingly, some time later at Ciro's, Mary Beth sat at a table with this same friend while nearby, squirming under her appraising scrutiny, sat the hopeful Mr. Stack. Evidently satisfied, she nodded to her friend who then rose, approached the perspiring Robert and invited him to sit at their table. That evening was the first of many and today each thinks the other's terrific.

And just the way it might have happened in Paducah, it happened in Hollywood to Helen Parrish! Helen's a grown-up gal now, but three years ago she was at that awkward stage, fruitlessly devoting most of her thoughts to Charlie Lang, her brother Bob's handsome pal.

When he came to the Parrish home, he'd pass by Helen with a "Hi'ya, kid," and like any other teen age girl, Helen didn't appreciate the condescension. Why couldn't the big dope see that she was wearing her heart on her sleeve for him? But he didn't. It looked like a lost cause for Helen for Charlie suddenly decided to leave California. That was three years ago.

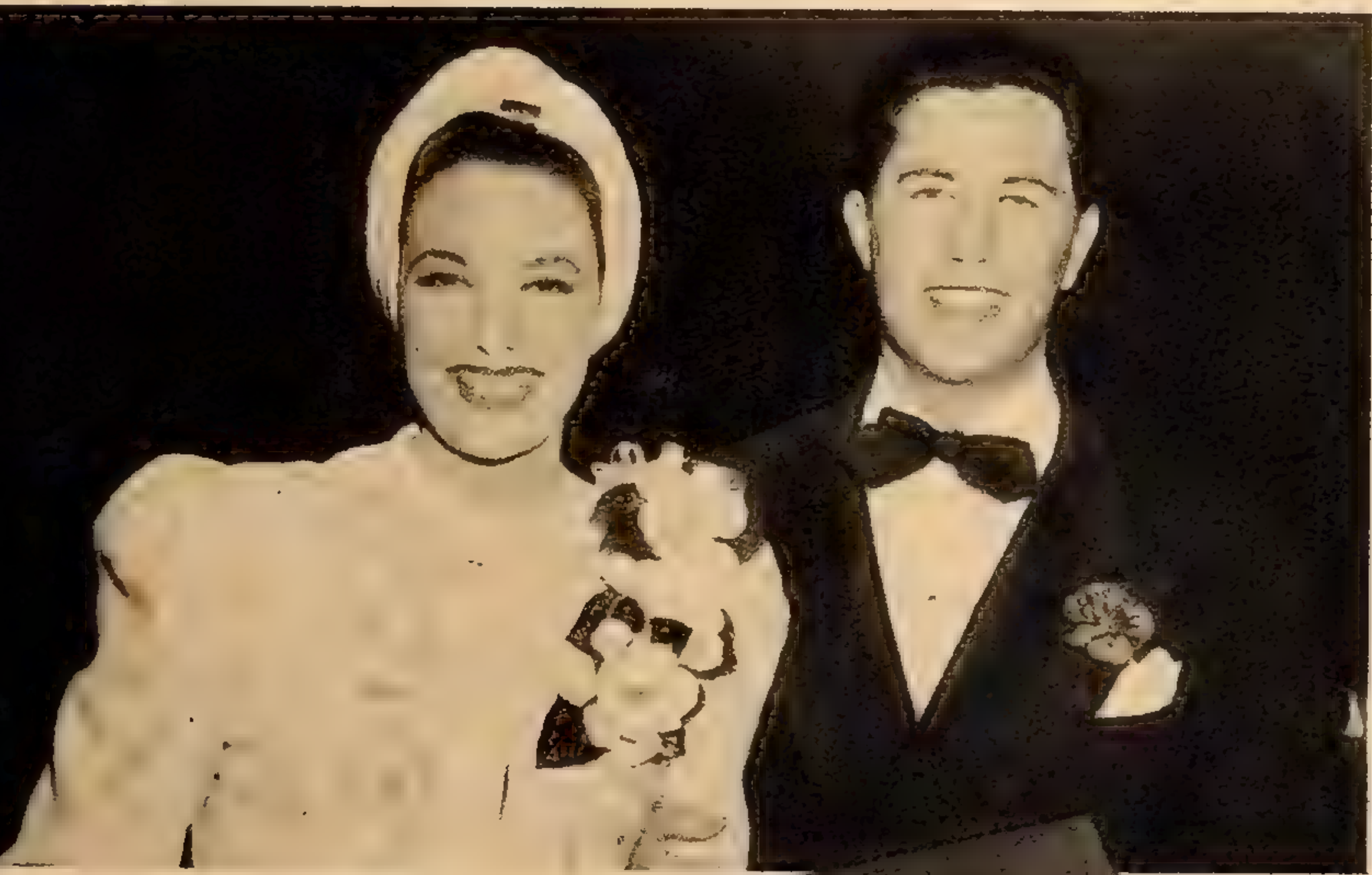
In the meantime, Helen outgrew that awkward age, and the Parrish telephone began ringing day and night as Rand Brooks and other Hollywood eligibles besieged her with dates. Helen went out with them but she was just marking time for Charlie Lang. When he did return a few months ago, he whipped over to see Bob Parrish. Helen opened the door and Charlie just stood stock still and stared. When he spoke his voice cracked, and he didn't call her "kid." He said, "Hello, Helen," and blushed. It was a sweet moment for Miss Parrish.

Weddings are always sentimental affairs, for the bride and groom . . . and the guests. Brother Bob's was no different. Helen looked divine to Charlie Lang, so he used the occasion of the wedding as the bait and asked for a date. Helen accepted.

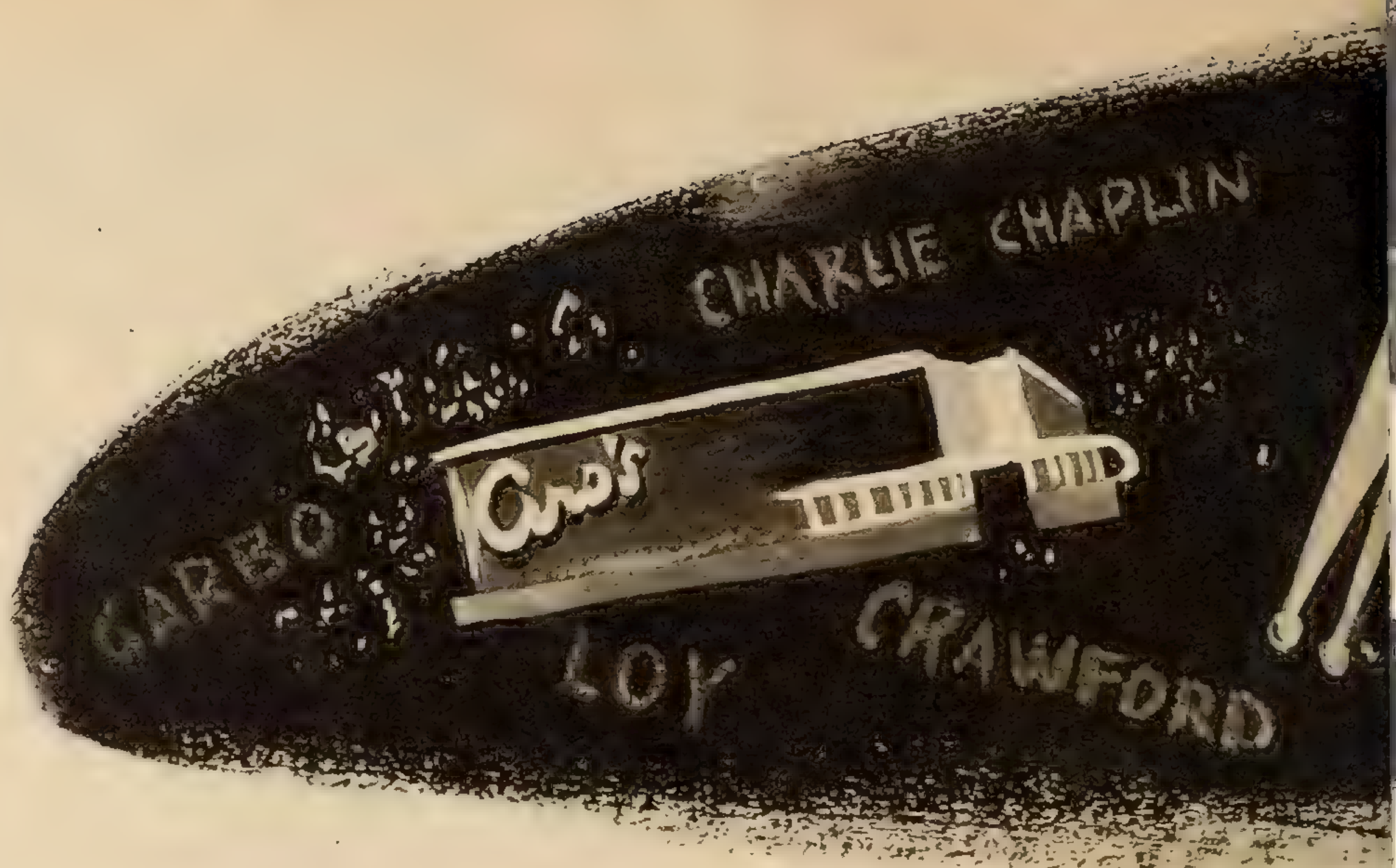
They went dancing, and he held her as though she were a fragile piece of Ming. When he caught her eye she read the message he was too bashful (Continued on page 80)

Should you take to the shelf if "the
only one" is miles and miles away? Linda
Darnell (gadding here with Bob Shaw)
has solved that one beautifully.

And let Ann Rutherford (nightspotting
this time with Don Kahn) show you how
to cope with the hectic business of having two
best friends fall in love with you.



*All this is
Hollywood,
too!*



Here's the gaudiest, naughtiest, most wonderful town in the world—with all of its dives, its shops, its customs and oddities. Here is its glitter and heartbreak—its very soul!

There is only one item your passport must contain before you enter this strange land of Hollywood, and that's a visa stamped—"I have a sense of humor."

And, believe us, you must begin having that sense of humor before you step on a train Los Angeles-bound (there are no train depots in Hollywood), and before you request your home-town boy friends to write you in care of "General Delivery, Hollywood" (since the Hollywood branch post office does not accept "General Delivery" mail, and you'll have to travel six miles to central Los Angeles for such mash notes).

Hollywood is many things. It's the crackpot's wonderland, the shopgirl's heaven, the incubator for genius. Hollywood is a small town in Sunday clothes, a constant first night, an endless County Fair—where lights are brighter, voices are louder, colors are more vivid than anything you've ever known or dreamed. Hollywood is also the place where there are three times as many holy churches as unholy celluloid factories, where there are as many males toiling in aviation plants as on motion picture lots, where they've run absolutely dry on synonyms for "terrific."

And, above all things, Hollywood is the one place where you must avoid the Chamber of Commerce as you would the bubonic plague, unless you want to be harangued in this fashion by one of the board:

"Hollywood, California, is a great city of 197,000 inhabitants, living within a beautiful area of

twenty-four square miles, at a breath-taking altitude of 1,200 feet, where there is marvelous sunshine 334 out of 366 days of the year. Hollywood is great, beautiful, breath-taking, marvelous! Hollywood has 130 miles of paved streets. It has thirty-five banks and branches. It has twenty-five hotels. There is money everywhere—and the average family earns \$3,750 a year, which isn't hay. Hollywood is terrific! It's located a half hour from the Pacific Ocean, a half hour from downtown Los Angeles. It has Griffith Park, the largest, most terrific municipal park in America. Hollywood is the only city for you!"

If this has not sufficiently softened you, the Chamber of Commerce possesses exactly 799 other members, with the fanatical gleam of the Golden West in their eyes, to convince you.

But, at the risk of being hung as a heretic, we must tell you that lots of this is all wrong. Actually, as pal to pal, we're telling you there is no city of Hollywood, California!

In 1887, a chap named Horace Wilcox, and wife, purchased a piece of property in Southern California, built a ranch, named it Hollywood, after a rich aristocratic estate in England. Forty years ago Hollywood was being boomed as a real estate stunt. Thirty years ago, for the sake of economy and better facilities, Hollywood consolidated with Los Angeles and became a section of the City of Los Angeles. That's the way it is today. Hollywood is no more a city than, say, the Loop in Chicago is, or the North Side of St. Louis, or the upper West Side of New York. Hollywood has no mayor of its own. It has no chief of police. The nearest station is the Union Depot, six miles off in central Los Angeles.

Yet the minute you enter this foreign land without a ruler, without a boundary, without an official anything, you know you're in Hollywood!

You know it by the funny things you see, the familiar-sounding places, the strange sights.



It's a twenty-minute drive from the depot in Los Angeles, down the Boulevard to the center of Hollywood. At this point you cross Western Avenue, reputed to be the longest avenue in the entire world. And, at this point, also, a native Californian (you must remain twenty-four consecutive hours in Los Angeles to become a qualified "native Californian") will undoubtedly grip your arm and whisper hoarsely, "There it is!"

You will stare blankly, and see only a drab corner office building, housing a small drugstore, with a business entrance at one side. From here on in you must have imagination—for this is the Mecca of the many, the many with dreams of success and of fame. This is the building that holds the Central Casting Bureau! Here, through the dull, cold corridor, and up a creaking elevator, you reach the offices of Central Casting. Here, within the offices, are special files listing 17,000 extras. Of these, only about 3,000 (most of them girls) are working at one time. For appearing as an ordinary extra, each is paid \$5.50 a day—whereas a trained dog gets \$50 a day! There may be glamour here, but there are also empty stomachs, since the average extra girl earns an average income, throughout the year, of \$7.65 a week! Only compensation is the fervent prayer that one day, maybe tomorrow, one of these 17,000—as in the rare case of Janet Gaynor—may become a star.

Driving on down Hollywood Boulevard you will have the impression of any busy main street in Kansas City or Boston, except that Hollywood contains no skyscrapers. Most of the buildings are low-slung and have plenty of elbow room. Nothing is way up in the air—except the sky. The reason for this is a city law limiting the height of all public buildings to fourteen stories—as a safeguard in the event of angry cement-cracking earthquakes. In fact, in all of Hollywood, there are only a dozen buildings constructed up to the limit, and these are set on giant underground rollers to help sway the structures during a major quake.

You are soon passing the bright Tele-View Theatre, a news-reel house starring such a variety of actors as Mr. A. Hitler, Mr. Donald Duck and other short subject luminaries. Peering into the box office, you're liable to see Buddy Adler, the owner, and his statuesque wife, Anita Louise, both checking on business and greeting such famous "regulars" as Bob Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck and Charlie Chaplin. (Continued on page 87)

BY IRVING WALLACE

A THRILL A MINUTE...

BY JAMES REID

James Stewart didn't look happy, in spite of the fact that he and Hedy Lamarr were supposed to be lovers in a picture with the provocative title, "Come Live With Me." He looked miserable. He had a cold.

"You can always count on Stewart to get the breaks," he said, sneezing. "Here I am, desperately trying to gain a pound a month, and I've sneezed off at least three pounds in the last twenty-four hours. Hedy Lamarr comes into my life, and what happens? A cold makes me socially unacceptable. I can still work, but I have to work by myself—until I lose it. And a fine chance I have to lose it. I'm supposed to do a rain scene tonight."

Somehow, people don't think of a six-foot-three movie hero as being subject to a cold in the head.

"I caught it flying," Jimmy explained, half-apologetically.

Maybe you've read about Jimmy's flying and wondered, like a flock of other people, just how serious it is. He has never talked about it much, having no flair for self-dramatization. He doesn't regard interviews as golden opportunities to wax expansive. In fact, he is very much like a witness under cross-examination. He nervously waits for questions, then parries them dryly, intent on not being drawn into anything that sounds like a confession.

As a result, most people know James Stewart as a shy, but amusing young man, who isn't serious about anything, really, except his work.

They're aware that he has a plane, but they think of it as a glorified plaything he has acquired temporarily. They read in various columns that he is teaching Olivia de Havilland how to fly, and they think of his flying as a sly ruse to be alone with Olivia.

There's a laugh in the mental picture of Jimmy, playing the romantic hero, taking Olivia aloft and catching a brute of a cold doing so.

Only the picture is out of focus. It doesn't present things as they are.

He isn't teaching Olivia how to fly. What he is doing is meeting her for breakfast at six o'clock every morning at Metropolitan Airport, where he keeps his plane. Then, before reporting for work, Olivia goes up in a rented plane with an instructor for an hour's flying lesson—while Jimmy

goes up in his own plane to practice turns and spins and to add another hour to his solo flying time. Please note that word "solo." It's important.

Up to now, he has flown about 400 hours solo. He's up in his plane every morning, every day off, every week-end, intent on accumulating 1,000 hours of solo flying time at which point he can try for a transport pilot's license. There's a serious reason why he wants one, too—few people know about that. Few people know anything about James Stewart, the flier. They should get acquainted with him. He's an entirely different person from the playful young-man-about-Hollywood.

His interest in aviation isn't something sudden. "I can't remember when it all started," he told me, between sneezes. "It was sometime during the last war. Anyway, I was just a kid about nine or ten. We took the Literary Digest and it always had a war scene on the cover. Action stuff, painted with a lot of bright colors. I can't tell you why, but I became aviation-minded. I'd tear off every cover that had an airplane on it and tack it on the wall of my room. Airplanes were the last thing I thought of every night and the first thing I thought of every morning. My one ambition in life was to find out what it was like to be up in one.

"I've forgotten if the war was still on, or if it was over, when a barnstorming flier came to Indiana, Pa. I knew a long time in advance that he was coming, and I saved every cent I could. I made up my mind I was going to have an airplane ride.

"My folks said I wasn't. They said flying 'wasn't safe.'

"Finally, the big day arrived. As advertised, this flier came down in a pasture outside of town and started taking up passengers for dollar-a-minute rides.

"I persuaded my folks to go out and watch, at least. My dad was a merchant; he knew people for miles around. Some people he knew went up and they came back intact, raving about the thrill. They helped me break him down, and he finally said I could go up. But he kept the car motor warmed up, just in case a wing fell off the plane, or something, while I was in it and he had to rush to (Continued on page 75)



**SO YOU THOUGHT YOU KNEW JIMMY STEWART! HERE'S SOME "PLANE
TALK" THAT'LL KNOCK ALL YOUR OLD NOTIONS ABOUT HIM FOR A LOOP**



Beautiful

BY CAROL CARTER

"Look at those lovely hands," exclaimed one of Hollywood's top directors, enraptured as he watched the screen test of one of Europe's newest refugee actresses. "Those foreigners may not always have the prettiest faces, but their hands are certainly the most beautiful and expressive I have ever seen!"

We'd never thought of it just that way and, in our newly awakened consciousness of the superiority of everything American, we were in no mood to agree with him. However, his sincere praise did give us pause and make us think. Our mind flashed back over half a dozen foreign stars, and we couldn't deny the fluttering loveliness of the hands of Vivien Leigh, Isa Miranda and Ilona Massey or the fluid grace in those of Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich and Greer Garson. We remembered, too, the dramatic gestures of Dolores Del Rio and Luise Rainer and the expressive vivacity in the fingers of Sonja Henie, Annabella, Danielle Darrieux and Simone Simon.

"Well," we said, "how about Ginger Rogers, Virginia

Bruce and Betty Grable? Or Anita Louise, Margaret Sullavan and Ann Rutherford?" And it was gratifying to note that the director had no comeback to that!

But, French or English, Scandinavian or American, the principal question in our minds right now is—what makes hands lovely, what gives them the power to intrigue?

Shape is not important. Hands may be slender, tapering, short or medium, and still be beautiful. Training, care and grooming—there are your answers in a nutshell. Watch your gestures. Keep them rhythmic, slow and graceful. Make your motions in curved lines, not in nervous jabs. Watch your hands in front of mirrors. Cut out those choppy, meaningless, indecisive little gestures. Streamline your motions. If you want to break old habits and develop new ones, try keeping your hands perfectly motionless when talking. In the meantime, practice a few simple limbering exercises. Then, after you've gotten your hands relaxed and under control, begin to use them with new, more graceful motions. Piano or typewriting exercises practiced a few minutes each day on a table

Finger tips and fashion finds from Hollywood

If your nails are naturally round, file them to elongated ovals and apply polish from base to tip for length. Leave narrow margins at sides.

hands to hold

Oval nails are the ideal shape. Let your half moons show and leave only a tiny white tip at the end of each nail.

or desk are excellent for suppling your hands. Or, with palms flat on a table, slowly raise each finger separately eight or ten times apiece. Clench your fist, then extend your fingers, stretching them wide apart. Repeat this ten or twelve times. Bend back your open hand, stretching the fingers again. Now, dip forward from the wrist in a quick swan dive motion. Let your wrists go limp, then shake your hands loosely but not too vigorously. Hollywood lovelies, whose every motion must have a meaning, practice these and similar exercises regularly every day to give that restful, fluid expressiveness which we have come to take for granted.

Actual hand care begins with the skin. No one is going to hold or admire a hand that is red and rough to the touch. And in these days such conditions are inexcusable. With mild soaps, soft brushes, wonderful hand creams and lotions everywhere, such a situation springs from only one cause—carelessness. It isn't the washing that irritates, but how it's done that tells the tale. Even though you don't use harsh, strong soaps you must thoroughly rinse off all traces of any kind at all. And how do you dry your hands?

Be sure you do a thorough job of it, pushing nail cuticle back with your towel as you go and rubbing hand skin back toward the wrist, never toward your finger tips. Follow this with a protective cream or lotion applied with a circular, deep rotary motion. If you spend much time outdoors, a coat of vanishing cream and a dusting of talcum powder will add an extra film of protection.

If your nails are brittle, as they're likely to be, come winter, keep a bottle of special oil or a jar of nail softener with your kit of hand protectors. Use it after every wetting and, of course, the last thing every night. In fact, never go to bed without (Continued on page 74)

Square nails will appear oval if you will polish in exaggerated half moons and file their tips to shapely ovals. Leave margins at sides.

Nails with oval bases and square ends look best with tiny moons and polish extended to the oval-filed tips.

Long, slim, exotic nails need polish in bright, dramatic shades. Half moons are optional but they generally add grace.

Roz Russell was wheeled past Master of Ceremonies Benny in a huge hatbox. He made some crack about her hat; Roz hooted, then popped out of her tissue and kissed him!



One of the most hilarious features of the opening was Dr. Giovanni (a professional pickpocket.) He lifted everything—from Jack Benny's suspenders to a pair of someone's shorts!



Designing Males

A quartette of mad hatters stole the spotlight at Hal Kemp's Coconut Grove opening!



Rudy Vallee left his own Pirates' Den for the occasion, but refused to enter the hat-designing contest for men. Couldn't bear to be separated from nineteen-year-old Sheila Ryan—one of the cutest of the new Wampas Baby Stars.

Entrants in the contest were given a big selection of untrimmed hats and ornaments, and three minutes in which to indulge their Lilly Daché instincts. Here's Spencer Tracy—blushing—in his prize-winning off-the-face, flower-trimmed bonnet.





And don't think Spence didn't have some pretty frou-frou competition! That's Herbert Marshall in the feather and veil arrangement; Eddie Sutherland in something more on the conservative side; Tracy (giving the profile), and Gene Markey, elegant in a toque with plumes.

Mary Livingstone Benny (always her hubby's best audience) guffawed after each of Jack's side-splitting introductions—ignored dinner partner Herbert Marshall completely. He perked up considerably, however, when his favorite singer, Mary Martin, did a number with the orchestra.



Rosemary Lane tells her Nana about all her love affairs—and poor Nana's problem is to keep secrets!



Vic Mature drives his Carolyn mad by absent-mindedly throwing bits of the newspaper all over her clean floor.

MISTRESS



BY JEANNE KARR

You've had servant problems, no doubt, or have listened to the woes of those who have, but did you ever hear the other side of the story? Really, the master and the mistress problems some of the stars' servants meet up with make servant problems too footling to rate even a footnote!

Garbo's servants, for instance, must play the part of deaf-mutes. Not only must they see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil, but they must see, hear and speak nothing at all, under pain of instant dismissal.

Then there's Maureen O'Sullivan's Nellie who had to overcome her fear of animals when working with Maureen on the Tarzan pictures. Cheeta, the monkey, would not only jump onto the dressing table and make up his face, but he'd frequently try his hand at Nellie's knitting!

Eleanor Powell's Ruth had to break in Eleanor's dancing shoes for her during her last picture when Eleanor's mother, who usually does it, was ill.

Lucille Ball's Harriet merely says that she had to learn to like rare, red steak in the morning, because the minute Miss Ball opens her peepers she yells for some!

But these are piffling problems—you haven't heard anything yet!

John Barrymore's Carl Stuever, nurse, companion and mother, has met a really major problem and has solved it. For five solid months John has been cold sober and doesn't know it! Carl has given him his Five Fruits daily, at first with the customary amount of alcohol, then with gradually decreasing doses until, five months ago, John started drinking the Five Fruits straight. Moreover, so clever has Carl been that John is elated at how healthy he feels and boasts about how well he is "carrying his liquor." Up in the sprawling great mansion in the hills John and

Carl are literally camping out. The place is "furnished" with a camp cot and a broken-down davenport. There are no cooking facilities, and there isn't a dollar bill to spend on the place. John says, "I don't mind camping out in my Chinese tenement. After all, I'm the outdoor type!" But Carl sees to it that John fares well gastronomically, at least once a day, by contriving to get him invited out for dinner at the homes of various friends! And wherever John goes, there Carl goes, too. Socially, professionally, domestically, they are always together, and Barrymore, unique in everything, is actually a "hero to his valet." For Carl, admittedly, adores "the great man."

When a maid has to be as good an actress as her mistress, that's another major problem. And that's what Joan Crawford's faithful Alice has to be. When Joan is hysterically happy, because she has gotten a good picture or someone has given her a new piece of jewelry, Alice must be hysterically happy, too; when Joan sees her rushes and they are bad, Alice must go to pieces along with Joan; when Joan has a big, dramatic scene to do in a picture, Alice is seen tearing her kinky hair. On the other hand, Alice's menial labors aren't much of a problem because Joan does most of them herself. Joan always makes her own bed, keeps a dustpan and brush in her bedroom so she can do her own "light cleaning," counts the outgoing laundry and sorts and puts away the incoming laundry. "It's just that you have to be in tune with Miss Joan's moods," Alice explained.

Bette Davis' Joanna confides, "Miss Davis is very exacting—the New England housewife if I ever saw one! She has a phobia about dust and, as she also has a mania for moving (Continued on page 90)

PRO

STARS' PERSONAL GENTLEMEN DISCUSS



You don't know the meaning of the word trouble, says Ann Sothern's long-suffering Marie, until you've worked for an ice cream worshipping star who's on a very strict diet.



Ida Lupino's Lily must remember the quirks and whims of every single dinner guest. Each one has to be treated as a member of the family.



Fred Astaire's valet has to have a good bit of the slapstick comedian in him. It's his chore to keep Freddie from getting into a "mood."



romance

There's an old Hollywood saying: "You can't make a Glamour Girl cry." It has a double meaning.

No woman is beautiful when she cries—and a Glamour Girl should always be beautiful. And you can't make a Glamour Girl cry because she doesn't know how. Her beauty has kept her from having any contact with heartache.

But Madeleine Carroll has learned how to cry.

Madeleine has learned how to do a great many things these past two years. Director E. H. Griffith has been responsible for part of her education. Life has been responsible for the rest.

Before she met Griffith, everybody thought of her as probably the most beautiful blonde in existence. But everybody had the general impression that she was too poised, too cultured and (perhaps) too beautiful to be emotional.

Griffith, a smart showman, aware of the fact that audiences like to be surprised, got the idea of present-

ing Madeleine Carroll as a headache to the hero—instead of an inspiration.

He cast her as a spoiled society girl, given to wisecracks and wild impulses. Audiences were as delighted as they were surprised. Next, he gave them Madeleine as a determined career girl who discovered that she couldn't get along without sex and went in desperate pursuit of a man. Audiences began to think of Madeleine as not only beautiful, but warmly human and amusing.

But then Griffith wanted to prove that, while she could be an amusing person, she could also become involved in a serious emotional tangle. Accordingly, in "Virginia," he cast her as a light-hearted showgirl who goes back to the South to sell an estate she has inherited and finds herself torn between two loves. Among other things, he asked her to cry.

Just before she was to do that crying scene, he talked to her in her dressing-room.

"This is probably the most difficult thing you've ever done," he said. "You've never cried as if your heart would break. You've always been beautifully 'brave.' But this girl has run up against an unbearable situation which she is helpless to change. It's too much for her. She breaks down completely—

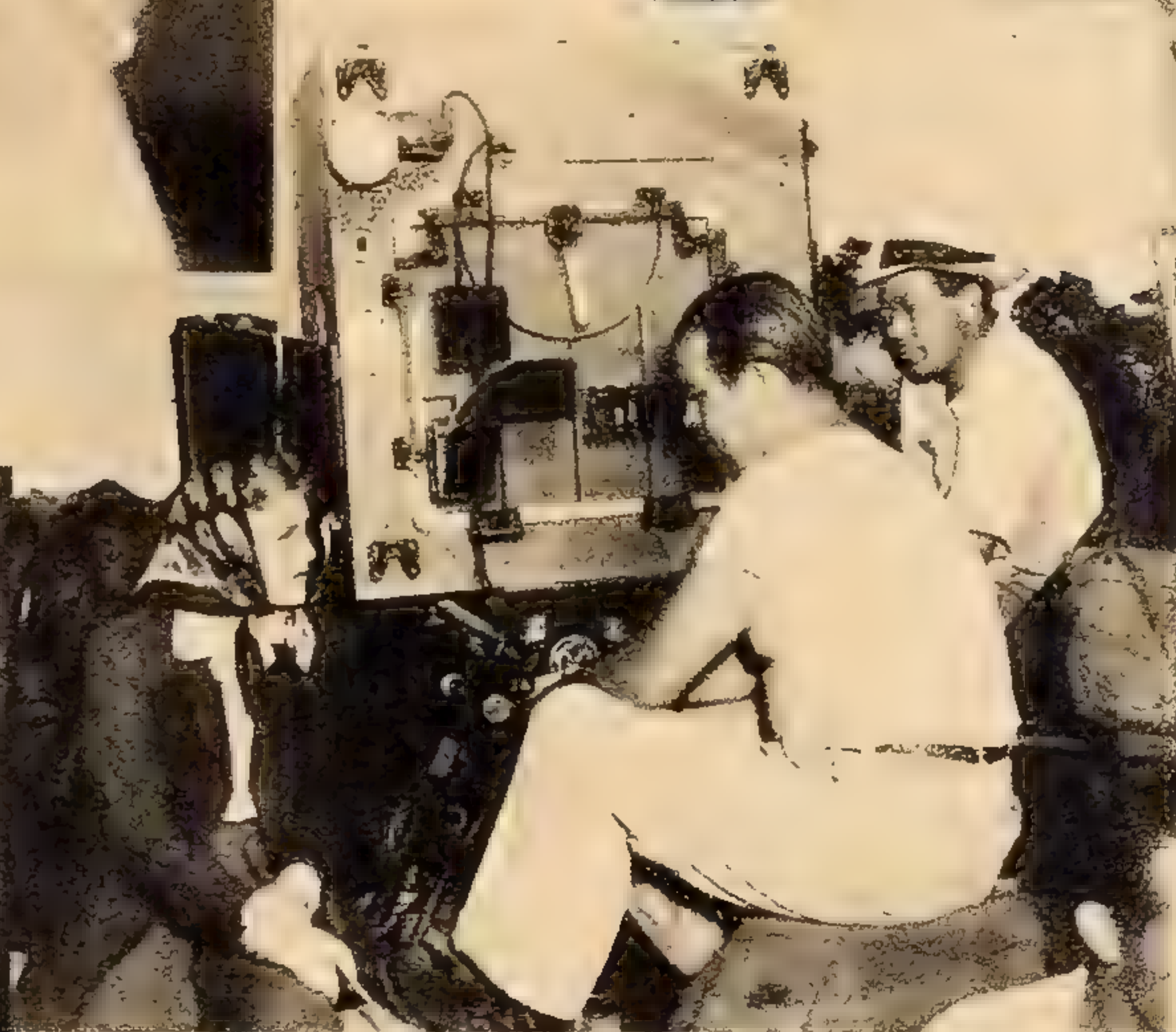
They call her the loveliest blonde in the world



Her honey-colored hair is naturally curly



Madeleine and Anatole Litvak at Ciro's



Her favorite rig—dungarees and bandana

MADELEINE CARROLL'S IS THE MOST DRAMATIC STORY EVER TO COME OUT OF HOLLYWOOD!

for a moment. It's only human that she should. And we want to get that point across. It's got to look real, Madeleine. Let yourself go. Cry real tears if you can; if you can't, we'll use glycerine."

Madeleine nodded. She didn't say anything.

A few moments later, she walked on the set and took her place in front of the camera—dry-eyed. The whole crew was tense, waiting to see if she would cry. It was hard to believe she could. It was hard to associate tears with Madeleine.

The sound man rang his bell for "Silence." Griffith said quietly, "All right, Madeleine."

For a moment, she looked only like a woman inexpressibly worried. Then, suddenly, tears welled in her eyes. Her face contorted in a paroxysm of emotion. She sobbed. She cried as if her heart would break.

When Griffith called "Cut!" the crew was silent for a moment, a little embarrassed about having watched any woman cry so heartbrokenly. Then they told her how convincing she had been. They broke into spontaneous applause.

Madeleine, her face streaked with tears, picked herself up and half-ran to her dressing-room.

Griffith gave her a few moments to compose herself,

then walked over and knocked on her door. She called, "Come in." He entered to find her at her dressing-table, trying to repair the damage to her eyes and make-up, trying to squelch the last snuffling remnants of her sobs. She forced a smile.

"Did it look real?" she asked.

"It was the greatest bit of acting you've ever done," he said, sincerely.

Madeleine stared at the mirror a moment, as if she saw something there besides herself. Just as sincerely, and very quietly, she said, "I'm afraid I wasn't acting."

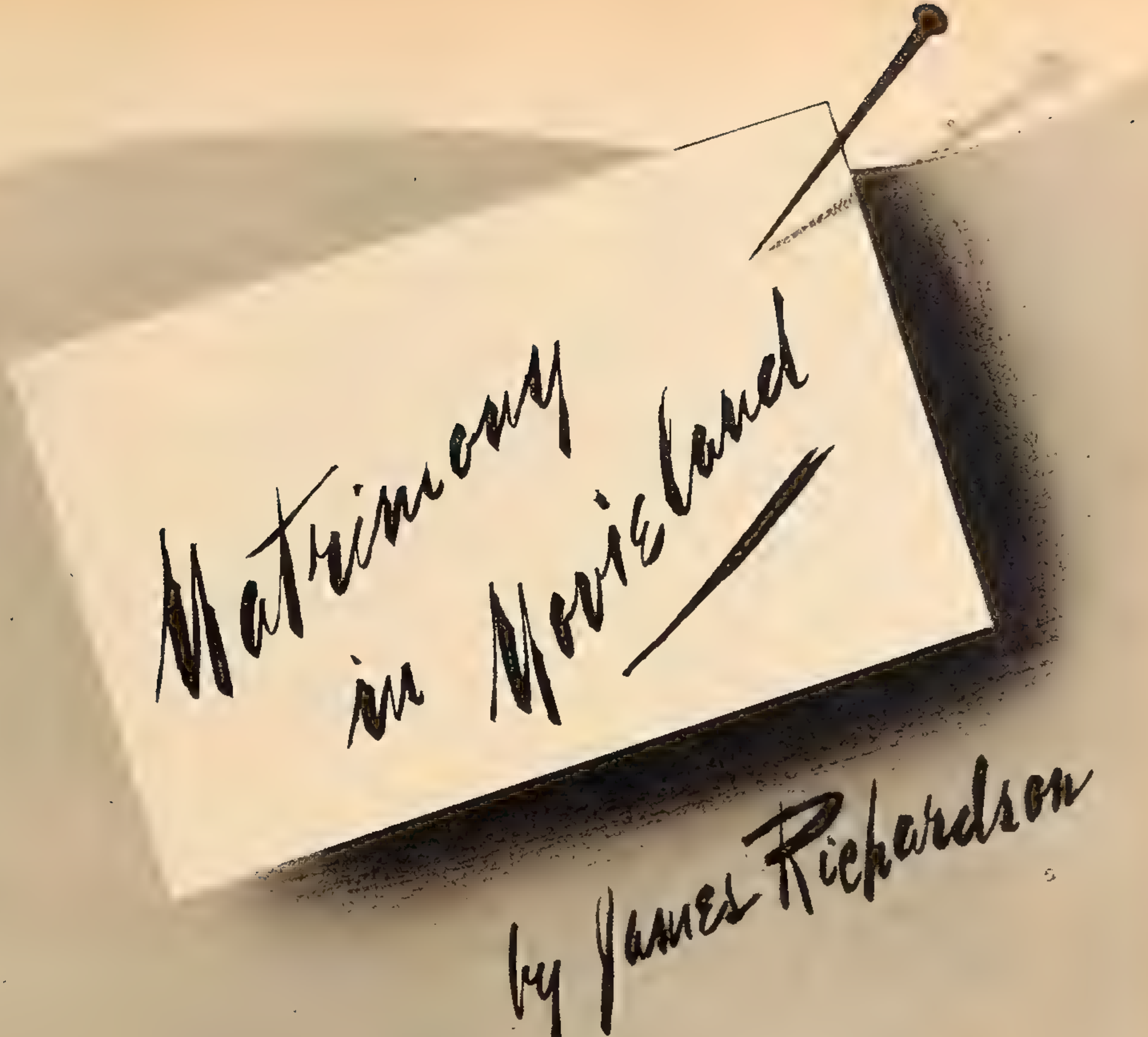
That is the only hint she has given of some of the things life has taught her—the only admission she has made of the emotional turmoil she is in, herself—the only confession of the difficulty of "carrying on."

To the world, she is still the beautiful, poised, serene Madeleine Carroll—the woman with the loveliest smile in Hollywood. And that crying scene in "Virginia" won't dispel the illusion that the picture, as a whole, creates: namely, that she is a woman who has found the recipe for happiness.

Nothing could be more ironic, because there is no actress on the screen today who has less reason to be happy than Madeleine. (Continued on page 93)

NAME	MARRIED TO	DATE OF MARRIAGE	MATE'S PROFESSION	PREVIOUS MATES	CHILDREN	STATUS OF MARRIAGE
Aherne, Brian	Joan Fontaine	Aug. 20, 1939	Actress	None	None	Bride 'n' groomish
Albertson, Frank	Virginia Shelley	Mar. 7, 1931	Dancer	None	Frank, 6; another on way	In the groove
Allen, Fred	Portland Hoffa	May 4, 1929	Actress	None	None	So sober, it's funny
Allen, Gracie	George Burns	Jan. 7, 1926	Comedian	None	Sandra, 6; Ronnie, 5, both adopted	Whacky, but wonderful
Ameche, Don	Honore Prendergast	Nov. 30, 1932	Non-prof.	None	Donnie, 7; Ronnie, 5; Tommy, 1½; Lonnie, 6 mos.	Perpetual joyride
Anderson, Judith	B. H. Lehman	May 18, 1937	Professor	None	None	Firm as Gibraltar
Andrews, Dana	Mary Todd	Nov. 17, 1939	Actress	One	David, 7; by first wife	Getting along nicely
Annabella	Tyrone Power	Apr. 23, 1939	Actor	Three	Ann, 10, by prev. marriage	In the "Torrid Zone"
Arthur, Jean	Frank J. Ross, Jr.	June 11, 1932	Studio Vice-prexy	One	None	Lesson in longevity
Astaire, Fred	Phyllis Potter	July 13, 1933	Socialite	None	Fred, 5; Peter, 9, by wife's previous marriage	Tap-happy
Astor, Mary	Manuel Del Campo	Sept. 19, 1938	Film Editor	Dr. Thorpe, K. Hawkes	Anthony, 1½; Marilyn, 8½, by Thorpe	Heat wave
Atwill, Lionel	Louise MacArthur	June 7, 1930	Socialite	Elaine Mackay	Son, 20, by first wife	For keeps
Autry, Gene	Ina May Spivey	Apr. 1, 1932	Teacher	None	None	Happily roped in
Bainter, Fay	Reginald Venable	June 8, 1921	Ret. Naval Officer	None	Reginald, Jr., 17	Smooth sailing
Bancroft, George	Octavia Brooke	May 30, 1913	Non-prof.	None	One daughter	Old Faithful
Bari, Lynn	Walter Kane	Mar. 15, 1939	Actors' Agent	None	None	Bari, Bari good
Barnes, Binnie	Mike Frankovich	Sept. 28, 1940	Radio Announcer	Samuel Joseph	None	Honeymoon Express
Barry, Donald	Peggy Stewart	Sept. 7, 1940	Actress	None	None	Give 'em a chance!
Basserman, Albert	Elsa Schiff	Dec. 31, 1908	Actress	None	Carmen, 30	Love's Old Sweet Song
Baxter, Alan	Barbara Williams	Apr. 28, 1936	Dancer	None	None	All Quiet
Baxter, Warner	Winifred Bryson	Jan. 29, 1918	His former leading lady	One	None	Goes on, and on, and on
Beery, Noah, Jr.	Maxine Jones	Mar. 30, 1940	Non-prof.	None	None	Off to a good start
Benchley, Robert	Gertrude Darling	June 6, 1914	Non-prof.	None	Nathaniel, 25; Robt., 21	No short subject
Bennett, Joan	Walter Wanger	Jan. 14, 1939	Producer	John Fox, Gene Markey	Diane, 10, by Fox; Melinda, 6½, by Markey	Grade A
Benny, Jack	Mary Livingstone	Jan. 12, 1927	Actress	None	One	Crossley rating: 100%

(Continued on page 60)



Matrimony in Nevada

by James Richardson

There are worse places for a man to marry a woman than in Hollywood. There's Java, where a groom must prove he is healthy before a board of ladies, then sit by himself in silence for forty days, then spend the first three nights of married life with an old woman sleeping between his bride and himself. And there is Koryak, in the North Pacific, where the groom must chase his fiancée miles, catch her and, with a knife, slice off her bridal costume, a suit sewed together with thick leather thongs.

Sure, there *are* worse places for marriage than Hollywood, but the actors in town don't think so. They think California wedlock laws are too slow, and so they rush off, via chartered plane or 1941 coupé, to Nevada, Idaho, Arizona or Mexico.

But, to understand why, for example, a couple like Dick Halliday, the handsome writer, and Mary Martin, the equally handsome songstress, will leave comfortable Hollywood, avoid the cozy courthouse which is only a half hour from their home, and drive by night to Las Vegas, Nevada, to be married at the stroke of twelve by a yawning Justice of the Peace—to understand such loony antics is simple enough if you understand California's legal commandments.

In Hollywood, when a young actor decides that he would like a better half, he goes to the Hall of Records in the midst of downtown Los Angeles. There he fills out, with his prospective wife at his elbow, an application for a marriage license. This is sometimes difficult, especially when one is famous. The rush of reporters at the License Bureau scared Edna Best and agent Nat Wolff away. In the case of Tyrone Power, his throat became practically paralyzed and the clerk, undoubtedly a movie fan familiar with Mr. Power's biography, had to answer most of the questions for him.

Now then, two important factors enter the scene. The actor and actress, with the honeymoon glaze in their orbs, must each submit medical certificates signed by family physicians, certifying that they have been examined for social diseases, have received the standard test for syphilis as required by the state law and have been found healthy. No other papers need be submitted except if the male is under 21 or the female under 18, in which case they must have written consent of their parents or guardians. Finally, having applied, the bride and groom must wait three days for their license—the three-day wait being designed to give them a last chance to think it over before engaging in the most delightful penal servitude on earth.

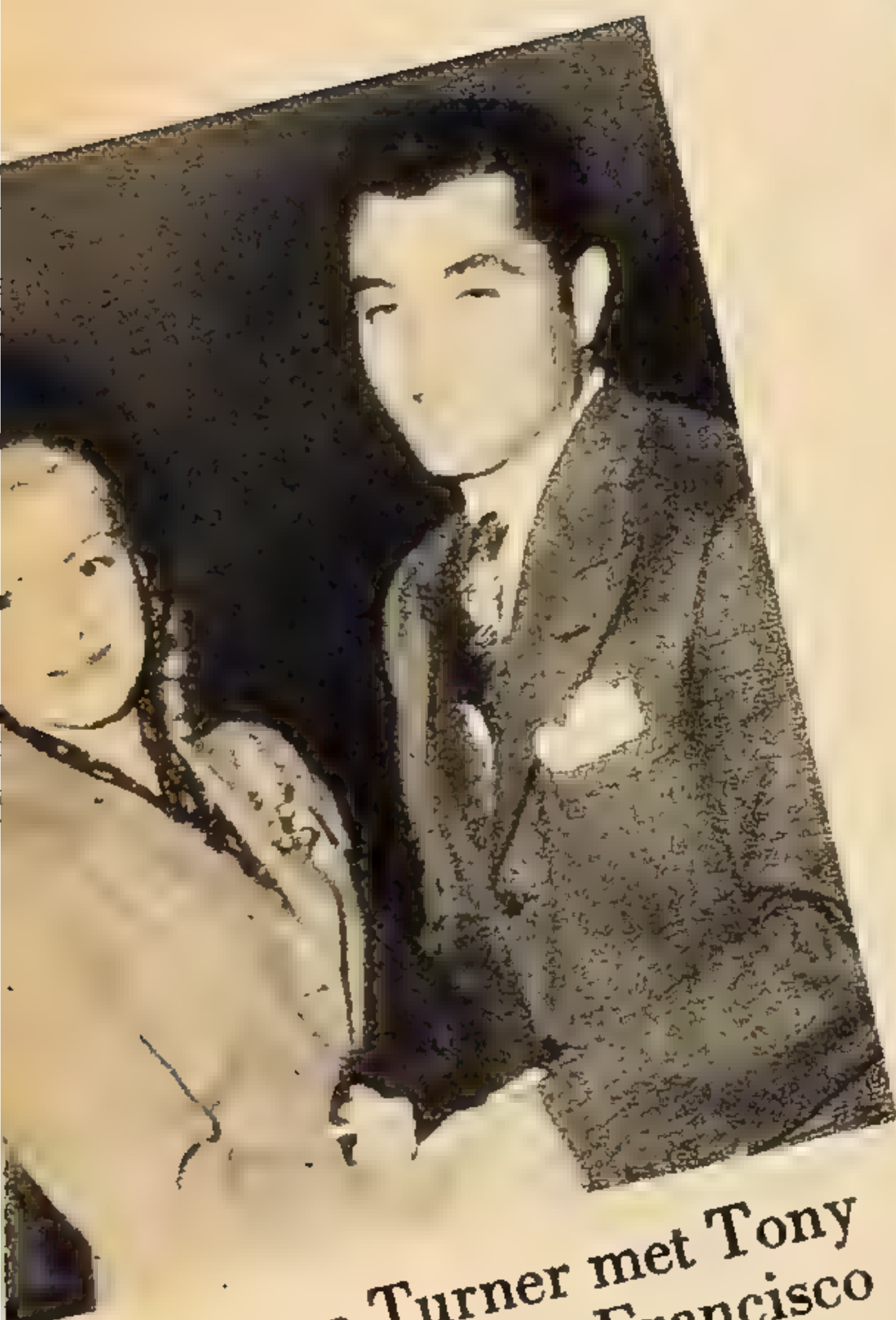
After three days, they need only pay \$2 for their license and wander into a nearby chamber, where a Los Angeles judge will knot them forever and ever—and insist that they keep their fee as a wedding present! Or, they may, as Tyrone Power did when he said "I do" at Annabella's Bel Air home while 40 photographers waited outdoors, be married under (*Continued on page 72*)



Unhooked from Willis Hunt, Jr., after four hectic months of matrimony, Carole Landis is reportedly altar-bound with Franchot Tone.



Fred MacMurray's one of those rare souls who likes mad hats, hence that ultra in headgear worn by dancing partner Mrs. M.



When Lana Turner met Tony Martin at a San Francisco wedding, she found a new love and now they're inseparable.



Martha Scott celebrates maid's night out at the Brown Derby with the chap who first gave her a radio break, hubby Carleton Alsop.



Randy Scott sneaks in a couple of dates with movie-aspirant Gayle Mellott, while her steady boy friend trustfully enjoys his vacation.



South American beauty Maria Montez fills in the gap between Mischa Auer's dates with his recently divorced wife Norma.



Those bangs Bette Davis sports while dancing with her radio agent are a hangover from her sheared locks in "Elizabeth and Essex."

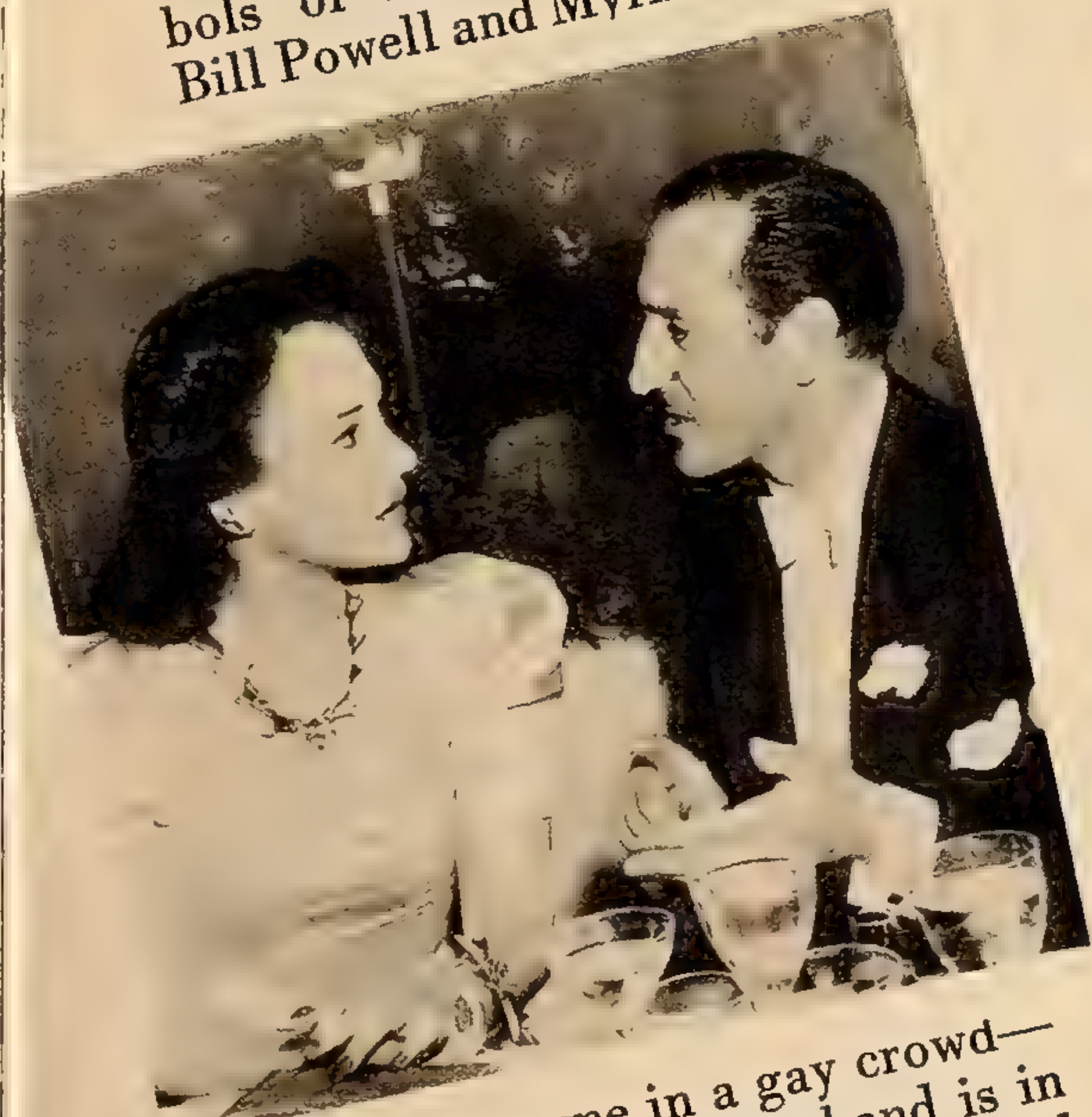


Gene Markey is tops for a good time, but on the serious side Lucille Ball's heart belongs exclusively to Desi.

Rally 'round for a table-trotting tour of filmsters' spree spots



Diana Lewis has a quick one with the screen's "symbols of married love," Bill Powell and Myrna Loy.



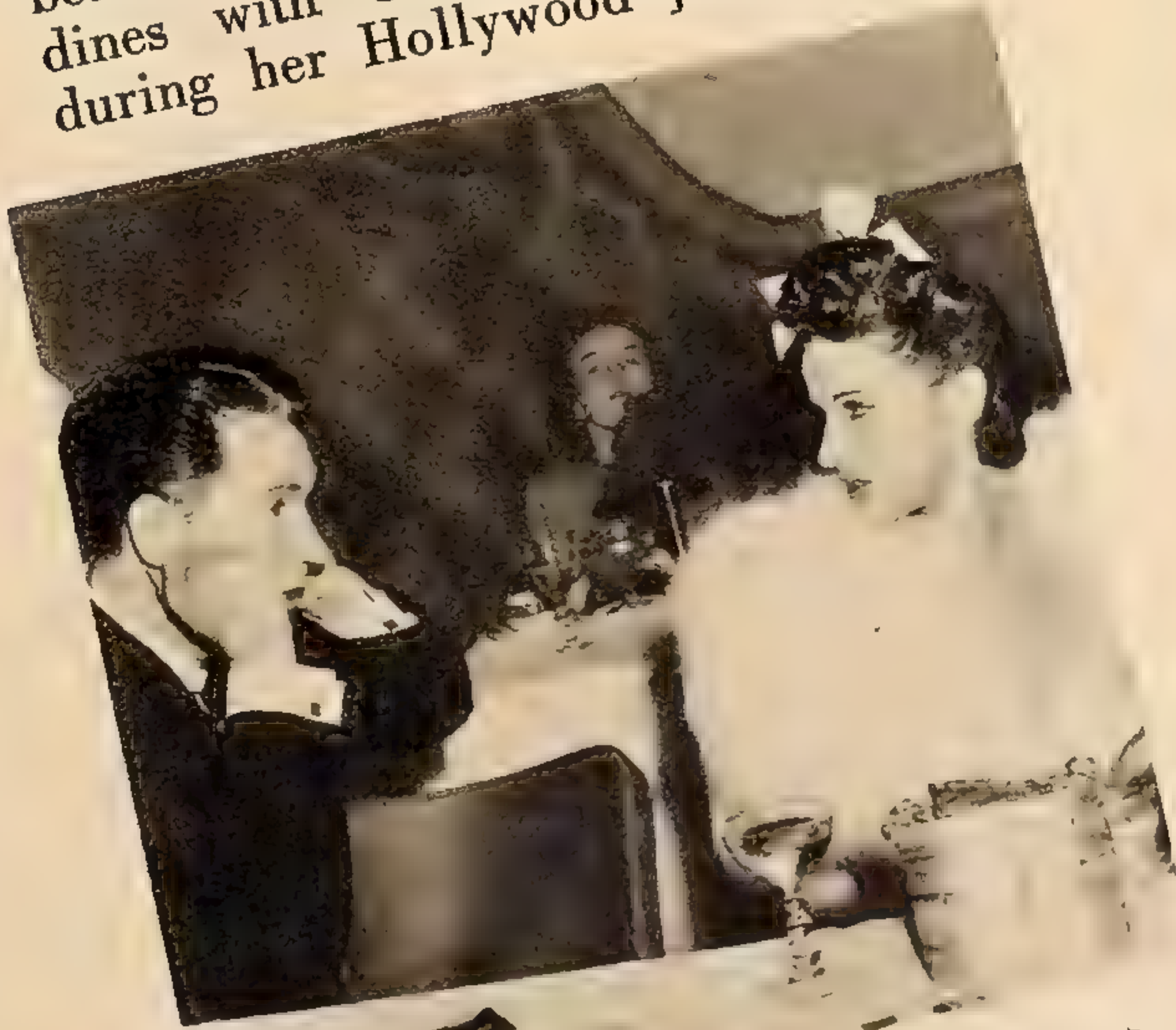
Serious twosome in a gay crowd—June Duprez, whose husband is in England, exchanges news with Basil Rathbone, whose son is at the front.



The Bart Marshalls plan a big blowout on the anniversary of their wedding which took place last Feb. after a front-page romance.



Cobina Wright, Jr., supposedly betrothed to a New York socialite, dines with George Montgomery during her Hollywood job hunt.



It's no new experience for Burgess Meredith to forget to bring his wallet, but he shudders to break the news to Lili Damita Flynn.



Autograph-signer Deanna Durbin and that rapidly rising young producer Vaughn Paul will step off as soon as he scores his first hit.



Errol Flynn, who's consoling Mrs. Ruth Foran on her marital woes, should remember that charity begins at home!



Two years as Mr. and Mrs., but Shirley Ross and Ken Dolan still get kick out of hand-holding

ERROL SKINFLYNN?

An ancient mining engineer, recently returned from the faraway Indies, reports a revolution fomenting in romantic British Guiana. The cause of the trouble, he tells us, is Hollywood's own Errol Flynn who vagabonded through that country before becoming a famous movie star. Our engineer asserts Errol borrowed dough from practically every explorer, miner and native on the island, used his gleanings to pay his steamship fare to America—and, to date, hasn't kicked back a cent! The boys in Guiana didn't mind for the first few years, but they've run into lean times of late and could use the money. They claim they've written Errol on several occasions and asked for it, but they've had no response. This

her gown, and Kay reports she could almost bathe in her beverages without appearing untidy! All of which is by way of being a fashion tip to you, and you, and me—only, in our cases, it would probably be wiser to buy dresses that match our ice cream sodas!

ASIDE TO BETTY GRABLE

Vic Mature was once a married man! So swears a woman we know who knew him when. According to our informant, Vic's wedded life was brief and stormy and, when the end came about a year ago, he was still deeply in love with his divorced wife. The ex-Mrs. Mature is said to have resembled Betty Grable slightly and Lana Turner even more. All of which leaves one wonder-

Annabella, and Cesar Romero, the most eligible male of the lot, trails the rest with only ten. Funny thing about these proposals is the fact that though they are considered important popularity gauges, they are never answered! The stars have torn their hair trying to find a suitable response, but their final decision is that there just isn't anything they can say!

SERMON OF THE MONTH

The much discussed night-club scandal which just a short while back broke around the heads of a noted director and a famous actress should be considered a closed incident now and forever. With all its contacts and newsgathering facilities, this magazine, to date, has been

YOU'RE REALLY IN

THE HOLLYWOOD KNOW

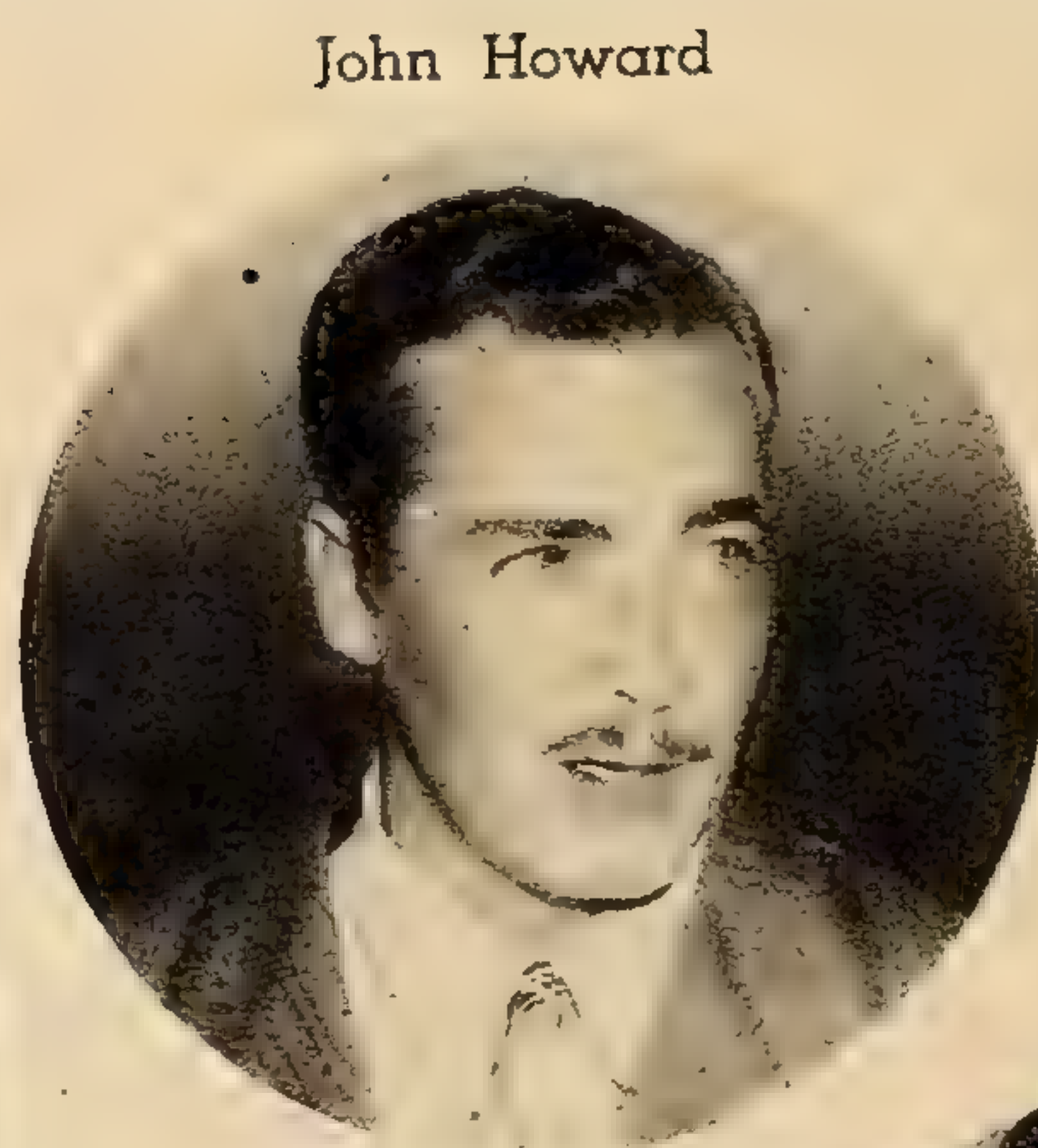
WHEN YOU'VE READ

GOOD NEWS

GATHERED FOR YOU

BY OUR SUPER SLEUTH

—SYLVIA KAHN!



John Howard



Hedy Lamarr



Lupe Velez

department is fond of Errol and wouldn't want to see anything happen to him. That's why we're tipping him off, here and now, that the gang is planning to finance a trip for one among them who will come to these shores and personally put the bee on his neglectful old-time pal!

ON THE SPOT

Not because she's trying to duck a cleaner's bill, but because she must retain her reputation as the most smartly-dressed woman in Hollywood, Kay Francis has taken to ordering wine the same color as her gown! Kay found that on too many occasions she spilled liquids down her dress fronts and had to leave Ciro's looking as bespotted as a high-chair baby. Now the stains blend with

ing whether Vic just goes soft on the luscious, lively type, or whether he's constantly trying to relive the romance that was.

HOW ABOUT DONALD DUCK?

In the dear, dead days beyond recall, a star's popularity was determined by the amount of fan mail he received, but in this modern, streamlined era, they're counting marriage proposals instead of letters. According to studio experts, any star receiving fewer than twenty proposals a month either has not clicked or is slipping! For example, Dean Jagger is riding the crest because he collects sixty a month, Alice Faye does more than hold her own with forty, Tyrone Power cut his down to twelve by marrying

unable to find a single eye-witness to the so-called shocking behavior of the pair, and it is our conviction that the malicious gossips who conceived and have been elaborating on the tale, owe the deepest apologies to the very unhappy couple.

DIDJA KNOW

That Clark Gable sleeps in only the upper part of his pajamas . . . That W. C. Fields has a wife and son living in Beverly Hills . . . That Eddie Horton's estate is called "Belly Acres" . . . That Olivia de Havilland flies an airplane solo now, but is still earthbound by Jimmy Stewart . . . That there are 400 Robert Taylors in the United States . . . That if Lana Turner blossoms out in a new full-

length ermine coat, you may be certain it's a gift from Tony Martin . . . That Melvyn Douglas has danced in every one of his last five pictures . . . That Patricia Morison whose initials are P. M. has a brother whose initials are A. M. . . . That Irene Rich passed around six boxes of cigars when her grandson was born . . . That to avoid forgeries, Maureen O'Sullivan, like most movie stars, has a special signature for checks . . . That Ruth Nagel, daughter of Conrad Nagel, is a junior at Wellesley College . . . That John Howard owns stock in every major film company in Hollywood . . . That Hedy Lamarr's No. 1 husband, Fritz Mandl, phoned Hedy long-distance on her birthday and talked for a solid hour while his brand new bride sulked green-eyed in an adjoining room?

Meanwhile, friend Carroll, not to be outdone, met and married little Steffi Duna. In due time, that marriage crashed and O'Keefe, still in the matrimonial mood, wooed and won the ex-Mrs. Carroll. But here's the topper. "Wild Jack" recently left the much-married Louise, sued her for divorce and—please believe us—has again taken up residence with his closest buddy, John Carroll!

SUSPENDED ANNIE-MATION

The long line of jobless gathered outside of Hollywood's Unemployment Insurance Headquarters, gulped twice and rubbed their eyes when a sleek, chauffeur-driven limousine drew up to the curb and discharged a beautifully garbed young woman. But when the young woman

ized that Darryl was hamming and mugging all over the place in an attempt to steal his scenes. And did Rooney the Star rage and rant over this professional larceny? He did not! He permitted Darryl to have his fun and, when several takes had been completed, ambled up to Spencer Tracy who was chuckling on the side lines. "It's okay with me, Spence," said he. "Now I know how you feel when I'm in your scenes!"

SIDELIGHT ON CARY

Maids and matrons who would give their all to come into the daily presence of "easy-going" Cary Grant would do well to heed the story of one of Cary's former housekeepers. After a single month of service in the Grant ménage, that lady wearily quit her job! "Couldn't take another day of it," says she. "Mr. Grant was driving me daffy! He has a terrific cleanliness phobia and conducts a daily dust-hunt on every piece of furniture in the house! I believe in a clean house, too, but don't like being handed a note each morning telling me I skipped three-quarters of an inch on the bureau top. Mind you, there's nothing mean about Mr. Grant but, if he were a woman, I think his friends would pack him off to a home for fussy old maids!"

GARY AND THE GEISHA

Miss Kazuko Yamamoto, tiny, satin-skinned queen of Tokyo's geishas, has one foot on the road to ruin. Miss Yamamoto, the only geisha to ever bob her hair, don modern clothes and become an American movie fan, has long been famous as a precedent-breaker, but her latest deed may prove her undoing. She's let it be known that she's passionately in love with Gary Cooper! She's aware that Gary has a wife, and a daughter, too, but no such trifling items can throw a damper on her Japanese ardor. She even admits that although kissing in public is a criminal offense in her country, she'd plant her lips on Gary's before the Imperial Palace itself. Her second choice is Charles Boyer, but she wouldn't risk as much for him. Says he'd have to step inside.

OUR TOWNE

Heartiest chuckle of the month is contributed by Gene Towne, 50 per cent of the zany writing team of Towne and Baker. Gene went to Ciro's the other evening to celebrate the completion of a new story and ran into a chubby-chinned producer who felt like celebrating, too. The pair settled in a quiet corner and were shortly joined by a bottle of champagne and then another and another. Towne, who is as great a salesman as he is a writer, began to improvise a screen story and did such a fine selling job that, before the night was out, the producer handed him a check for \$10,000 for an idea Towne hadn't even dreamed of a few hours earlier! The following morning, the pair sobered up and got together for a story conference and, after much hemming and hawing, it was discovered that neither could remember a single line of the plot! Back went the ten grand to the producer—and on the water wagon went our friend Mr. Towne,

Errol Flynn



Betty Grable



Ann Sheridan

LOVE IN TWO-TIME

It can only happen in Hollywood. Just a few years ago, three of the town's choicest Lotharios, Dennis O'Keefe, John Carroll and Addison "Wild Jack" Randall, shared their bachelor bliss in a comfortable Malibu cottage. Their life together was a perfect song until, one day, O'Keefe upped and married divorcee Louise Stanley. Carroll and Randall thereupon moved into smaller quarters and might be there yet had not O'Keefe, returning from a location trip some months later, discovered that his pal, "Wild Jack," had galloped off with the affections of his lovely bride. He promptly sued for divorce and, when the decree became final, "Wild Jack" took the former Mrs. O'Keefe into the Randall clan.

casually sauntered toward them and took her place on the line, the jobless almost swooned. Who wouldn't? Ann Sheridan, under suspension by Warner Bros., and technically unemployed, had come to town for her weekly \$18 compensation and no amount of stares or wisecracks was going to cheat her of it! "Why shouldn't I collect?" asked Annie. "I've chipped in my share, and when I no workee, the studio no payee! Heck, a girl's got to live, doesn't she?"

MICKY ROONEY

Mickey Rooney's a great little sport, and let no man say otherwise. The other afternoon, on the set of "Men of Boys' Town," Mick was doing a sequence with small-fry Darryl Hickman when he real-

HEDY IN EXILE

Don't go forgetting the Hedy Lamarr-John Howard romance just because you're not handed a daily reminder by your favorite columnist. It's still blazing, and the only reason the publicity's died down is that Hedy's been ordered by the court to keep her nose out of nightclubs and her name out of newsprint if she wants to retain custody of her adopted baby son. Hedy almost lost little Jimmy by leaving Gene Markey's bed and board, but when she came before the judge she likened herself to a woman whose husband had just died and asked if a child would be deprived of its mother under such circumstances. The grim analogy won Hedy the right to keep her son another year, but the memory of her plea still makes Markey squirm.

LIFE WITH FATHER

Jane Withers doesn't object to Darryl Zanuck as a studio father, but she definitely would not want him as her real-life pa. Jane's heard stories of how Mr. Z. trains his youngsters and the Zanuck Plan doesn't appeal to her. It seems Zanuck abhors fearfulness in children and has worked out some novel schemes to build the courage of his own youngsters. For example, one afternoon when daughter Darrylin wasn't looking, he slipped a harmless but slithery snake into her pocket. When she reached in for a lollipop, out came the squirming reptile and along came her dad to tell her why she mustn't be frightened! Zanuck also scrapped his children's fear of water by teaching them to swim when they were infants. Now all three kids must pop out of bed each morning and take a pre-breakfast workout across their pool, come sticky weather or frosty.

CLAUSE-TROPHOBIA

William Powell and Henry Fonda are both married men. As such, they enjoy married men's responsibilities, and neither can afford to be tossed out of his job because of a fight with a studio boss. That's why both have had unique clauses written into their contracts. Fonda knows the only reason he'd ever want to leave the Fox fold would be to do Thornton Wilder's "Heaven Is My Destination" should it be adapted into play form. His agreement with the studio, therefore, stipulates clearly that there will be no hard feelings should he ever pull up stakes and head for Broadway and "Heaven." Bill Powell's stipulation is a bit screwier. For years, Bill has had an unholy and unfounded fear that he would be asked to portray Cyrano de Bergerac, Durante-nosed hero of the Rostand play of the same name. As insurance against that, he extracted a written promise from his Metro bosses that, though they might ask him to portray anyone from Nell Gwynne to Romeo, they'd reserve the Cyrano role for Bob Taylor or one of the other boys.

IT WAS IN THE CARDS

A newcomer, trying to crash the golden gates of Hollywood, would do well to land Connie Bennett as his agent. Richard Ainley will testify to that. Ainley barnstormed with Connie and her stage play last year, and when Connie returned to

the coast, he came right with her. For several weeks he angled for audiences with studio bigwigs, but met with success of zero proportions. Then, just as it appeared he would have to hit the road again, Connie took matters into her own hands. She went over to Jack Warner's home for one of her regular poker sessions and, before the evening was out, Richard Ainley, with no previous movie experience, was in possession of a Warner Bros. contract guaranteeing him \$650 weekly for the next fifty-two weeks! No, we don't have Connie's phone number. Or Mr. Ainley's, either!

BEDTIME STORY

Lupe Velez will probably be "Big Boy" Williams' little woman by the time you

NO ACTORS WANTED!

After only a few months of wedded life, Binnie Barnes has discovered a fly in her marital ointment. Binnie can't stand leading men—and Mike Frankovich, her sports announcer groom, has broken down and admitted he wants to be a leading man! The disease set in when Mike accompanied Binnie on a cross-country personal appearance tour and found himself swamped with fan mail and requests for autographed photographs. He immediately developed a streak of ham so wide, Binnie's threatening to cut it out with a knife. But the odds are she'll cool down about an acting career for her husband. The pair has been offered a not-to-be-sneezed-at sum to co-star in a Broadway play—and Binnie is an extremely prac-

Binnie Barnes



Tyrone Power



Brian Donlevy

read this. Lupe, who had originally planned an October marriage, postponed her wedding because, as she explains, "I married Weissmuller in October. That was a lousy marriage for me and brought bad luck. I didn't want to risk it again." In a conversation with Lupe, we learned that her greatest pre-marital problem was the decoration of her boudoir in "Big Boy's" home. She simply couldn't decide whether to retain her own black lacquered bedroom suite with its ten-foot-wide bed, or buy new furniture with a "beeger" bed. One thing Lupe was positive about, however, was that her room must be forty-five feet long. "It must be tremendous," said she, "because I want space for a fireplace, a bar, my piano and an icebox. You know me. I spend half my life in my bedroom."

tical girl. She and Mike keep little flour sacks in their bedroom into which they pour their extra nickels and dimes against a rainy day. And they want to fill those sacks. So maybe Mike will be an actor after all!

OUR MISCHA

Since the morning Mischa Auer picked up his newspaper and learned he was separated from his wife, his life has taken on an entirely new complexion. Hollywood bachelorettes who previously ignored him are now giving him the eye and asking numerous intimate questions about Mischa the Man. We don't pretend to know all the answers but the following tidbits may tell you whether he's the type that could make your heart bounce and bound. (a) He always tops his breakfast

with a stein of beer and a bag of pretzels. (b) He's good-natured and, to prove it, presented his beautiful Encino ranch to his wife as a "goodbye to love" gift. (c) He loves to play the concertina. (d) His principal hobby is photography. Although his favorite subject is his son, he once took a picture of Broderick Crawford that was so good, Crawford ordered 1500 to send to his fans. (e) He studies his next day's lines in the bathtub. (f) His dearest possession is a costly Storytone piano equipped with tubes and a loud speaker. By twirling a knob on the instrument it can be converted into eight different types of pianos, varying from a tinkling spinet to a booming concert Steinway. (g) All his victrola records are Strauss waltzes. (h) No matter where he lives he must have a huge painting of Czar Nicholas of

hop about like a younger edition Mickey Rooney so that no delays can be hung on him! Boyer's not complaining, but the studio head responsible for bringing the picture in on time makes up for him. Moans he: "When we had John Barrymore on the lot we had to build our shooting schedule around a court calendar. Now that we have Sullavan, we have to build it around a stork calendar!"

STARDOM DEFERRED

Tyrone Power, who's done so much to get so many kids started in films, will be amazed when he learns that he's the reason Bob Shaw has had such a tough time getting a break. Darkly handsome Bob has been under contract to the same studio as Ty for a long while, but officials

creatures who could meet kings, gods or their Maker without a ruffle in composure, you've got another think coming. Actually, many of the biggest names in pictures have less poise before an audience than little Susie Zilch has before her Sunday school class. For example, Martha Scott, making a recent appearance on a radio show, wore dark glasses throughout so that she couldn't see her studio audience and become upset. And Charles Laughton, veteran stage star, still will not appear on the boards unless a brilliant spotlight hits him full in the face, practically blinding him and completely blacking out the folks down in front.

SONJA'S FOLLIES

The fates are giving Sonja Henie an awful shoving around these days. First, Sonja had lawsuit trouble. She was sued by an agent who was willing to call the whole thing quits for \$20,000. Sonja rejected the proposal, fought her case, lost it and had to pay the agent \$77,000! Next, 60 members of her Ice Revue troupe balked at rehearsals the day before they were to start their tour and refused to go back to work until they were given substantial salary lifts. And now, to crown her woes, word's been brought to her that Hollywood high school students have taken her off their list of screen favorites because they object to her marriage to Dan Topping! They poutingly protest she can't manage a career and a fortune at the same time and contend that by wedding a wealthy man she has failed in her duty to them.

DATELESS BETTE

Bette Davis, who's probably the greatest actress in films and a darned pretty trick besides, has more escort trouble than any girl we know. Eddie Albert would like to date her but is so afraid she'll turn him down he doesn't dare broach the subject. And Bette, in turn, is hankering for an evening of dancing with Cesar Romero but naturally can't phone him. She once did hint to a friend that she'd like to know Cesar better, but when Cesar heard of it he smiled regretfully and said he was sorry. "Sure I want to date Bette," he admitted. "Who wouldn't? But can you picture the two of us strolling into Ciro's? Everyone would say, 'Look at Romero. He's angling for publicity.' It wouldn't do either of us any good to have people thinking I was trading on Bette's fame."

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Brian Donlevy, well on his way to becoming an important star, will definitely be someone to be considered when he shoots Bob Taylor dead in their next picture. But even if he never killed Bob Brian would still be worth a second glance. He's the man who owns the largest bathroom in Hollywood, and let no one forget it! After years of suffering in hotel two-by-fours, Brian has built his own home and indulged his oldest and goofiest yen by knocking a wall out of the architect's plans and converting two tremendous bedrooms into a single, perfectly huge bathroom just for himself!

(Continued on page 94)

Sonja Henie



Bette Davis



Ray Milland

Russia hanging over his dining-room table. And there you have him, ladies. Mischa "Heathcliffe" Auer, the reason girls leave home—and go into convents.

BABY TALK

After seven years of married life Charles Boyer is having his first painful encounter with Monsieur Stork. Not that the great Boyer is about to become a father. Nothing like it! He's merely suffering because Margaret Sullavan is about to become a mother! It seems Boyer and Maggie are co-starring in "Back Street"—and Maggie's third baby is due any minute. In order to beat the stork the picture is being produced in frantic haste, and Boyer, accustomed to leisurely lunches, rests between scenes and 6 o'clock quitting time, must now

have been afraid to give him juicy roles and a build-up for fear feminine fans would hail him as a "new Tyrone Power," thereby injuring Ty's heartthrob value. Nine-year-old Joan Carroll is another who got the same deal. She was bound to a contract and held to small parts because she looked like a threat to Shirley Temple. Happily, however, both these youngsters are now on their way. Bob's bosses finally relented and lent him out for "Legacy," and Joan, who went to New York and became a sensation in "Panama Hattie," is currently being courted by several major studios who want her to stage a comeback, as the "new Joan Carroll!"

STAR BLIGHT

If you think movie stars are calm, cool

Classic, Casual and Chic...

Classic for class! That's our motto and will be yours, too. America's contribution to fashion is the classic, always right and better than ever. Peter-Pan or open throat tailored collars; button fronts; pleats and full skirts that flatter. Perennial youth captured in the clothes that Americans love. All eyes on Spring in the 1941 classic hats and dresses. You can't get along without them.

Right. Tonic touch for midwinter; two tones are better than one.

Grey for the blouse and belt trimming; dusty rose for the side-pleated, top-stitched skirt and sleeves.

Under seven dollars; J. P. Stevens; Chicago.

Stitched straw beret. Under two dollars; Macy's, New York.

Genuine snake charmers. Three dollars; Kitty Kelly.



Left. A McKettrick classic with skirted front fullness in Wedgewood blue and white in stripe effect. Under six dollars; Arnold Constable, New York. Pert patent leather opera pumps, Kitty Kelly.





Above. Irresistible—a love—in light blue

wool angora to wear as a dress or as a suit with a blouse underneath. Set-in fitted belt; dramatic pockets. Under

seventeen dollars. Side roll, off-face felt hat. Under four dollars. Emily Shops.

Brown Morocco d'Orsay bow pumps; Ansonia Shoes.

Snow

GET OUT. GET OUT. WHEREVER YOU ARE

Home in the north—home in the south; or lucky you taking a trip.

Ski trains take you to your fun in the snow. The sun beckons on land and sea. Wear the season's gifts to fashion at a price. 1. In New York, Gimbels

features a Brenda Gale ski suit. Navy blue wool and cotton gabardine; jaunty mess jacket, brass buttons; gold zippered pants; under fourteen dollars.

Bright red regulation poplin hat and gloves; each under two dollars.

2. Combine your own: man-tailored ski pants in wool gab-

ardine and a bright print waterproofed poplin jacket

lined in snowy white. Each under eight dollars;

Franklin Simon. 3. After skiing, for fun indoors,

Brenda Gale's beer jacket, beige and brown flannel

slack suit. Cozy! Under seven dollars; Gimbels.



3.

2.

1.



Sun

1.

1. There's something about a sailor slack suit in clear blue spun poplin. Trousers button on to blouse; rows of white braid trimming. Under eight dollars; Emily Shops. Authentics' wood jewelry.

2. Three cheers for the red, white and blue. Dance in jersey, broad blue and white stripes, jacketed in red; an emblem on the sleeve. Under seventeen dollars; Burdine's, Miami.

3. All the new details in an aquamarine Sacony sports dress: set-in ribbed waistband, stitched, gored skirt.

Under eleven dollars; Burdine's. Back-fringed calot.

4. Ballerina-type play suit—jacket, backless and sleeveless dress, separate shorts. Combination red and white striped and plain chambray. Under five dollars; Emily Shops. Kitty Kelly Shoes.

4.



3.



PROP SHOP

**It's the little things that count
though they don't cost much**



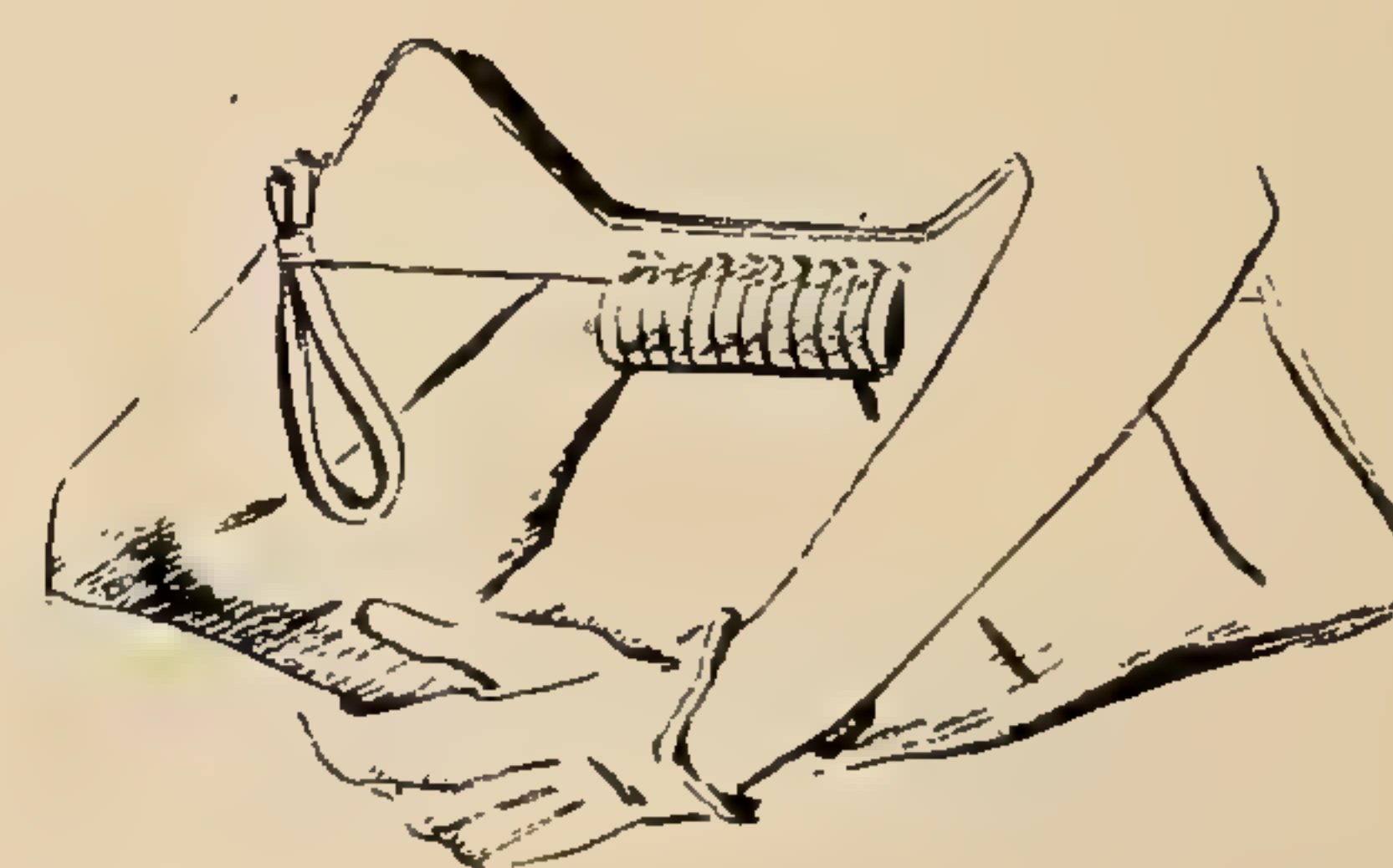
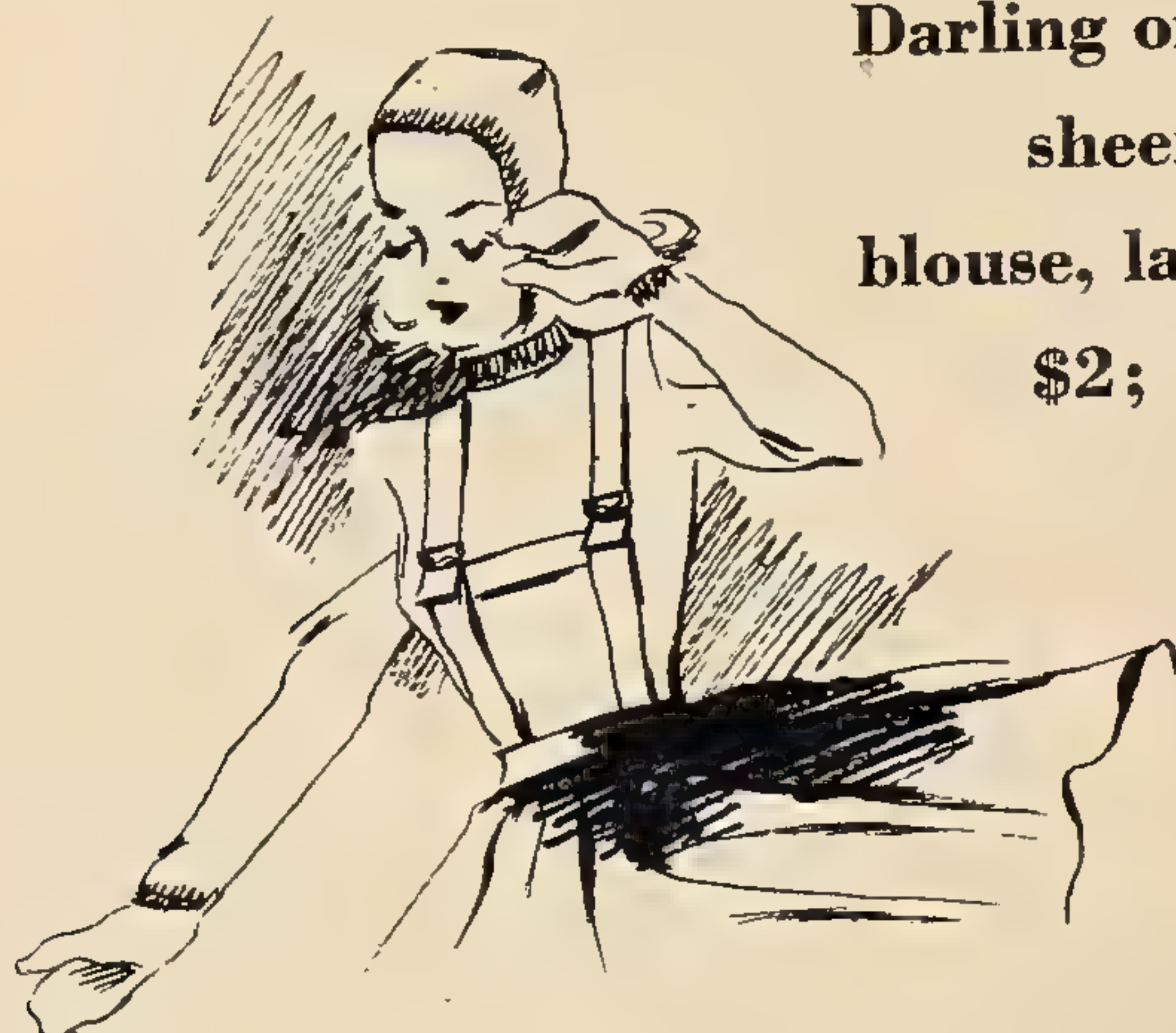
**Wind a two-tone Persian
colored knit scarf high on your
head. \$1.95; Lord and Taylor, N. Y.**



**Chosen by Joan Bennett
in "The Son of Monte Cristo":
antiqued gold clips. \$1 each;
Lord and Taylor, N. Y**

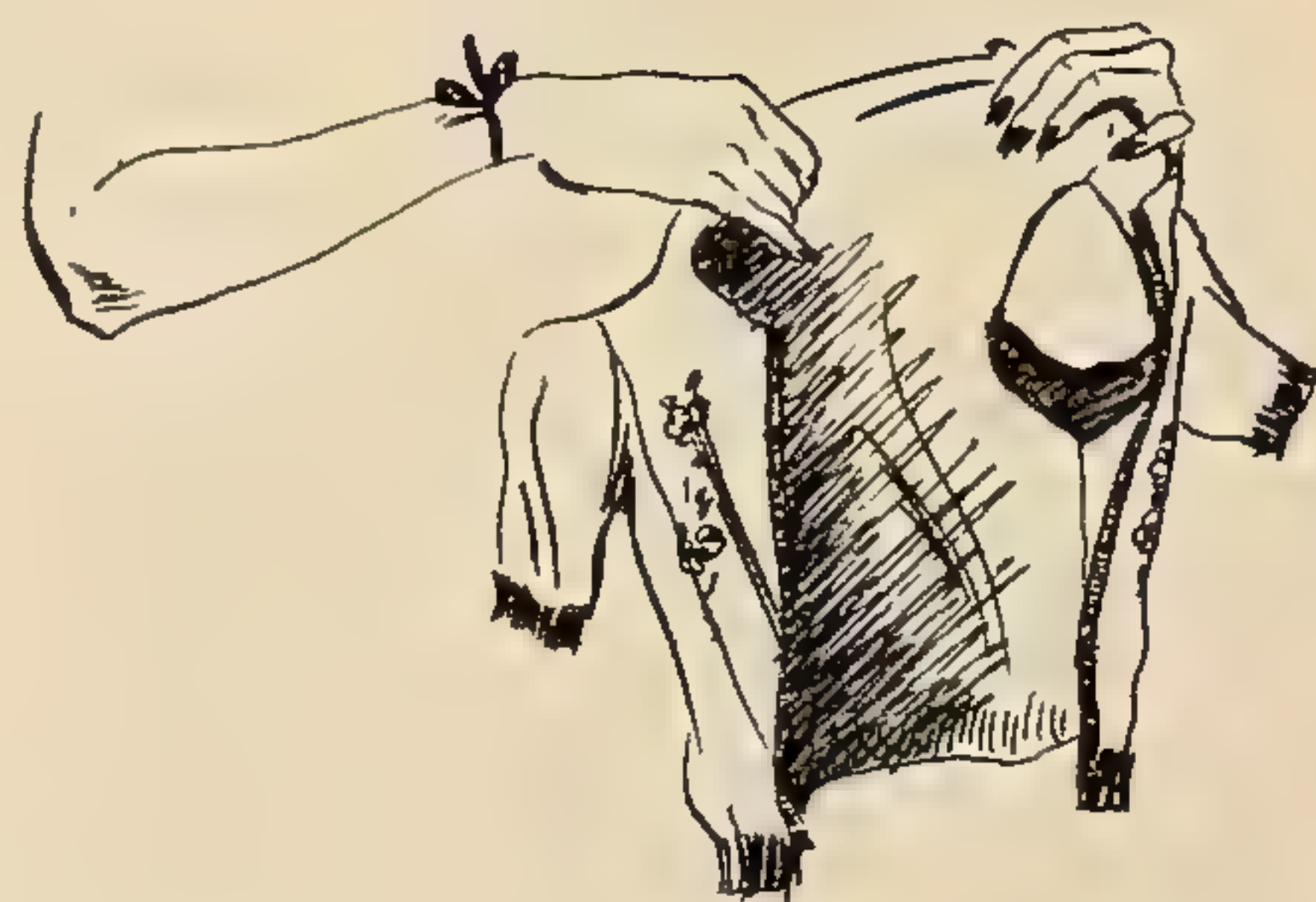


**Darling of Spring is a
sheer white embroidered
blouse, lace trimmed.
\$2; J. L. Hudson, Detroit.**



**The bigger the better;
white washable capeskin
bag. \$2.95; Burdine's, Miami.**

**A hold-up! Ski-
braces—Tyrolean
fashion; 75c. Kleinert.**



**New, petite
pin-in sport shields; 35c.
Young notions by Kleinert.**



**Merry, yellow rubber
tomatoes, plastic chain. A
Silson design. \$1; McCreery's, N. Y.**

**Going places? Use handy
travel kits that you've made
yourself. Singer Sewing Centers.**



For information concerning fashions write to the Fashion Editor of MODERN SCREEN magazine

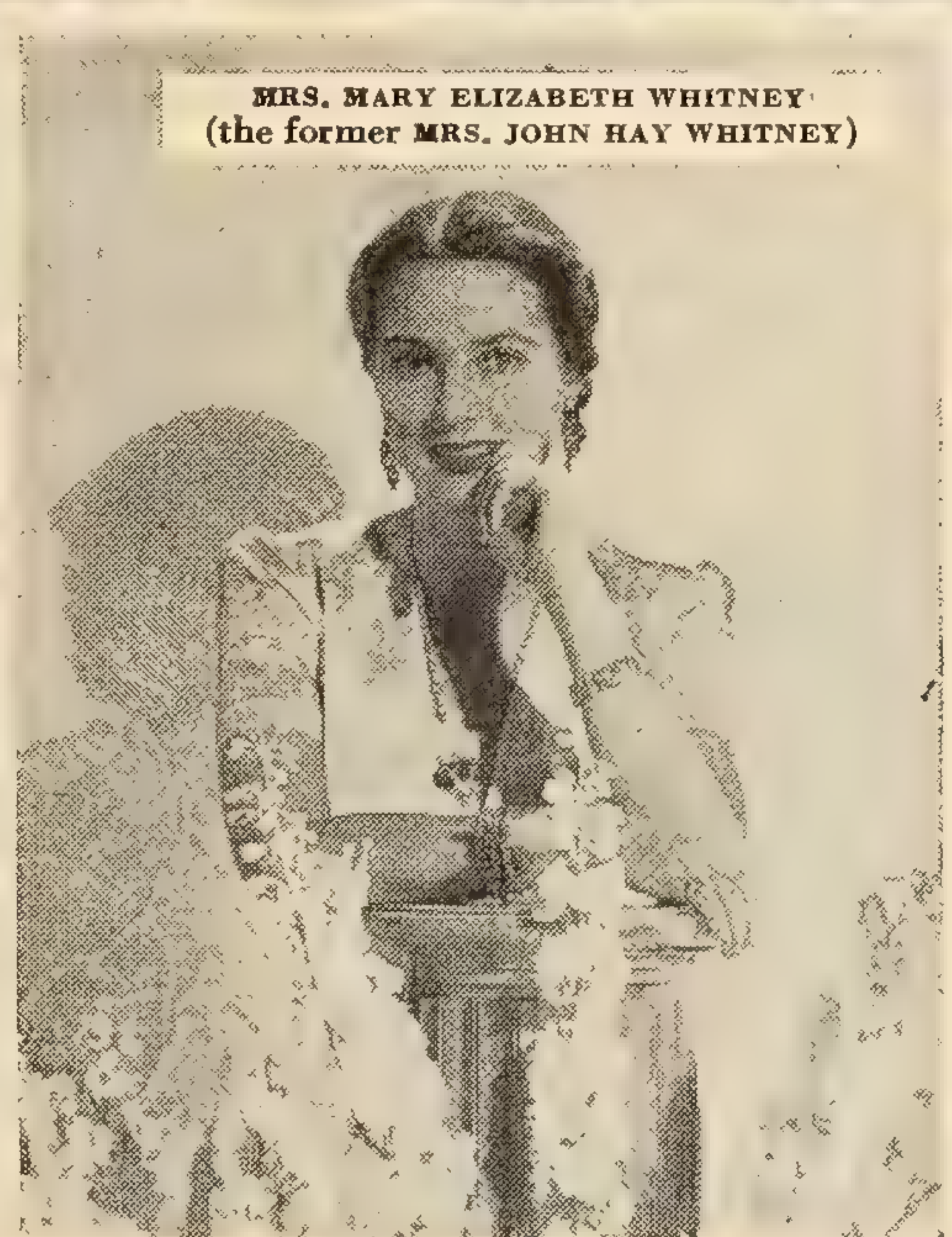
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AMERICAN PASSPORT

WHAT stamps you an American girl? Proclaims it in remotest corners of the globe?

That aura of bright, pervasive freshness. The conscious perfection of groomed hair, groomed nails, chic dress—*twice*—clean skin.

That cool freshness of petal-smooth skin is your American passport to Beauty. Cultivate it, as do so many members of leading American families—by devoted observance of the Pond's ritual:—

SMOOTH ON your face and neck clouds of tender, caressing Pond's Cold Cream. Then *slap* your cream-coated skin smartly for 3 full minutes. This deliciously slippery cream cleanses and softens. It mixes with dirt and make-up, the dried, dead cells on your skin—softens them and sets them free.

WIPE OFF all this softened debris with deft Pond's Tissues.

AGAIN SLAP with cream-laden fingers. And again clean off with caressing Pond's Tissues. These creamy spankings

enhance both the cleansing and softening actions of Pond's. Lines seem less apparent, pores seem diminished.

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COAT this freshened, dewy face with a layer of a distinctly other type of cream—Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream's distinguishing duty is to *disperse* remaining harsh particles, aftermath of exposure, and leave your skin silky-smooth—pliant! Wait one full minute before wiping it off. Then see how it has left an indubitable mat finish on your skin. How competently it both receives and holds your powder!

Perform this ritual in full at least once, night or daytime. And in briefer form again whenever your skin and your make-up demand freshening. Keep your face ever cool, clean, sweet as a flower—as do millions of lovely American girls—with Pond's.

Send for Trial Case. Fill in and forward coupon below. Pond's, Dept. 9MS-CVB, Clinton, Conn.

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names which represent six great American families of culture, wealth and distinction. Each follows the Pond's ritual

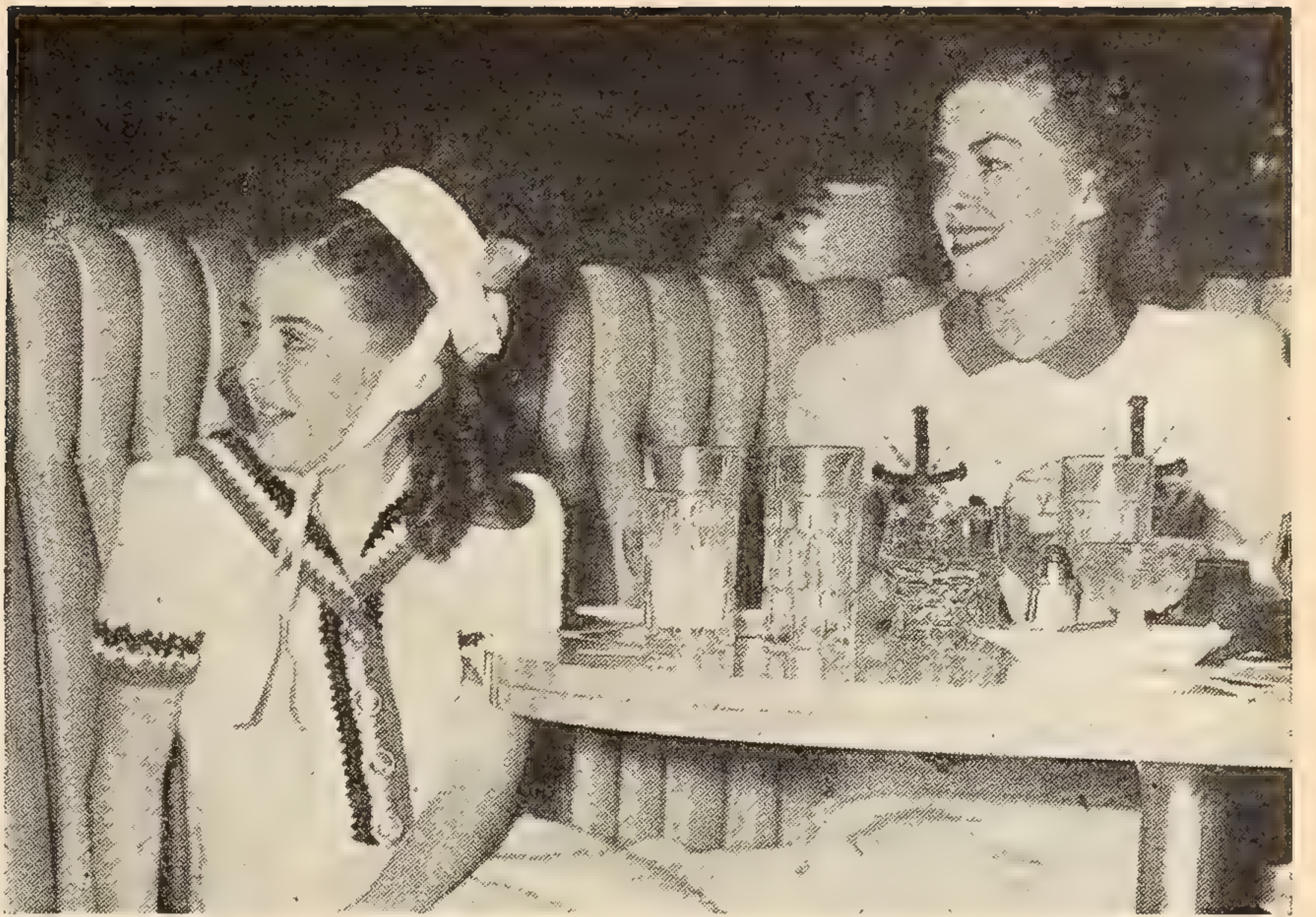
(Continued from page 46)

NAME	MARRIED TO	DATE OF MARRIAGE	MATE'S PROFESSION	PREVIOUS MATES	CHILDREN	STATUS OF MARRIAGE
Bergman, Ingrid	Dr. Peter Lindstrom	July 10, 1937	Dentist	None	Tia, 1½	Long-distance devotion
Best, Edna	Nat Wolff	Feb. 6, 1940	Actors' agent	Seymour Beard, Herbert Marshall	Sarah, 6, by Marshall	Best in the West
Blondell, Joan	Dick Powell	Sept. 20, 1936	Actor	Geo. Barnes	Norman, 6, by Barnes; Ellen, 2½	Two Dreams Met
Bogart, Humphrey	Mayo Methot	Aug. 20, 1938	Actress	Helen Menken, Mary Phillips	None	Four bells
Bowdon, Dorris	Nunnally Johnson	Feb. 4, 1940	Producer-writer	None	None	"Okie"-dokeh
Boyd, William	Grace Bradley	June 5, 1937	Actress	Elinor Fair, Dorothy Sebastian	None	Riding high
Boyer, Charles	Pat Paterson	Feb. 14, 1934	Actress	None	None	Toujours
Brennan, Walter	Ruth Wells	About 1920	Non-prof.	None	Two sons; one daughter	In line for an Oscar
Brown, Joe E.	Kathryn McGraw	Dec. 25, 1915	Nurse	None	Mike Frankovich, 27, adopted; Don, 24; Joe, 22; Mary, 10; Kathryn, 8	Good bet for golden wedding
Bruce, Virginia	J. Walter Ruben	Dec. 18, 1937	Producer	John Gilbert	Susan Ann, 7, by Gilbert	Three down and life to go
Bryan, Jane	Justin Dart	Dec. 31, 1939	Businessman	None	None	Nothing else matters
Burnette, Smiley	Dallas MacDonald	Oct. 26, 1936	Writer	None	Linda, 2½; Stephen, 8 mos.; both adopted	In the Autry tradition
Burns, Bob	Harriet Foster	May 30, 1937	Formerly Bob's secretary	One	Barbara, 2½; Robin 1½; Stephen Foster, 3 mos.; Robin, Jr., 19, by first wife	Improves with age
Burns, George	Gracie Allen	Jan. 7, 1926	Comedienne	None	Sandra, 6; Ronnie, 5, adopted	Still "Burns and Allen"
Cagney, James	Frances Vernon	About 1928	Former vaudeville partner	None	May adopt red-headed baby boy	Object Lesson for Newlyweds
Carey, Harry	Olive Golden	Spring, 1917	His first leading lady	None	Dobie, 20; daughter, 18	Looks permanent
Carlson, Richard	Mona Mayfield	June 11, 1939	Model	None	None	Not newsworthy
Carradine, John	Ardanelle Cosner	Dec. 31, 1935	Non-prof.	None	John, 4; Bruce, 8, by wife's former marriage	As You'd Like It
Carson, Jack	Kay St. Germaine	Aug. 21, 1940	Singer	One	None	Just plain wonderful
Chaney, Lon, Jr.	Patsy Beck	Oct. 1, 1937	Non-prof.	One	Lon, 12; Ron, 10	Right as rain
Chaplin, Charles	Paulette Goddard	June, 1934	Actress	Mildred Harris, Lita Grey	Sidney, 16; Charles, 15	You've probably heard
Colbert, Claudette	Dr. Joel Pressman	Dec. 24, 1935	Surgeon	Norman Foster	None	Don't believe the gossips
Colman, Ronald	Benita Hume	Sept. 30, 1938	Actress	Thelma Raye	None	The sun never sets
Colonna, Jerry	Florence Charlotte	Nov. 2, 1930	Non-prof.	None	None	Not bad, not bad
Comingore, Dorothy	Richard Collins	June, 1939	Writer	None	First due momentarily	Romeo and Juliet were amateurs
Cooper, Gary	Veronica Balfe	Dec. 6, 1933	Socialite	None	Maria, 3	Another Cooper triumph
Crisp, Donald	Jane Murfin	Aug. 15, 1932	Writer	None	None	Mature and serene
Crosby, Bing	Dixie Lee	Sept. 29, 1930	Actress	None	Gary, 7½; Phillip and Dennis, 6½; Lindsay, 3	Solid sending
Crosby, Bob	June Kuhn	Sept. 22, 1938	Socialite	None	Cathleen, 1½	" "
Cummings, Robert	Vivian Janis	Feb. 27, 1935	Ziegfeld beauty	None	None	In the clouds
D'Arcy, Alexander	Arleen Whelan	Sept. 2, 1940	Actress	None	None	Red hot
Darro, Frankie	Aloha Wray	July 30, 1939	Actress	None	None	Still baby-talking
Davis, Joan	Serenus Wills	Aug. 31, 1931	Joan's manager	None	Beverly, 7½	No time for comedy
Davis, Johnny	Martha Garber	Apr. 1, 1934	Non-prof.	None	Judith, 1½	Scoffs at scandal
Dee, Frances	Joel McCrea	Oct. 20, 1933	Actor	None	Joel, 6; David, 5	Why lawyers starve
Dekker, Albert	Esther Guerini	Apr. 4, 1929	Actress	None	Jan, 3; John, 6 mos.	Heaven can wait
Del Rio, Dolores	Cedric Gibbons	Aug. 8, 1930	Studio art director	Jaime Del Rio	None	Religion blocking divorce
Devine, Andy	Dorothy House	Oct. 20, 1933	Actress	One	Tad, 6; Dennis, 2	Somebody loves a fat man
Dietrich, Marlene	Rudolph Sieber	May 17, 1924	Director	None	Maria, 15	Kept on ice
Dinehart, Alan	Mozelle Britton	June 28, 1933	Actress	None	Son, 5	Standpatter
Dix, Richard	Virginia Webster	June 29, 1934	Secretary	Winifred Coe	Daughter, 8, by first marriage; Richard and Robert, 5½, by second	Matrimonial marathon

(Continued on page 62)

Junior Debs

Hollywood's wee ones give their chic mamas some stiff competition!



Juanita and Rita Quigley spectate at the showing of fashions designed by Emily Wilkens especially for youngsters.



Blond and cherubic Sandra Burns personifies sophistication at six in a house coat and the up hair-do.

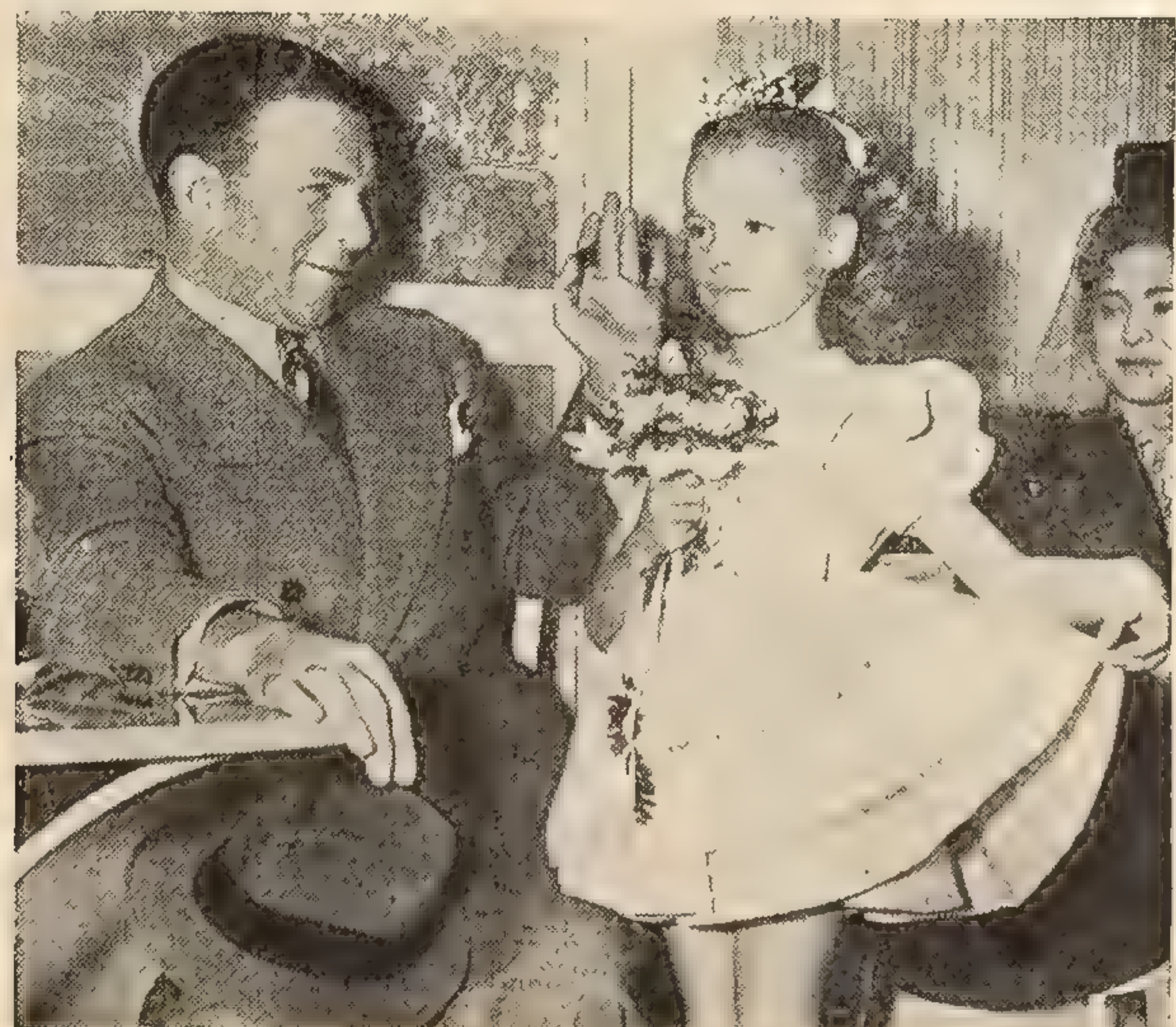


Joan Benny prefers shirts and shorts, but is a dazzler nonetheless in her crisp, butterfly-embroidered organdie.

Joan Bennett's and Gene Markey's Melinda wore plaid and was escorted by her dog in a twin coat.



Left, Joan Benny models her pink, beaver-trimmed ensemble that stole the show. It features infinitesimal spats!



Right, George Burns only had eyes for his leg-conscious Sandra, who changed to a dream of pinafore.

(Continued from page 60)

NAME	MARRIED TO	DATE OF MARRIAGE	MATE'S PROFESSION	PREVIOUS MATES	CHILDREN	STATUS OF MARRIAGE
Donat, Robert	Ella Voysey	Aug., 1929	Actress	None	Joanna, 9; John, 7; Brian, 4	Disrupted by war
Donlevy, Brian	Marjorie Lane	Dec. 22, 1936	Singer	One	None	Neighbors can't talk
Douglas, Melvyn	Helen Gahagan	Apr. 5, 1931	Actress	One	Peter, 7; Mary Helen, 2½; Son, 17, by 1st wife	Democracy at home
Duna, Steffi	Dennis O'Keefe	Oct. 18, 1940	Actor	John Carroll	Juliana, 3, by Carroll	Fair chance for survival
Dunn, James	Mary Gifford	Dec. 25, 1937	Non-prof.	None	None	Keeping its skirts clean
Dunne, Irene	Dr. Francis Griffin	July 16, 1927	Dentist	None	Mary Frances, 6, adopted	Something to sing about
Eddy, Nelson	Ann Franklin	Jan. 18, 1939	Socialite	None	Sidney Franklin, Jr., by wife's first marriage	Worth waiting for
Eilers, Sally	Harry Joe Brown	Oct. 22, 1933	Studio exec.	Hoot Gibson	Harry Joe, Jr., 6	Beats a career
Ellison, James	Grace Durkin	Apr. 25, 1937	Actress	None	Dirk, 8 mos.	Gossip-proof
Erwin, Stuart	June Collyer	July 10, 1931	Actress	None	Stuart, Jr., 8; June Dorothea, 5	June dittos Sally Eilers
Fairbanks, Douglas	Mary Lee Epling Hartford	Apr. 22, 1939	Socialite	Joan Crawford	Daphne, 9 mos.	Nothing here, Mr. Winchell
Fairbanks, Lucile	Owen Crump, Jr.	Oct. 12, 1940	Writer	None	None	Plotted for success
Fields, Gracie	Monty Banks	Mar. 18, 1940	Actor	Archie Pitts	None	Field(s) day
Fitzgerald, Geraldine	Edward Lindsay-Hogg	Nov. 18, 1936	Song-writer	None	Michael, 8 mos.	Short-cut to Paradise
Flynn, Errol	Lili Damita	June 19, 1935	Actress	None	None	Three-ring circus
Fonda, Henry	Frances Seymour Brokaw	Sept. 16, 1936	Socialite	Margaret Sullavan	Jayne, Seymour, 3; Peter, 1	Closed corporation
Fontaine, Joan	Brian Aherne	Aug. 20, 1939	Actor	None	None	Almost poetic
Foran, Dick	Ruth Piper Hollingsworth	June 7, 1937	Socialite	None	John Michael, 2½; James Patrick, 1½	On the brink of divorce
Foster, Preston	Gertrude Warren	June 27, 1925	Teacher	None	Stephanie, 2½, adopted	Hardy perennial
Gable, Clark	Carole Lombard	Mar. 29, 1939	Actress	Josephine Dillon, Rhea Langham	None	Out of this world
Garfield, John	Roberta Mann	Jan. 28, 1933	Non-prof.	None	Katherine, 2	Love on the run
Gargan, William	Pat Kenny	Jan. 19, 1928	Former chorine	None	Barrie, 10; Leslie, 8	First and last
Gaynor, Janet	Gilbert Adrian	Aug. 14, 1939	Designer	Lydell Peck	Robin, 6 mos.	Designed for living
Gilbert, Billy	Ella McKenzie	Sept. 12, 1937	Actress	None	Barry, 11, adopted	Nothing to sneeze at
Gleason, James	Lucille Webster	Aug. 22, 1906	Actress	None	Russell, 30	Till death us do part
Gleason, Russell	Cynthia Hobart	June 9, 1938	Actress	None	Michael, 1½	In his father's footsteps
Goddard, Paulette	Charles Chaplin	June, 1934	Actor-producer	None	None	Slated for Mexican divorce
Gorcey, Leo	Katherine Marvis	May 16, 1939	Non-prof.	None	None	No "tough guy" at home
Greenwood, Charlotte	Martin Broomes	Dec. 22, 1924	Composer-producer	None	None	No kick coming
Grey, Nan	Jackie Westrope	May 4, 1939	Jockey	None	None	Track fast and clear
Gurie, Sigrid	Dr. Lawrence Spangard	Aug. 6, 1939	Physician	T. W. Stewart	None	Nothing ails them
Hale, Alan	Gretchen Hartman	Sept. 19, 1914	His former leading lady	None	Alan, Jr., 19; Karen, 16	Hale and hearty
Hall, Jon	Frances Langford	June 4, 1938	Singer	None	None	South Sea idyll
Hardwicke, Sir Cedric	Helena Pickard	Jan. 8, 1928	Actress	None	Edward, 8	Foundering
Hasso, Signey	Harry Hasso	Nov. 12, 1933	Cameraman	None	One son, 6	Temporarily suspended
Hayden, Russell	June Clayton	Jan. 6, 1939	Actress	None	Sandra, 6 mos.	Branded for happiness
Hayes, George "Gabby"	Dorothy Earle	Mar. 4, 1914	Actress	None	None	A long, successful run
Hayward, Louis	Ida Lupino	Nov. 17, 1938	Actress	None	None	Ida-eel
Hayworth, Rita	Eddie Judson	May 30, 1937	Texas oil operator	None	None	Love congas all
Henie, Sonja	Dan Topping	July 4, 1940	Millionaire sportsman	None	None	No frost on this one
Herbert, Hugh	Rose Epstein	Summer, '14	Former vaudeville partner	None	None	Still pitching woo
Hersholt, Jean	Via Anderson	Apr. 11, 1914	Non-prof.	None	Alan, 25	Accent on romance
Hervey, Irene	Allan Jones	July 26, 1936	Actor	One	Jack, 3; Gail, 9, by first marriage	No sour notes
Hobart, Rose	Wm. Grosvenor, Jr.	Oct. 15, 1932	Chemist	None	None	Proper ingredients present

(Continued on page 82)

It's BEAUTY NEWS FROM HOLLYWOOD!

LORETTA YOUNG

I NEVER NEGLECT MY
DAILY LUX SOAP
ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL.
IT'S A WONDERFUL
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skin screen star care—
right in your own home

Lovely Loretta Young shows you just
how screen stars protect million-dollar
complexions. Now you can give *your*
skin regular beauty facials just as they
do. You'll find Active-Lather Facials
with Lux Toilet Soap remove dust,
dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—
help you keep skin *smooth!*

RINSE WITH
WARM WATER
THEN A DASH OF
COOL

PAT THE FACE
LIGHTLY TO DRY. NOW
IT FEELS **SMOOTHER**
SOFTER!

LOVELY SKIN'S
IMPORTANT
TO **ROMANCE.**
YOU'LL FIND
THIS LUX SOAP
CARE REALLY
WORKS!

LUX
TOILET SOAP

Milder!
Costly Perfume!
Pure!
ACTIVE lather!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars—clever women everywhere—use it to protect loveliness



IT'S A SCOOP!



Hattie McDaniel—in character

My, my! Here's Scarlett O'Hara's "Mammy" to tell us how to make her favorite Southern specialties

Now that "Gone With The Wind" has celebrated its first anniversary in such fine style down in Atlanta and is being released all over the country at popular prices, it occurred to us that millions of new admirers would soon be added to the countless people who already have enjoyed Hattie McDaniel's fine portrayal of "Mammy" in that epic of the old South. It seemed high time, therefore, to try and secure for our cooking columns some of those special recipes of "Mammy" McDaniel's we had been hearing about for years.

We finally caught up with her in the beauty parlor where, completely at our mercy, she promised to tell us how to prepare her justly famous dishes.

"Only you'll have to wait a while," she declared, "because, you see, I cook by instinct like so many of my race. But I know you'll want things all set down clearly, so's folks can follow them easily. I'll have to make some of those favorites of mine and write down how much I use as I go along."

She proved as good as her word for in a day or two along came these recipes, together with her favorite menu and some practical cooking suggestions.

So, if you have ever wondered what kind of a meal Mammy herself would have served to the O'Haras, here is your golden opportunity to learn—thanks to Hattie McDaniel.

Mammy's Southern Dinner Menu

Plantation Chicken with Dumplings
Corn Bread *Onions in
String Beans Cream Sauce
Cranberry Jelly
Tomato and Watercress Salad
McDaniel Dressing
Cracker Cake
Coffee

*or Sweet Corn Pudding

Chicken With Dumplings

Dress, clean and cut up a large (year-old) chicken. Put in a stew pan and

cover with about 2 quarts of boiling water. Add 1 small onion, sliced; 2 stalks of celery, chopped; 2 sprigs of parsley and 4 peppercorns. Cover and cook slowly until tender. Add 2 teaspoons salt the last hour of cooking. Remove chicken, strain liquor and skim off any excess fat. Measure chicken stock—there should be 6 cups, so either add water or boil down stock to make required amount. Thicken with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour (directions for thickening gravies will be found in the Special Suggestions at the end of this article.) Cook until smooth and thickened, stirring constantly. Return chicken to this gravy, add dumplings and continue cooking as directed in dumpling recipe.

Dumplings

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon shortening
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water

Sift flour, measure, sift again with baking powder and salt. Rub in shortening with your fingers. Add water gradually, mixing it in with a knife. Drop dumpling dough from tip of spoon into stewpan, an inch apart and resting on the chicken so they don't drop down into the gravy. Cover pan and steam dumplings—without removing cover—for 12 minutes.

Corn Bread

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
 $4\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cornmeal (yellow or white)
1 egg, well beaten
2 tablespoons melted shortening
1 cup milk

Sift flour, measure; add baking powder, salt and sugar and sift again. Mix in cornmeal. Beat egg until light, add melted and cooled shortening and the milk. Stir into dry mixture, beat thor-

oughly, and turn into well-greased, shallow, square pan. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 25 minutes, or until done.

Sweet Corn Pudding

Chop fine 2 cups whole grain canned corn, or cooked green corn when in season. Add 3 eggs, slightly beaten, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper, 1 tablespoon melted butter. Stir in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups scalded milk. Turn into greased casserole; bake in slow oven (350°F.) until knife inserted in pudding comes out clean—about 40 minutes.

Cranberry Jelly

Pick over and wash 1 pound (4 cups) cranberries; add 1 cup boiling water and boil gently for 20 minutes. Rub through a sieve, add 2 cups sugar, cook 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Turn into a mold which has been rinsed with cold water. Chill, unmold and serve.

McDaniel Dressing

Grate an onion into a bowl. Add 1 teaspoon each of salt, paprika and prepared mustard, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Stir in 1 can (condensed) tomato soup and 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce. Add 1 cup salad oil gradually and beat with egg beater until thick. A clove of garlic also may be added, if desired. Keep in covered quart jar in refrigerator.

"And here's just the dessert to have when you expect company and don't mind being a little bit extravagant," suggests Hattie McDaniel. However, since this recipe of hers serves 12 people you can divide these amounts in half, still have enough for the average size family and not feel extravagant at all!

Cracker Cake

1 (pound size) box graham crackers
1 cup butter ($\frac{1}{2}$ pound)
 $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups powdered sugar (1 pound)
6 eggs, separated

Fine foods were traditional on plantations like "Tara."



By Marjorie Deen

1 cup coarsely chopped pecans
1 cup (½ pint) whipping cream
1 teaspoon vanilla

Roll out or grind crackers to make fine crumbs. Melt half of the butter and mix it with crumbs. Cream the remaining butter, add sugar a little at a time, creaming well. Separate eggs, add yolks to sugar mixture one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Fold in stiffly beaten whites. Add pecans and the cream which has been whipped until stiff. Take a loaf pan, line neatly with waxed paper—allowing enough paper to have it hang over on each side of pan. Put a layer of crumbs in bottom of pan, then a layer of filling, then more crumbs and filling alternately until all has been used. Have the last layer of crumbs. Cover with waxed paper and chill 12 hours in refrigerator. Lift out of pan carefully by grasping paper at the sides. Top with additional whipped cream.

Special Suggestions

"There are some little cooking secrets of mine I want to give you, too," Mammy wrote, "and here they are:

"To thicken gravy—when making the chicken dish I gave you, and stews and pot roasts as well—put the necessary amount of flour in a small jar, like a salad-dressing jar. Add enough water to cover it, put top on jar and shake about 1 minute. Results are perfect.

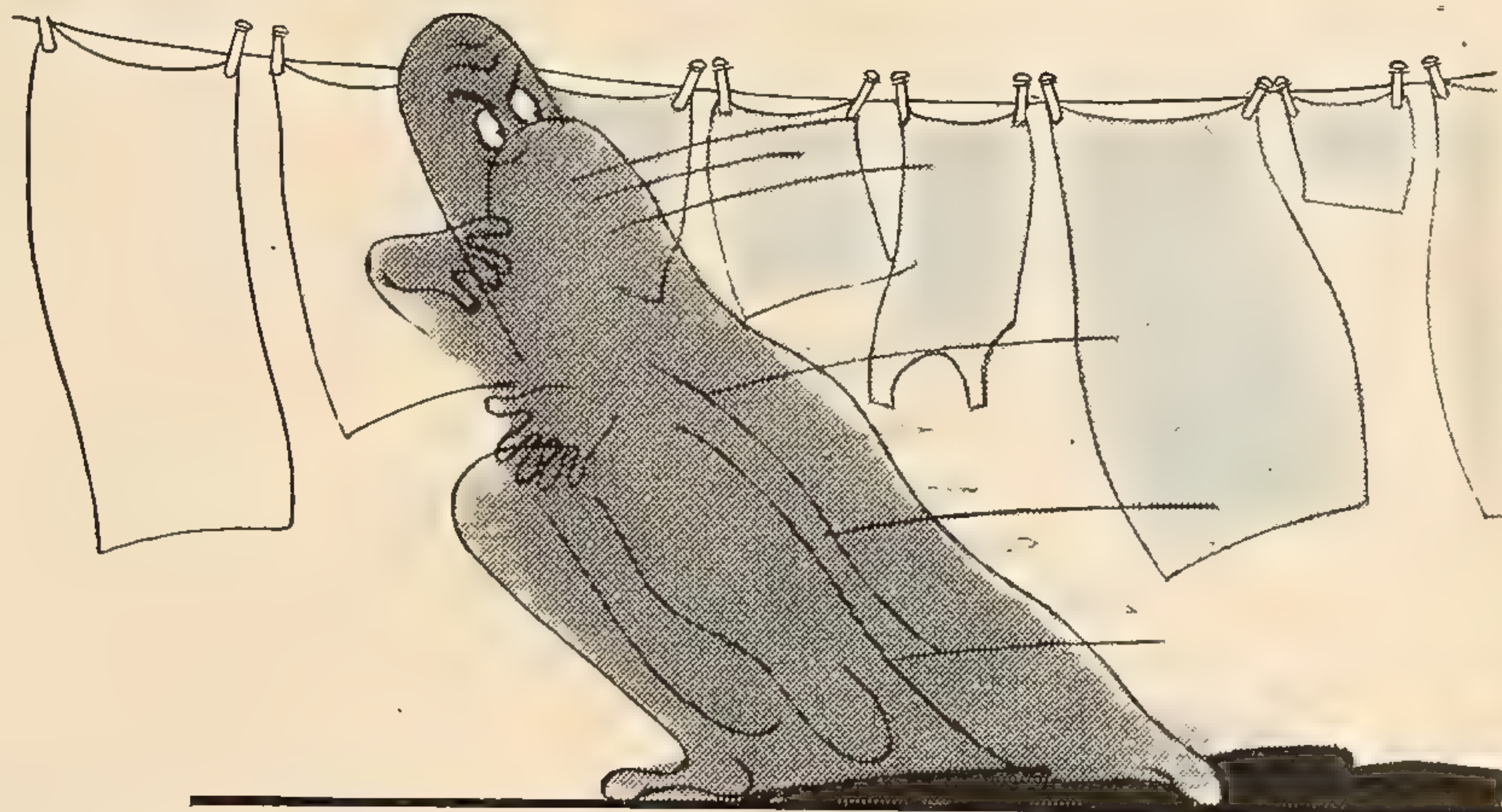
"Here's the way I do onions to keep the odor from penetrating my fingers. I either grease my fingers or hold the onions under water while peeling.

"Be sure your oven is good and hot before you put in your biscuits.

"To flour chicken for frying, mix flour, salt and pepper in heavy brown paper bag. Add chicken pieces which have been wiped and dried. Shake the bag and chicken will be well floured.

"When you are going to cream butter it's always a good idea to let it stand at room temperature until it's soft. Makes it so much easier to work with."

The SINISTER SHADE fled from our home!



Every week an ugly, sinister shadow darkened our home.

My clothes never came out of the wash completely clean.

Things reached the point where washday was a nightmare to me . . .



You can imagine that what I heard from the various members of the family was even worse! John and Junior fussed and complained about the dull, gray color of their shirts. Dotty's delicate party frocks were a fright. And my lovely linens . . . ugh!

It was a lucky day when I got a peek at my neighbor's linens. Such snowy, sweet-smelling things! "Try Fels-Naptha Soap," she said, "and your things will look just like these. It's the gentle naptha and richer, golden soap that get *all* the dirt out."



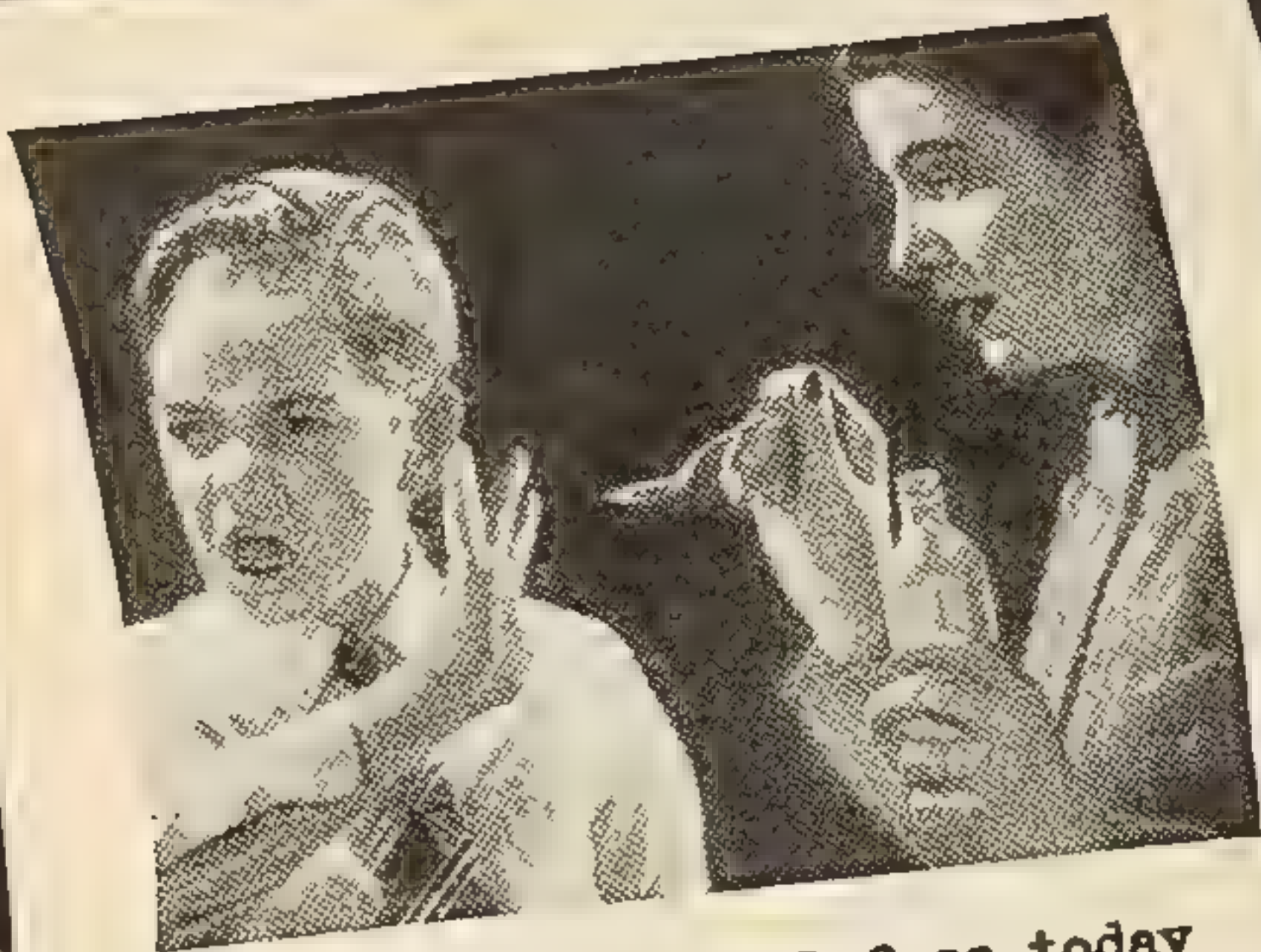
It worked like a charm. With about half the usual trouble, shirts, linens, dainty dresses—came out so clean and sweet I scarcely recognized them. I'll never forget the day Fels-Naptha Soap banished The Sinister Shade.

For free introductory bar of Fels-Naptha Soap, write Fels & Co., Dept. 11-B, Phila., Pa.

Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



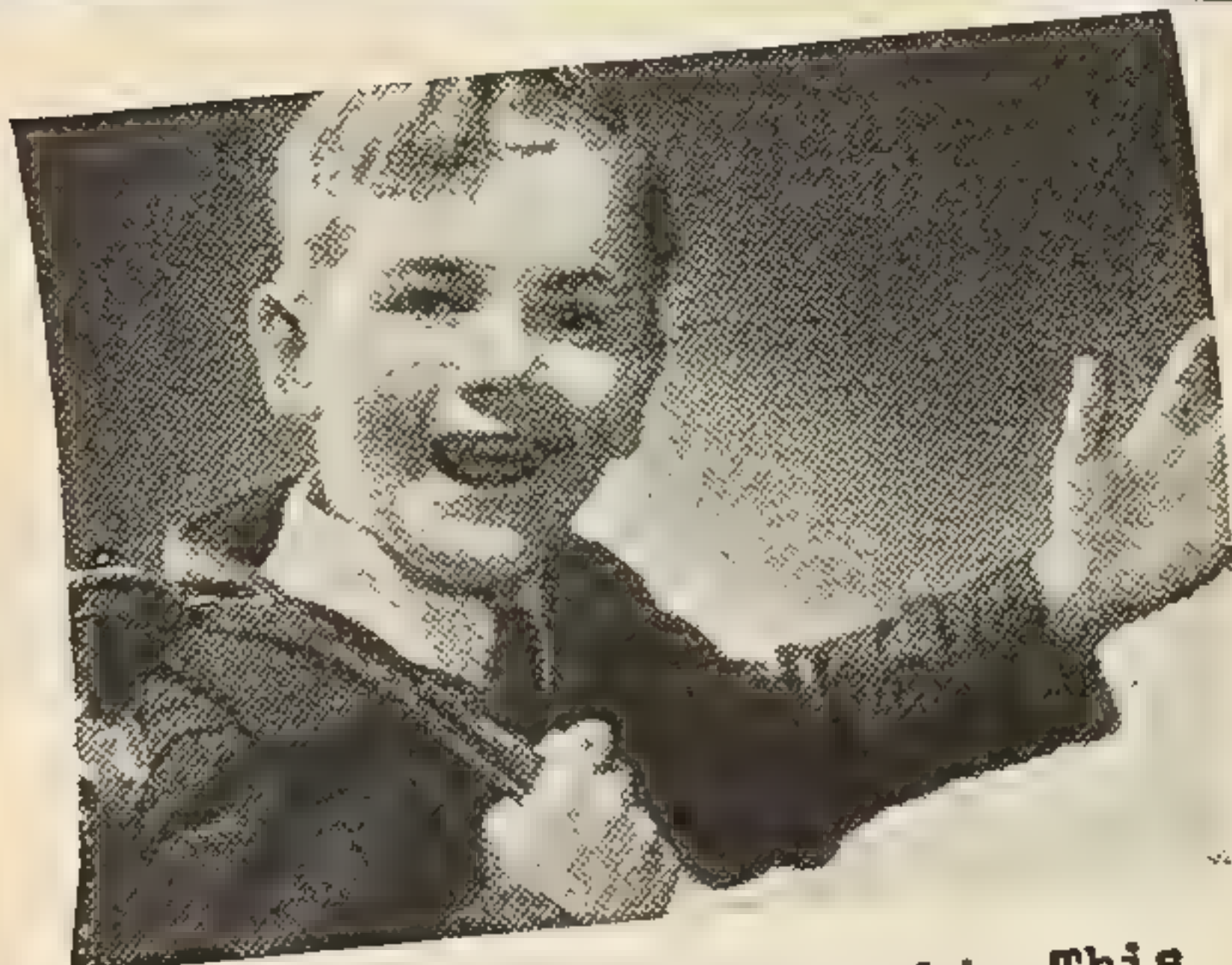
Mrs. T----- handles a Difficult Case



Billy raised an awful fuss today when I tried to give him a laxative. I even promised him new skates - but he just wouldn't take the stuff.



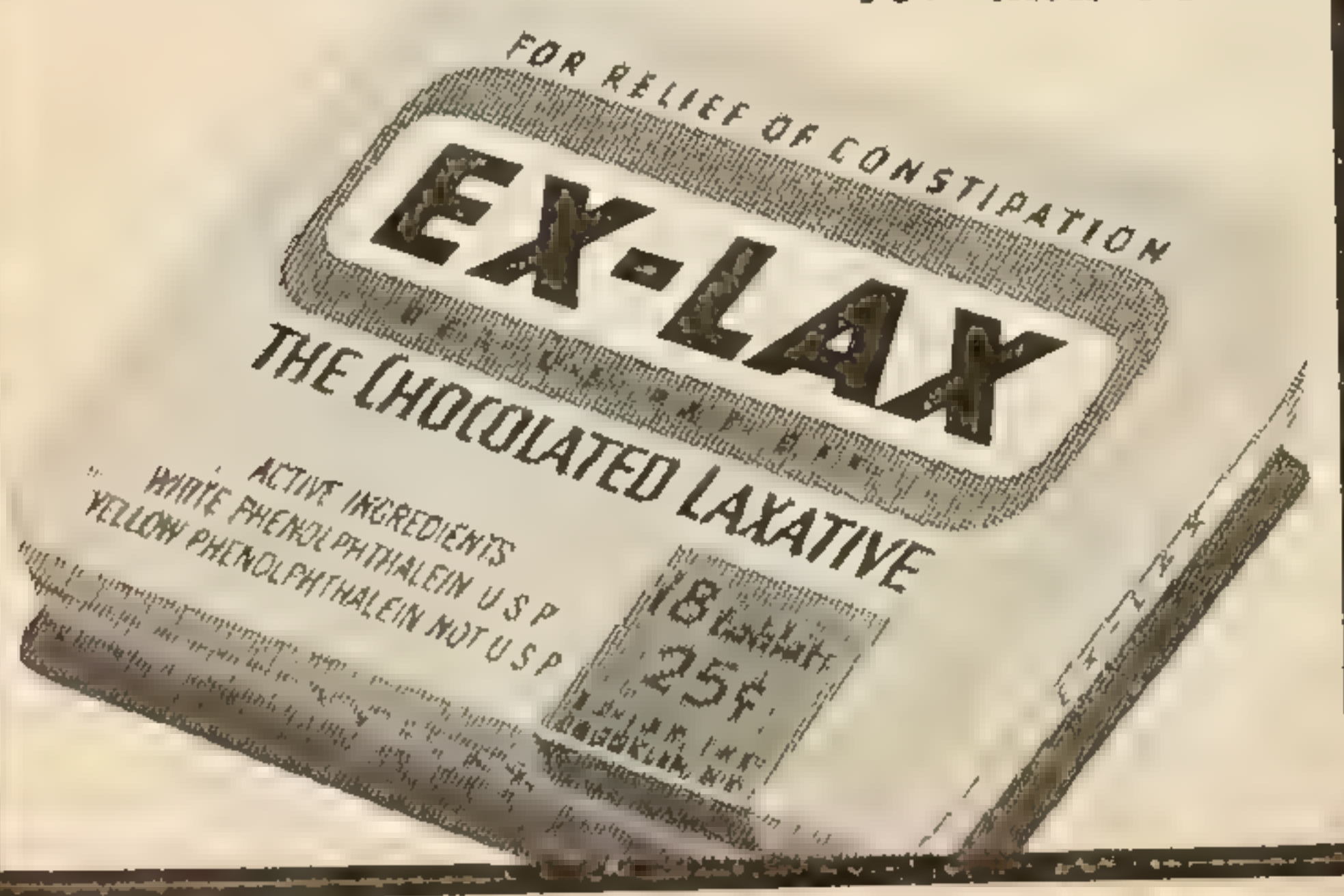
Mother had a bright idea. Told me to try giving Billy some Ex-Lax. He balked at first, but one bite and he was all smiles! Simply loved that chocolate taste!



Billy slept quietly all night. This morning Ex-Lax worked fine - didn't upset him a bit. I'll never have to bribe him to take a laxative again!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



LADY HAMILTON

(Continued from page 29)

found out they were all alike and it was too late. But I didn't deceive Charles by pretending to be what I am not. He knew before he promised to marry me—and I'm different now—not only my clothes, but inside. I'm good now. I know I'm good!" Suddenly she burst out in a full realization of what had happened, "Why did he play this trick on me? Why did he lie to me? What am I doing here?"

It was a long time before Sir William could make her understand. The truth was that he had seen her with his nephew in London and had wanted her from the moment he'd laid eyes on her. Charles, needing five thousand pounds for his debts, had received the money with real gratitude and with no qualms had sent in exchange to his uncle the beautiful Greek statuaries, the paintings—and Emma.

"I'm not going to be your mistress. I refuse to stay!" she stormed. "The buyer is as bad as the seller!"

BUT Sir William was patient. She was young, he said, and the young heal quickly. He urged her to sleep and wait a few days, and he spread before her all he could give. "You'll learn singing and languages from the finest of tutors. Everyone of account in Europe comes to my house. You'll dine with famous soldiers, artists and statesmen," he promised, "but, of course, you can't be presented at court."

At length Emma went to her room. She lay on her bed and talked with her mother. And finally she fell asleep. She dreamed of her whole life—even of when she was a little slavey wielding a vigorous but unwilling scrub-brush before she did the Dance of the Seven Veils. And through her dream ran the rhythm of her mother's voice, "We'll go back to London—back to London—back to London." And then it changed to the rhythm of Sir William's words, "Forget London. Charles is a blackguard. Of course, you can't be presented at court—you can't be presented at court!"

Suddenly Emma awakened. "Why shouldn't I be presented at court?" she demanded.

And she was. And when it happened, Sir William was beside her.

Emma had been Lady Hamilton for three years when she waked on another morning. The sound of cannon shattered her sleep. From her window she saw a battleship. It was offering a salute to the King and Queen of Naples, to be sure, but it really should have been to Emma. Three years had done a lot for her. The new advantages had made her no less beautiful and far more accomplished and, by now, even the Queen would no more think of buying a new gown without Emma's advice than the henpecked King would think of asserting his own ideas when the Queen stated hers. In fact Emma was going to help her Royal Highness decide some points of fashion that very morning.

Before leaving for the palace she sailed into Sir William's study. She took no notice of an English Captain who rose, slim and erect, from his chair as she entered. She went straight to the point with her husband. "William, dear, what is this absurd business about the French Ambassador? I want him for the party Sunday night, and Gavin comes telling me about some stupid political tension."

Sir William introduced the Captain of the "Agamemnon," saying that he could

best answer her question. She turned to the man and reproved him for waking her with his guns.

"I'm sorry," he said to that and, to her first question, "We're at war with France." It was clear that he was eager to complete his mission to Sir William and be gone. So Emma was persuaded to leave.

"We have captured Toulon," said the Captain when she had left, "but the Admiral needs ten thousand troops to hold it. It would take too long to bring them from England, but our treaty with Naples provides for such cooperation. The Admiral expects you to secure these troops from the King of Naples without delay."

He was horrified when Sir William said that the necessary application for an audience with the King and then the further negotiations would take some time. No one had hurried in Naples since the earthquake in 1752. While Sir William went into his office to begin drafting the application, the angry, impatient Captain strode about looking at the art treasures and came to a halt before Romney's picture of Emma as "Circe."

"Yes, that's me," said Emma, who had been listening at the keyhole, quite as her mother had taught her, and who now came in. "What would you say if I would get you the troops like that?"

THE Captain was not a ladies' man and he most certainly doubted her ability in an affair like this. Emma was not one to be doubted. She had an appointment with the Queen that very hour, did she not? And was not the Queen the real King of Naples? In no time at all the Captain found himself with Emma listening to that same Queen browbeat her spouse in a domestic quarrel carried on in Italian, of which he could not understand one word. In the midst of this, Emma and the Queen discussed the troops.

The Captain and the Lady returned to Sir William's study just as he was finishing the application which might have got five thousand troops in three weeks or more.

"We asked for twenty thousand," stated Emma, "and we got ten. Here." She gave him the document assuring them.

At this moment a young midshipman entered and handed a message to the Captain, who introduced the boy. "My stepson," he said.

So, the gruff and charming fellow was married and this young man was his chaperone! "How comforting for your wife!" exclaimed Emma.

The message summoned the Captain to proceed at once to Sardinia.

"Next time you come," said Emma, brushing aside his protestations of gratitude for her help, "there's no need to blow your cannons off. Just drop in without knocking. What did you say your name was?"

"Nelson," he said and left swiftly.

1794—1795—1796—1797—1798—the dates were written in flame. Through the blood and misery of the French revolutionary years the peace of all Europe was wiped out by the will of one man who rose to menace and dominate, one man who wanted to conquer the whole world—Napoleon Bonaparte.

The "Vanguard," with the British ensign hanging limply from its mast, lay off Capri. In the Admiral's quarters, a man tramped angrily up and down. He

was so changed by the years of battle that only when he spoke could one realize it was Nelson. His stepson, Josiah, read to him his appointment as Knight of the Bath for his brilliant victories. But he was disconsolate. The oil was low in the ship's lamps. His men needed food and ammunition. One could not catch Bonaparte with honors or with the new regulations of silly detail that came through from London. What were they thinking of there? He had sent Trowbridge ashore to get supplies from the King of Naples and the man had not come back.

Captain Hardy approached him. "Why don't we sail up to Naples and blow them out of their beds? They'd give us water and meat quickly enough then!" Like the other men, he was on edge.

"D'you expect me to fire on a neutral port?" demanded Nelson.

"Neutral against England!" snapped Hardy. "Trowbridge won't be back. He wore his uniform when he went ashore—the fool!"

But Trowbridge did come back and he brought someone with him.

"Where is the Admiral?" asked Emma.

The lamp, which had been dark to conserve oil, was lit. Then Emma saw him—and all that had happened to him. He pulled the black patch over one eye with the only hand he had left. Emma stared at the mutilated man. "I had no idea," she murmured. "They told us of your victories, but not of the price you paid."

NELSON laughed. "Please, my lady. Don't make a fuss about it. What is your news?"

"They are all terrified," reported Emma. "The King refused to see Sir William—refused, mind you, to see the British Ambassador! You can't conceive how the success of this nasty little Bonaparte has changed them. We're their friends, but they daren't show it."

"Don't they understand what I'm trying to do for them?" Nelson spoke furiously. "Bonaparte's fleet is in Egypt. For the first time in five years I know where they are! If I smash them up, I give Europe a chance to breathe again!"

But Emma had not come to him empty-handed. Once more she had seen her husband's failure and had gone to the Queen, who was panicky but from whom, nevertheless, Emma had wrung a mandate for the replenishing of the British Fleet under Admiral Nelson.

"You are even more lovely than five years ago," he said.

"Five years—or is it five centuries?" asked Emma.

They spoke of his wife whom he had not seen in all this time. But more than all else, they spoke of the war. Bonaparte had swallowed half of Europe.

"Now it's Egypt—and tomorrow it may be India," mourned Emma.

"We are alone but unafraid," smiled Nelson and she knew he was in a hurry to be off and at them.

"Goodbye, Sir Horatio," she said, stressing his new title. "It's a bit of a mouthful, isn't it?"

"You've helped me for a second time," he said gratefully and kissed her hand. "Goodbye, Lady Hamilton."

Nelson won the battle of the Nile. The Neapolitans gave him an ovation. On his return they brought him to the British Embassy in glory.

Sir William's secretary, Gavin, spoke contemptuously, "When Nelson wins a battle, they hang round our necks. When Napoleon wins, they spit on our trouser legs and kiss the French."

When Emma saw Nelson he looked ill and she was fearful. Only a few mo-

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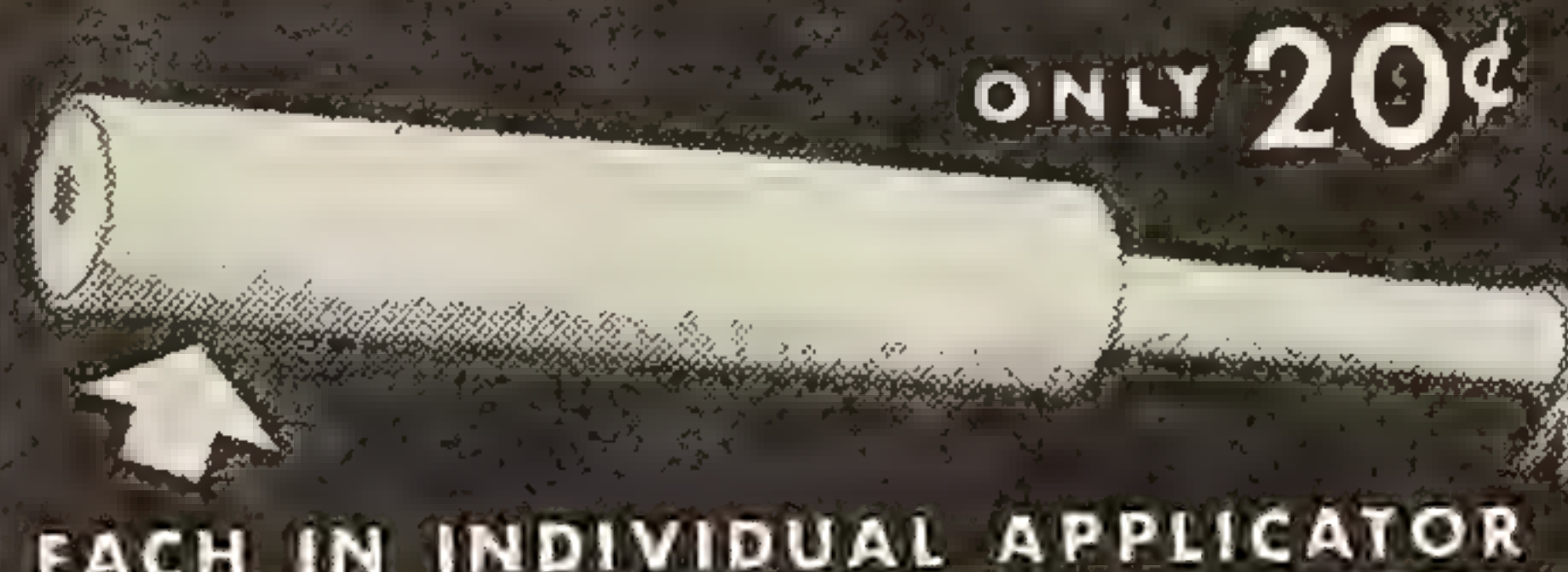


Why I switched to Meds



by a nurse

It would be silly for a nurse not to keep up with modern ideas. I've used *internal* sanitary protection even though it cost me a lot more. But when I learned that Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon at only 20¢ a box of ten—I decided to try them. And am I glad I did! Meds are the best tampons I've ever used. And they're the *only* tampons in individual applicators that are so reasonable.



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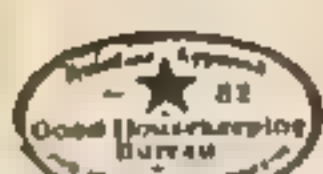
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**STOPPED-UP
NOSTRILS**
due to colds



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Gives **COMFORT** Daily

ments later, he said, "Lady Hamilton, may I speak with you?" and walked into the house away from the others and collapsed.

Days later Emma sat beside him. She was wan as one is who hasn't slept in many nights. Nelson lay in her bed.

The doctor stood looking down at him. "When they come to write his history, they'll tell about his victories at San Vincent and the Nile—"

"He's not—dying?" gasped Emma.

"No, my lady," said the doctor. "I was going to say that this will be his greatest victory. I never thought he would defeat death the way he did."

When Nelson woke, they were alone. "This is the third time you've helped me," he said. "You sat here nine days—night and day—and all the time I felt you round me—even when I was out of my senses, I knew you were here—"

As the days passed Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson became Emma and Horatio to each other, and, after he was up and around, their names were heard so loudly on the lips of the gossips of Naples that even the singers at the opera had trouble to dominate the sound of those two names with their voices.

THE Casa Rossa was the poorest bodega on the Naples waterfront. Its orchestra was one old lazzarone whose fingers fluttered uncertainly over his mandolin. Its patrons were sailors, beggars and street girls.

Two people drinking wine at a far table were turned to conceal their faces. Dark cloaks covered the splendor of his uniform and the brilliance of her evening dress. They had fled from the Queen's party for Nelson.

"What a pleasure a banquet is when you can get out of it," he said.

Emma was bubbling with joy. "Let's have the party here!" She imitated the King, the Queen, Sir William and others. She delighted him. And then she impersonated Lord Nelson—in a bad mood, a good mood, in an exuberant mood and, for each, she distorted her features into Nelson's grimmest face. They were all the same expression.

"You must make allowances for a sailor," he laughed. "Shall I give an impersonation? Lord Nelson in—guess what mood?"

"I don't dare say it."

"Lord Nelson in love," he answered softly.

Abruptly the quiet of the bodega was interrupted. Sailors poured in at the door—some of them drunk—sailors from the "Agamemnon," and Josiah was among them. He was the only one who gave her a swift glance before he called noisily for drinks.

"Let's go," said Nelson, but sat back when Josiah spoke loudly.

"What's a pretty barmaid doing in a place like this when women worse than barmaids go to the Opera with the King and Queen?" he demanded hilariously. The sailors roared with laughter.

"He's drunk," said Nelson.

"I wonder," Emma felt Josiah's party here was no accident.

"I'm sorry," shouted Josiah to the waitress. "How much do I have to pay for the pleasure of your company? Don't be too expensive. There's heavy competition in town. Married women entertain for nothing."

"I never saw him like that before," Nelson spoke through set teeth.

"Friends," cried Josiah, "I give you Sir William Hamilton!"

Nelson rose. He approached them glass in hand. All but Josiah were startled and horrified when he appeared. "That's an excellent toast, Josiah," he said quiet-

ly. "May I drink it with you?" And they drank.

He sent Josiah for a carriage. "Lady Hamilton and I are leaving," he told the embarrassed boys. "You're off duty. Don't let me disturb you. Have a good time!"

It was after the guests were gone from the big ball given at the Embassy in honor of the hero, that Sir William informed his wife of a dispatch that had arrived for Nelson. He had ordered it sent on to the ship instead of giving it to Nelson at the ball. "I wouldn't spoil your evening, my dear," he said.

"You mean you wouldn't have spoiled yours, William! You wanted to prevent me from saying goodbye to him." She knew that Sir William enjoyed this little game, although it was quite clear that he was not perturbed at being a deceived husband. In fact no one tried to deceive him. He had wanted her as an ornament for his drawing room—like the pictures and the statues. She was that and nothing more to him. But he had enjoyed preventing her goodbye to Nelson.

She would not bid Sir William goodnight. "I won't show you my face," she said, "I'm always ugly when I hate!"

Her mother came for her and, when Emma got to her big bedroom, Nelson was waiting there. He had come back. She ran to him, and their first kiss was deep and it united them.

The dawn-mist hung over the harbor and, within it, voices rose from two shadowy figures who stood very close together.

"Go back now, darling," said Nelson. "You shouldn't have come. People will see you. They'll talk."

"Let them talk. I don't care. Do you? Are you sorry?"

"Sorry for all the wasted years I've been without you—for all the years I shall have to be without you. You are married. I am married. Those things stand out very clearly in the dawn." He held her tenderly as the long boat coming for him approached the shore. "We have to obey the codes and creeds that we've sworn our lives to. I know I must not come back, and I know nothing in this world can keep me away."

She watched the long boat carry him into the mist.

EMMA! Another voice came from behind her. Sir William leaned out the window of his coach. "I think it advisable for you to come back by coach, Emma. A little strange to see the British Ambassador's wife in the fish market at this hour of the morning."

Days were beaten into the past by the heavy waves of the sea on which Nelson sailed. One night as a storm attacked his vessel, he held a council of war with the captains of his several ships. Malta was to be the objective upon order of Lord Keith of the Admiralty. The plan of attack was being made when the bo'sun entered with the report of two fishermen who had been saved from the storm.

"Revolution has broken out in Naples," he said. "They were just waiting till they saw the back of us."

Hardy and Trowbridge went on with the talk of bottling up Bonaparte, who was said to be making a run for it back to France. But from the moment of the news of revolution in Naples, Nelson did not hear them. Suddenly he gave orders for all but his own ship to follow the original plan.

"What course are you taking, sir?" asked Hardy.

"Back to Naples," growled Nelson, ignoring orders and arguments alike.

In the Board Room of the British Admiralty in London there was violent

indignation. Lord Keith demanded Nelson be relieved of his command. Others were as indignant as he. Only Lord Spencer stood up for him.

"He didn't catch Bonaparte, it's true," asserted Spencer, "and he might have by obeying orders. But he did save the Royal Family of an allied nation from certain death at the hands of a mob. He also saved the British Ambassador and his wife."

"What was the point of saving the husband?" demanded a sarcastic voice—and the fury over Emma broke loose, indignation summed up by one of them in the words, "Not even the greatest hero is strong enough to defeat the prejudice and conventions of society." Their communications made it clear to Nelson.

In Palermo where the party from Naples had been landed, Emma and Nelson stood on the balcony of the casino overlooking the harbor. It was New Year's Eve. Nelson had ignored three orders to return to England. He knew now he must go—and alone. And Emma knew it, too, for Sir William, speaking not at all as her husband but as a dutiful diplomat in the best interests of England and England's hero, had told her she must force Nelson to go. He had worked out a plan. She must tell Nelson she had accepted the invitation of some friends for a trip to Egypt.

"My husband suggests I play a little comedy all for your benefit." She outlined the plan. "As if lies were necessary between us—as if we couldn't face the truth!" She nestled close to him. "Of course, I'll go to Egypt," she sighed and put her arms about his neck. "Darling, this is a farewell scene again. It seems to be our destiny—always to say goodbye."

INTO the music from the orchestra of a nearby ship struck the sound of ship's bells.

"What are those bells?" she asked.

"Have you forgotten this is the last night of 1799? Eight bells for the old year, eight for the new. Eighteen Hundred, the dawn of a new century!" The bell stopped for a moment, and he gave her a long kiss that ended with the chime for the New Year. "Now I have kissed you through two centuries," he said. They clung to each other.

"Say you hate the pyramids," he begged.

"I loathe them!" responded Emma.

"Say you abominate the sphinx!"

"I wouldn't look at it if you served it to me on a plate!"

"We'll go to London together!" he cried.

"I would have died if you'd left me behind," sighed Emma. "Happy New Year, darling!"

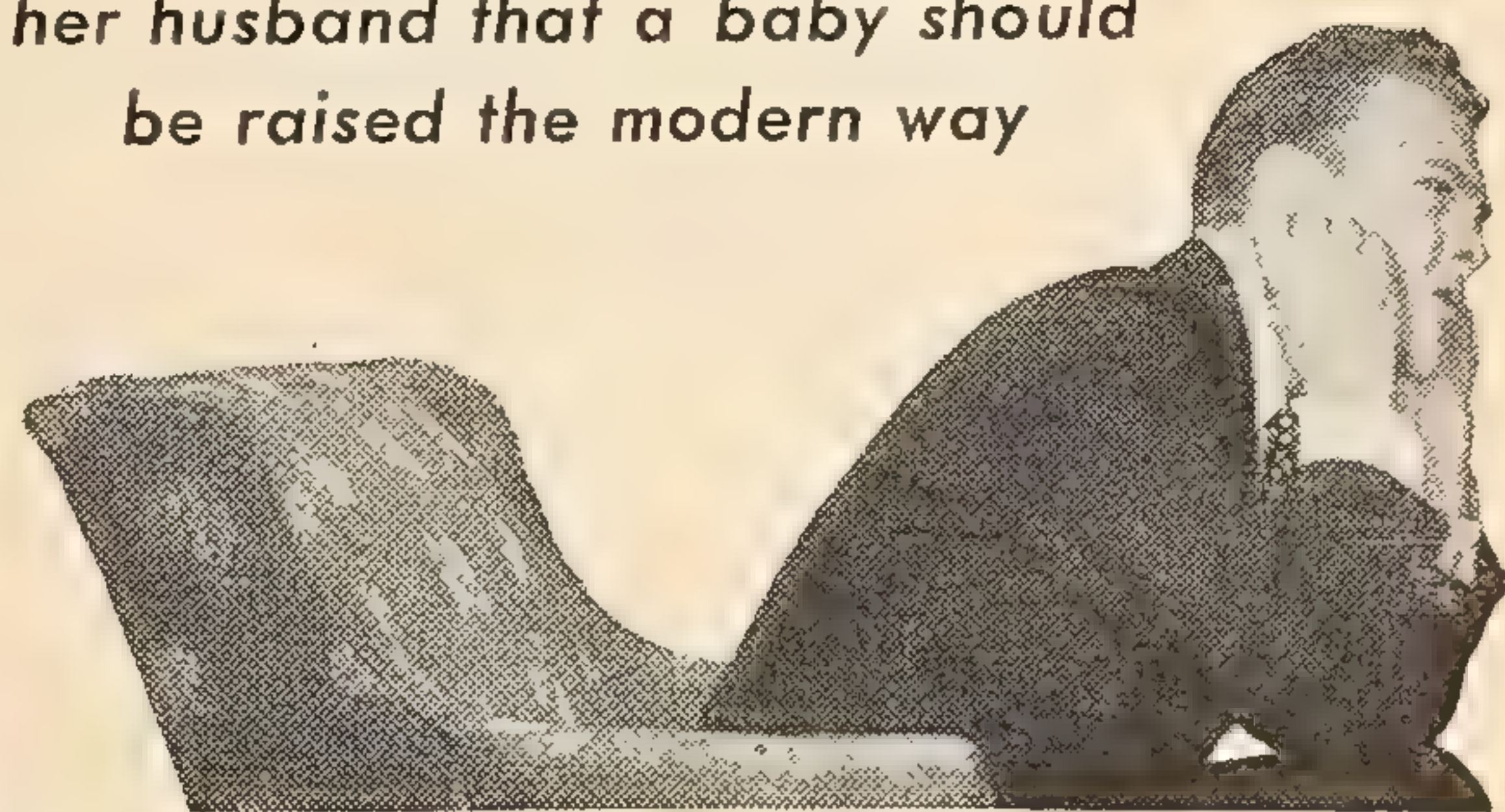
"Happy New Year, my beloved!"

In London Lady Nelson and the Reverend Nelson, the hero's proud father, had established themselves in the Hotel Nerot to await the younger Nelson's coming. To be more accurate, Lady Nelson had established them, for the rosy-cheeked, white-haired old clergyman in the bath-chair had nothing to say when his severe-featured daughter-in-law took charge. She was very proud to be "Lady" Nelson—perhaps prouder of it than of her husband's exploits which had given her the title. Her manner was full of self-conceit. It was, then, hard enough on so ambitious a woman to be told that her husband had arrived not on his flagship in triumph, but quietly on a mail packet because, as the embarrassed Lord Spencer said, "it is not customary for ladies to travel on battleships." But it was even harder for her to learn that there was to be no official welcome because of it. When the populace disre-

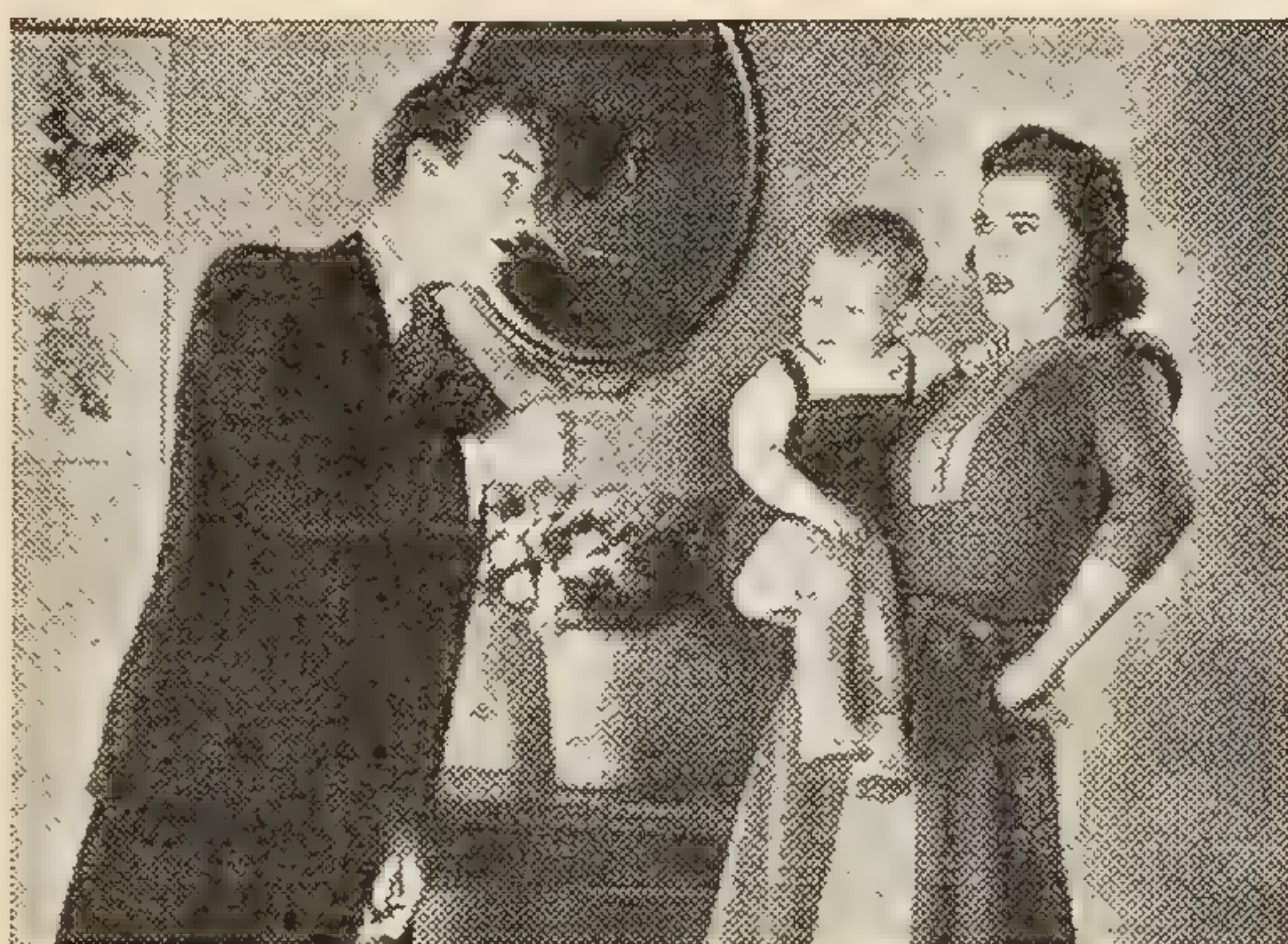
"And I thought a baby brought parents closer together"



A new mother convinces her husband that a baby should be raised the modern way



1. Bill and I used to be the happiest couple in the world... until after our baby was born. We both wanted him and we both adore him. That's why it broke my heart when we began to quarrel about raising him. Bill's favorite argument was that I was raising a sissy—pampering him.



2. Well, the whole thing came to a head the other day, when Bill Jr. needed a laxative. "Don't tell me you've got a special *laxative* for that kid, too!" Bill yelled. "Special foods, special diapers, and now... a special laxative! You're turning him into a regular cream puff!"



3. Did I burn up! "I've had just about enough of this!" I yelled back. "I'm going to raise my baby the way the doctor told me to... the modern way... giving him things especially designed for a baby's needs. That's why he's going to get Fletcher's Castoria!"



4. "Let's not quarrel any more about Bill Jr.," I pleaded. "He's the healthiest baby on our street. And naturally I want to keep him that way. The doctor says you can't take chances with a baby's system... it's too delicate. If you treat it like an adult's, you'll have trouble."



5. "He recommended Fletcher's Castoria. It's made especially and *only* for infants and children. There isn't a single harsh 'adult' drug in it. It's effective... but mild! And *safe*. It isn't likely to gripe a child's tiny system. I wouldn't give him anything but Fletcher's Castoria."



6. "And just look at the way he goes for it. You know what a strong will our baby has. If he doesn't like a medicine, he just won't take it. But he *loves* the taste of Fletcher's Castoria." That settled it. Bill is finally convinced that the doctor and I know best after all.

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: (1) In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea... (2) Senna works primarily in the lower bowel... (3) In regulated dosages, it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

Senna is especially processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The **SAFE** laxative for children

NEWEST FASHION COLOR

ROCKET RED



FLAME-GLO LIPSTICK

Just out! Try this ravishing, deep fiery red in America's favorite lipstick...FLAME-GLO...created to blend perfectly with new fashion colors. You'll like its satiny lustre, its bewitching fragrance, its radiant glow that captures the fire of youth! A water-repellent film seals this rich color to your lips...keeps you KISSABLE! Longer lasting, or money back.

Other popular FLAME-GLO shades:
Glamour Red, Raspberry, Royal Wine



Flame-Glo
LIPSTICK

10c and 25c
AT ALL 5 & 10c STORES

Also Rouge to Match

Marvel

WHIRLING SPRAY
SYRINGE
for Women

At Drug Counters Throughout the World

Free Booklet—The Marvel Co., Dept. 417, New Haven, Conn.

Brush Away
GRAY HAIR
..AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER



● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint tell-tale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair.

Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today. 60c at all drug stores—on a money-back guarantee, or—

SEND FOR TEST BOTTLE

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
309 Brownatone Bldg., Covington, Kentucky

Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover, partly, cost of packing and mailing.

Check shade wanted:
☐ Blonde to Medium Brown ☐ Dark Brown to Black

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Print Your Name and Address

garded official frowns and burst forth into a tremendous ovation as Nelson neared the hotel, it was clear they cared not a whit by what boat he had come or what lady had come with him—and to his furious wife this heaped insult on injury.

By the end of an exhausting day in which Emma and the redoubtable Lady Nelson met, it was clear to Emma and her Horatio that his wife would not be moved and that their life from then on would be one of furtive meetings and deception.

"I can't stand that," cried Emma, "I hate hiding and deceit!"

That night, they talked in circles. At last he left her. "There's no need to be frightened," he soothed. "Something will happen. We'll see it through and we are going to win, darling." He kissed her goodnight.

WHEN Lord Nelson made his maiden speech in the House of Lords, the interest in the Peeresses Gallery was less in what he said than in what he would do when it was over. When that moment came, Lady Keith and Lady Spencer waited with others in the outer vestibule to see that for which they had really attended. Would he, upon emerging, go to his wife or to Lady Hamilton? As he came from the inner hall, his first glance found Emma, but he went directly to his wife. And the disappointed ladies were without their scandalous tidbit.

But he had no more than given the coachman the address when a cry rose behind him. "Stand back!"—"Give her air!" He turned. Emma lay on the pavement in a dead faint.

"Horace!—Come on!" His wife grabbed his arm. He wrenched himself away and went to Emma.

Her mother spoke in a low voice as Nelson knelt beside her. "She's been ill—all the while."

On the edge of the little group around them, Lady Spencer was saying to Lady Keith, "My dear! It's natural to women of all classes. I fainted when little Bertie was on his way."

At the Hotel Nerot, Lady Hamilton bitterly gave her husband an ultimatum. When his choice was clear, she said icily, "All right! I shall go away, but I shall never drag the name of Nelson through the divorce court. As long as I live I shall be your wife."

Sir William Hamilton's home was at 23 Piccadilly. It was evident that Sir William's mind was rapidly failing. Gavin, who was with him, was glad he didn't have to tell him that all his art treasures had been lost when the boat carrying them from Italy had sunk. Emma's mother potted about the kitchen. There were no servants and she had returned to her old field of operations with something of real pleasure. Her Emma sat talking with her as she had many a time.

She had just come from visiting her two-months-old daughter who was being kept by a Mrs. Gibson in a nursery in St. John's Wood. "Mother! If only you could see her! You'd adore her! She isn't like a two-months-old child at all!" And she had news, too, that Nelson had beaten the Danes. Emma was ecstatic.

But her mother was worried. While she was away, Charles Greville had brought a lawyer and made his uncle change his will. Even though Sir William's brain was going soft, her mother thought there was still time for Emma to take steps so that she, his wife, would not be poor.

"I've never been his wife, Mother. Let Greville have the money," Emma said cheerily. "I shall be rich. I've my child—his child. That's more than all the money in the world!" Emma had changed in these months. She was free—a woman

who had grown greater with love. Soon the bells of London tolled for Sir William.

And soon those same bells rang joyously for another Nelson victory. In the Board Room of the British Admiralty, where they had once considered tossing him out, they now congratulated him, a hero of increasing greatness. But Nelson was not filled with their gaiety. He knew that peace with Bonaparte was no peace but merely an interlude to give the dictator time to re-arm, make an alliance with Italy and Spain and then continue the attempt at destruction of the British Empire. He implored them not to ratify the peace.

It was as they were leaving that Lord Spencer, who had always been his friend, delicately conveyed to him the news that Emma had lately been seen frequently with an Italian opera conductor, prominent in the Covent Garden season, and that it was rumored she was going to Italy with him and some other acquaintances. Nelson hurried to her.

She was living again at the Nerot. She seemed very gay and happy—and very evasive, though she kissed him as usual. She prattled of how busy she was. The house in Piccadilly had been dreary. That was why she had moved to the hotel. And then she tried to hide some letters from him. The letters became the subject of a quarrel. But finally the distraught Nelson discovered the truth about his Emma. The letters were bills. She was drowning in bills—up to her neck. She'd been thrown out of the house in Piccadilly. She hadn't been to see her child because she owed Mrs. Gibson for her keep. She had dined with the "musical gentleman" because he had offered her a contract in his opera house. She'd worked before and would work again.

Nelson gasped at these things. "Emma! Why wasn't I told?"

"They're my troubles, not yours," she said and meant it.

He took her in his arms and there were no more bills, and Miss Horatia Nelson up in St. John's Wood received a visit from her parents.

SHORTLY thereafter, the summer house at Nelson's home ten miles from London was redecorated as his daughter's nursery by a very distinguished man, if not an artist with the brush. Having splashed a good deal of paint on himself and more on his wife who stood below giving critical advice, he at last descended his ladder and inspected his work. Each of his ships was there on the tossing sea on the nursery wall, and it was to be hoped that little Horatia could look at them each morning and night with a quiet stomach. They planned to go and fetch her from St. John's Wood that afternoon.

"We've had happiness for a long time together," he said to Emma, "but now we know the meaning of contentment and peace as well."

She left him and went into the house to find out about a meal. To her surprise Captain Hardy was in the living room. He was swift in what he had to say. "It's you I came to see, not him. Napoleon's made himself Emperor of France. His next move is the invasion of England. In a few weeks from now, all he'll need is a fair wind—"

"And all you need is Nelson?"

"That's it, milady. He was right about this peace and others were wrong. He's refused to see Lord Spencer and Lord Keith—They've sent me to talk to you—to get your help."

She refused to speak for them to her husband. He had given enough—his arm, his sight, his health. He needed rest now—peace of mind. She would use all her

Emma was alone. She called up her anger to justify her behavior which in her heart she knew was wrong. She looked around the room at the relics of Nelson's victories. On his desk was a manuscript—"Memorandum by Lord Nelson on the Defense of England." A passage read: "In case of a new war, Boulogne, Calais, even Le Havre may become the points from which the enemy will seek to land in Sussex and Southern Kent—"

A FEW weeks later autumn leaves swirled around the carriage waiting in the drive. In a room on the second floor of the house, Nelson, in civilian clothes, prepared to leave as he talked with Emma, persuading her not to close off part of the house for the winter. "We'll need the whole of it when I come back at Christmas," he said. "We'll have a real old-fashioned Christmas—with a yule log, carols, plum-pudding, roast beef and everything!"

He kissed her hair. Downstairs a clock began to strike. They heard Hardy's voice.

Very quietly Nelson went into the next room where his child lay asleep. In the darkness he knelt beside her and prayed the prayer of a gallant father.

"Yes. I'll take the small rug I use in my study," he answered.

When she came down, the coach had gone. "He thought he wouldn't need the rug," said her mother and Emma understood.

She waited there in the doorway, watching the lights of the carriage disappear through the gates at the end of the drive.

And Emma, Lady Hamilton—but never Lady Nelson—was right.

S	I	G	C	R	I	B	C	O	R	A	O	A	T
P	A	U	L	E	T	T	E	H	A	Y	W	O	R
D	E	N	N	I	S	S	N	E	A	K	A	L	B
I	N	P	A	T	N	A	P	I	R	E	O	R	
A	C	R	E	R	O	P	E	L	A	N	E	L	O
N	E	A	R	S	P	A	T	R	I	C	K	H	E
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			D	I	E	T				O	R	L	A
A	R	M	E	T	T	A				F	E	L	L
I	I	I	H	E	M					T	A	Y	R
M	A	R	L	E	N	E				E	D	W	A
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S	C	A	R	E	S	E	D	D	I	E	D	O	G
L	A	I	R	D	S	T	A	R	L	E	T	D	E
A	L	L	Y	M	E	A	N	L	L	E	Y	L	Y
I	L	P	I	N	K	E	N	A	P	R	U	S	
N	E	L	S	O	N	P	E	T	E	R	R	E	G
I	L	L	I	N	O	I	S	S	O	M	E	T	I
A	M	Y	A	N	E	T	S	E	E	S	N	A	T



A black and white photograph of a baby sitting on the floor, playing with a large spotted stuffed animal. The baby is shirtless and wearing a diaper, looking intently at the toy. The stuffed animal is large and covered in dark spots, resembling a leopard or cheetah. The baby's hands are reaching out to touch the toy. The background is dark and out of focus.

A black and white photograph of a baby sitting on the floor, looking at a large, spotted stuffed dog. The baby is on the left, wearing a light-colored onesie, looking towards the right. The stuffed dog is on the right, with a white body and large dark spots, resembling a Dalmatian. The background is dark and out of focus.

“Babies have Downy, so it costs so little to sprinkle her.”

Johnson's
E
Johnson's

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.



Goldilocks was brightening up her smile with delicious Dentyne the day she found the home of the three bears. Of course she tried their chairs, their beds and their porridge—and you've never seen three madder bears.



But Goldilocks flashed her lovely smile and said "Anyway, porridge won't make your teeth shine."

"But it's nice porridge," wailed the big bear.



"And not chewy enough," said Goldilocks. "Now Dentyne has an extra firmness that helps polish teeth and makes them gleam. It strengthens jaw muscles—firms up your gums. Here try some."

"M-M-M," said the little bear. "It's delicious. That nice cinnamon taste is different—and extra good."



"Right-O," laughed Goldilocks, "and note the flat handy package. It slips neatly into purse or pocket. More smiles to you and brighter ones—with Dentyne."

Moral: Help your teeth stay lovely and sparkling by chewing Dentyne often. Get a flavor-tite package today.

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE



MATRIMONY IN MOVIELAND

(Continued from page 47)

domestic circumstances, if they prefer.

Well and good. These laws, administered by the men whose Bible is Blackstone, aren't too strict. But most motion picture stars, impulsive and impatient people, don't like to bother about hurdles like medical examinations and three-day license waits. And so, they charge off to some Gretna Green in a nearby and more liberal state.

Now, Gretna Green is synonymous with runaway marriages. The original town is found in easy-going Scotland. There, back in 1754, when England passed a law banning elopements, amorous mates raced across the border to be married.

STREAMLINED counterparts of the Scottish haven in the movie-making area of the United States, catering to streamlined hurry-up movie folks, are such convenient marts as Las Vegas, Nevada, Yuma, Arizona, and Tia Juana, Mexico.

The most popular of the marts is Las Vegas, 250 miles northeast of Hollywood. The laws of Nevada are liberal, permitting a couple to wake a Justice of the Peace at any hour and present a \$2 license obtained without delay from the local county clerk. The couple need not bother about showing a medical certificate.

Most prolific Justice of the Peace in Las Vegas, for many moons, was George E. Marshall, recently elected a judge. In the last two years he united 6,000 couples, including some of the biggest motion picture stars. It was to Las Vegas that Janet Gaynor and Gilbert Adrian went two years ago for their wedding, to be followed last year by Diana Lewis and William Powell. And more recently, Arleen Whelan and Alexander D'Arcy stood in the Apache Hotel at three o'clock in the morning, while a bleary-eyed judge, who had traveled 325 miles to marry them, droned the ceremony.

Yuma, in Arizona to the south, is another made-to-order matrimonial mill for the speedy. Here, too, no medical certificate is required, no wait for a license is necessary (a special marriage agent will hand you one pronto). It was to Yuma, six years ago, that Charles Boyer brought Pat Paterson, after suddenly proposing to her in the midst of a screen preview, and it was here that he was married without delay. Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman were another pair to avoid the three-day stall in Los Angeles and convert themselves from plural to singular in this desert town.

Finally, stars have crossed the border to Tia Juana and Juarez, in Mexico, and paid \$30 to a Spanish-speaking clergyman or Justice of the Peace to hear the solemn and legal words. There are no preliminaries to a wedding below the Rio Grande, though it's safer to have the local American Consul as a witness. The entire ceremony takes maybe five minutes as Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, wedded below the border over a decade ago, will testify. The legality of Mexican wedlocks, however, has been so constantly questioned that Gloria Stuart and Arthur Sheekman, after marrying in Tia Juana in 1934, were welded again in Carmel, California in 1938, just to be sure.

But now, alas, the villain enters this piece. The villain's name is divorce, and when you ask him why he ever interferes, he replies, "Mental cruelty."

Divorce is a simple enough process in

some parts of the world. In Russia, when man and wife agree to disagree, they just walk up to the Commissar in charge, say they wish a divorce, give exactly no reasons and are split in a few minutes. In Morocco, if a wife desires a divorce, she gets it by merely fleeing to the house of another man (a common practice in Hollywood, too, though not quite as uncomplicated).

But, in California, the machinery of separation grinds slowly, tediously and carefully.

For an X-ray of the California system consider the recent case of Gail Patrick, 28-year-old cinema star. After four years of married life to Bob Cobb, popular boss of the Brown Derby restaurants, Gail could no longer stand his indifference toward her and his humiliating attitude. She went to her attorney and poured out her troubles. The barrister, like a good relative, attempted to dissuade her from seeking a divorce. This is done in every case. He failed. Then he took down her complaints against her husband, dressed them up in legal language and filed them with the Clerk of Court, on the fifth floor of the Los Angeles Hall of Records.

NEXT, the paper listing Gail's complaints was served on her husband. The law gave him ten days to reply or contest her charges. Few men reply. At the end of ten days, he defaulted and, after a behind-the-scenes property settlement, the divorce suit was placed on the court calendar. The trial, as per law, came up in two weeks. Gail, in a black crêpe suit, accompanied by her secretary-manager, a required witness, appeared. The attorney and the judge asked some questions. She answered them. Typical stuff being—

Gail Patrick: "I went with him for two years before our marriage in Tia Juana. Yes, I was aware of his faults."

Judge: "And knowing his faults you married him anyway?"

Gail Patrick: "Yes." (Smiling briefly.) "You see, we're both Irish!"

Her divorce thus granted at trial, Gail Patrick, or any other movie personality, must now wait one year for the final divorce decree. Wife may be seen with husband, but, according to law, must not "co-habit" with him, i. e., for one year must not live under same roof and sleep in same bed with him.

After that year, if no reconciliation is effected, the couple are split and neither may remarry for twelve more months.

This slow divorce, in California, costs the average movie celebrity anywhere from \$1,500 to \$5,000, but it would cost you a mere \$125.

There are numerous grounds for divorce in California. There's desertion, adultery, drug addiction, habitual drunkenness, incest and bigamy (each punishable as a felony), public defamation, impotency (which must be shown to be permanent) and extreme cruelty.

In the case of movie stars, the most popular of these reasons is "extreme cruelty." According to the California Civil Code, Section 94:

"Extreme cruelty is the wrongful infliction of grievous bodily injury, or grievous mental suffering, upon the other party by one party to the marriage."

Most Hollywoodians don't care to air their fisticuffs in a divorce court. The publicity is too harmful. One handsome actor's wife divorced him for physical

cruelty because he threw tomatoes (i. e. canned) at her. The handsome actor is still looking for a job. Mental cruelty is a simpler item. It covers everything—systematic ill-treatment, scolding and fault-finding, public profanity, studied contempt, nagging and general intoxication, and so on ad nauseam.

BUT California is lenient compared to New York. The movie and stage stars residing in New York can obtain a State divorce on only one ground—adultery. In other words, in blunt words, your wife must find you on a bed or sofa in the company of some wench (preferably blonde and in a state of partial undress). This type of thing is often faked by respectable movie couples. The husband hires a girl for \$25, takes her to a hotel room—and is “surprised” by his wife and detectives. This is labeled “hotel evidence” and was used when Wallis Simpson (now the Duchess) got her divorce.

No wonder stars flee from the slowness of California and the strictness of New York to obtain mile-a-minute fadeouts of their wedlocks in the two most efficient spots on earth—Reno and Mexico.

Reno—“Biggest Little City on Earth”—has a population of only 20,000 but handles over 4,000 divorces and divorcees a year, which bring in over four million dollars to the countless lawyers, fourteen cabarets, forty-six bars and twenty roulette houses.

When the business of mining fell down in Nevada, the State went after a new and more prosperous business. It liberalized its divorce laws to bait that lucrative trade. Today, in Reno, you may set up residence for merely six weeks or forty-two days, as Constance Bennett did recently, pay \$250 if you are of the masses, \$2,000 if you are a movie star, or \$50,000 if you are Barbara Hutton, and behind closed chambers, obtain a divorce decree.

There are many grounds for divorce ranging from the usual mental cruelty and adultery to inability to provide and epilepsy. Added advantage—you don't have to wait a year, in fact you don't have to wait a day, to remarry.

But Nogales and Tia Juana and Juarez, in Mexico, are even more accommodating. Miss Hollywood Star doesn't even have to take up residence or put in a personal appearance. She may be divorced for a mere \$75 (half paid in advance, please) through the mail! The divorce can be final in five days!

Juarez, boasting such clients as Norma Talmadge and Katharine Hepburn, advertises that “it is not necessary for divorcing parties to appear.” The Juarez divorce factory cleans up \$45,000 a month!

Only stumbler is the fact that neither Nevada nor Mexican divorces are legal for Hollywood stars! Smart stars stay in California and do it the hard way. Of the 4,000 divorces in Reno last year, only 2% were valid. Practically none of the Mexican divorces are valid.

The one exception, where a Mexican divorce was found perfectly okay was in the case of George Brent. He married Constance Worth, the Australian lass, down in Mexico. Then, when he realized it was a mistake, he tried to have it annulled on the grounds that they were never married since Mexican marriages are illegal. The court replied, in effect:

“Mr. Brent, since you avoided California to be married in Mexico, you can now go right back to Mexico if you want a divorce. But you can't have it annulled here.”

So Mr. Brent went back to Mexico. Legal history was made. And another milestone sadly added to matrimony in movieland.

* Brenda Joyce and Robert Conway, popular 20th Century-Fox players. For romantic, soft hands, thousands of loved girls use Jergens Lotion.



*“When you bid for Love...
your **HANDS** must
be silken-soft,”*

says **Brenda Joyce***

(Romantic Hollywood Star)



WHY DID YOU
TAKE THAT HORRID
JANE BROWN
TO THE DINNER?

WELL, SUE,—
JANE HAS SUCH
SOFT, SMOOTH
HANDS.

THAT SAME DAY



OF COURSE MY
HANDS ARE ROUGH!
I HAVE TO WASH
THEM A DOZEN
TIMES A DAY.

SUE, THAT'S NO
EXCUSE. USE JERGENS
LOTION. IT FURNISHES
SKIN-SOFTENING
MOISTURE THAT HELPS
KEEP YOUR HAND
SKIN LIKE VELVET.

*Know this Famous Way
to Lovable HANDS*

Try it just once! So soothing to parched skin! Two fine ingredients in Jergens Lotion are relied on by many doctors to help rough “likely-to-split” skin to adorable smoothness. Faithful use helps prevent hateful roughness and chapping. No stickiness. Start now to use Jergens Lotion. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, \$1.00.

SUE TOOK HER FRIEND'S ADVICE—
AND NOT LONG AFTER



OH, SUE, I LOVE YOUR SOFT HANDS!

**JERGENS
LOTION**

**FOR SOFT,
ADORABLE HANDS**



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW
FREE! YOUR CHANCE FOR LOVABLE HANDS

(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish)

The Andrew Jergens Company, 3720 Alfred Street
Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ontario)

Please send my free purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

BEAUTIFUL HANDS TO HOLD

(Continued from page 39)



RADIANT Highlights ... the secret of GLAMOROUS HAIR

If you long to have hair that invites admiring glances... the kind that sparkles with a brilliant luster... use Nestle Colorinse. What a thrilling difference... and how economical... only five cents a rinse. Nestle Colorinse is not an ordinary dye nor a bleach... washes out with shampooing. If your hair looks dull, dry, lifeless... select one of the 14 Colorinse shades to enhance the beauty of your hair. Ask to see the Colorinse Color Chart at beauty counters. For best results with Colorinse use Nestle Shampoo.

10c for package
of 2 rinses at
10c stores.



25c
for five rinses
at drug and
department stores.

thoroughly cleansing and lubricating your hands. If you'll make these simple, little habits routine in your daily program, harsh ugly hands will soon be a fading memory.

Speaking of brittle nails, while you're checking up, be sure that your diet includes sufficient calcium and minerals (citrus fruits, milk and green vegetables contain the right kinds), for nails must be nourished from inside as well as out. If you eat and sleep right and keep generally fit, then nail creams will help, but don't blame poor results on the preparation if you fail to look after your own physical health. For health is the beginning of beauty—even in your finger tips.

Manicure your nails thoroughly at least twice a week when possible, say, every Tuesday and Saturday. Then do touch-ups and repair jobs every time they're needed.

Your home "tool chest" or manicure kit should contain a small bowl for suds, a soft hand brush, mild soap, nail scissors, flexible file, emery board, orange stick and cotton, oily polish remover, cuticle softener and remover, polish, liquid or paste, nail white, a buffer and a softening cream or lotion. A bit of powdered pumice and peroxide or plain lemon will help with stubborn stains.

FIRST, remove every vestige of old polish with cotton dipped in remover—or by dripping on one of those new tube polish removers. Second, file and shape your nails. File from the corners toward the center, and keep emery board or file away from nail corners. Thin nails must be filed gently with either fine, long flexible steel or else an emery board. Next, soak your nails in warm, soapy water.

Third, scrub nails with a soft brush. Never dig or scrape them with metal implements. Fourth, apply a cuticle softener. During winter months, especially, an oil massage at this point is an extra luxury that smooths and improves hand skin immensely.

Fifth, remove old cuticle with a cotton tipped orange stick dipped in remover. Work this all around gently to loosen cuticle and also stubborn dirt under the nails. A moistened pumice stone rubbed over calloused or rough finger skin will smooth it beautifully. Now for a bit of nail white under the free ends before a final gentle scrubbing.

Dry your fingers separately and your hands thoroughly and you're ready for nail polish. Buffing will smooth ridged, thick, uneven nails. And a clear nail protector applied under polish will save nails and keep polish ever so much smoother and longer. After protector is thoroughly dry, stroke on polish quickly and boldly. Remove all excess with an orange stick dipped in remover, and after this is entirely dry apply another coat of protector.

If your nails are short, polish from base to tip will make them look longer. If they are long, half moons are lovely when carefully done. If your nails are square, leave slim margins beside the polish. Leave moons at the bases and shape their ends into medium long ovals. Remembering that a slim oval is the most graceful nail shape, use your file and polish to achieve this effect. Fit your polish colors and nail lengths to your way of living. Suitability is the first rule of good taste. Bright, gay colors are for gay occasions. Soft or burnished tones are

best for business and daytime wear.

If your hands are large or bony, wear heavy rings and bracelets, loose sleeves and carry large hand bags. If your hands are small, play them up with beautifully molded jewelry, contrasting cuffs, tight sleeves and feminine accessories. Plump hands need very simple lines in sleeves, jewelry and accessories.

Think grace and poise and composure and your hands will convey that impression. Though your face may deceive, your hands are a dead give away of what is in your mind. If your hands express beauty, gaiety and sensitive feelings, there will be plenty of men around to hold them!

Training, care and grooming are three essentials to hand loveliness, and what an important third is grooming! Haven't you seen nails that were perfectly polished but around whose rims the cuticle was so torn, ragged and inflamed that you shuddered inwardly and turned away? We have. But there's no excuse for such carelessness. Hacking of cuticle has gone out of style. Nowadays, professional manicurists and girls all over the country are using a preparation which removes cuticle without cutting and is, therefore, safe, neat, modern and efficient. The name? Trimal—pronounced Trimall—and it's one of the most useful little bottles full of concentrated magic we've ever had the good fortune to find. Just wrap your orange stick with cotton, dip it into Trimal and run it 'round your cuticle. Allow this to remain a few minutes, then soak your fingers in warm water. The dead cuticle will separate, and you can wipe it away with a towel or tissue. Ever hear of anything simpler? It surely is the safe, modern way to attack that dangerous old problem of cuticle. Ask for Trimal at one of your local chain stores.

HOW often have you had to waste precious time, as well as temper, applying nail polish over and over because your hand shook and the stuff just wouldn't go on straight? Moons would look like scalloped pie crusts, side edges took on the appearance of gory wounds and by the time you had finished you were ready to cuss or cry, according to your powers of endurance! Well, then, you'll be glad to know about a perfect gem of a gadget upon which you can rest all of the fingers of one hand comfortably and solidly with nary a slip or quiver while you engage in the fine art of finger nail painting. The name? Le Sager Finger Rest. The price? Believe it or not—ten cents! Where? At chain stores from coast to coast! It's the neatest trick we've spotted in many a week and the best time and disposition saver we ever saw for a dime. Got a pencil handy? Well, then, put it on your shopping list this very minute—or we won't be responsible for what happens the next time you try to apply nail polish!

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A THRILL A MINUTE . . .

(Continued from page 36)

the scene of the crash and pick up the pieces.

"I wanted a long ride. So I blew my entire savings of \$15 on one magnificent flight. Afterward, my only regret was that it would take me so long to save up for another ride.

"Not that I would have had many chances to go up even if I'd had the money. Fliers didn't come to Indiana every day or even every year.

"I had to take out my enthusiasm for flying on something, so I started building model planes. I put 'em together by the gross."

In other words, he gave a thought to aviation long before he thought of acting.

"I got a certain satisfaction out of making toy planes fly. And even more out of an occasional airplane ride, of which I probably had four or five all told, while I was growing up. But my idea of something really satisfying was to learn how to pilot a plane. Only flying lessons were 'way out of my reach. So far out of my reach that I sort of forgot about them after a while.

BUT I didn't outgrow my interest in airplanes. Just before we came to Hollywood, Hank Fonda and I were saving expenses, sharing the same hotel room in New York. We went down to Macy's toy department to shop for toys for some kids we knew. I spotted a box full of parts for a big model airplane, and I bought that for myself." He grinned sheepishly.

"Hank and I didn't have any money to spend on entertainment," he continued, "—especially after Christmas. So we stayed in our two-by-four hotel room and worked on that model airplane. I've never seen such a complicated one. It had hundreds of parts. Hundreds! And most of them were so small we needed tweezers to handle them—and magnifying glasses." He pantomimed the painful labor of joining one infinitesimal part to another.

"We still didn't have it finished when Hank got this sudden offer from Hollywood. He left me to finish it. About three weeks later, I got a sudden offer from Hollywood, myself. I wired Hank. He didn't wire back congratulations. He simply wired, 'Don't forget to bring airplane. Guard with life.' Before I left New York I got five more wires from him all relating to the plane. I didn't know, whether he had been talking up the plane to pals on the Coast or just had visions of the struggle I would have, lugging this enormous, fragile thing 3,000 miles. I detected a note of scornful challenge in Fonda's wires. He didn't think I could get it to Hollywood in one piece.

"I finally found a packing case big enough to hold the thing, and I put a handle on it so that I could carry it. And don't think I *didn't* carry it. I wouldn't let a redcap so much as lay hands on it. On the train, I kept it under my seat by day, under my berth by night. I'm sure the little old lady across the aisle suspected me of transporting a cut-up cadaver, I was so uneasy if anybody got anywhere near the box. . . . Often wonder whatever became of that plane. Fonda kept it on display for a long time, so that he could inform sundry visitors, 'Believe it or not, Stewart piloted that plane across the United States.'"

At that particular point, his interest in planes was a matter for jocular comment



A girl's private life—

"I WANT TO BE ALONE!" There are special times when even the best of us have felt that way. But if you mope and feel sorry for yourself just because of "difficult days", you need a few easy lessons so you won't miss out on fun!

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Put sleigh-rides on your okay list! Just bundle up extra warm and don't tumble in the snow. Instead, lead the singing and cheering . . . or perch up front and help drive the horses. You'll forget about you!

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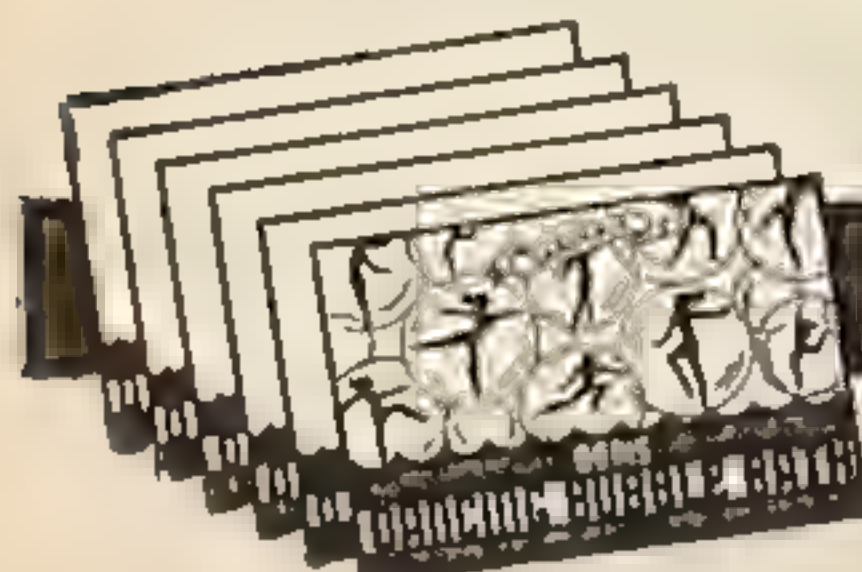
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—not something to be taken seriously, even by myself. As a stranger to Hollywood, he had a lot of new things to learn, new experiences to savor, new people to meet. All of which occupied most of his time.

Then he made "Of Human Hearts" directed by Clarence Brown—now directing him again in "Come Live With Me." Brown not only flies, but owns a plane and has a private airport at his Camarillo ranch. He and Jimmy started talking aviation between scenes. Jimmy also ran into aviation talk at the home of his agent, Leland Hayward (whose wife is Margaret Sullavan, Jimmy's favorite actress). Hayward not only has his own plane but is a director of TWA.

"I got re-enthused," Jimmy explained now. "I suddenly realized that for the first time in my life I had enough money to do something I had always wanted to do: take some flying lessons. So I got a student flier's permit and went over to Clover Field and started learning how to fly. I soloed after ten hours. That was a big thrill—taking a ship off the ground by myself and bringing it down again on all three wheels.

SOME people take flying lessons just to get that thrill. Then they're satisfied and give up flying. But that was just a teaser to me. I decided I wanted to learn to fly well.

"I sort of kept it quiet because I didn't want people worrying about me and maybe grounding me. By the time they found out, I wanted to be able to say, 'But look—I've passed the test for a private pilot's license. The Government says I'm able to handle a plane. You don't have to worry.'

"I still don't know whether my contract forbids my flying or not—I've never read my contract—but I didn't see how the studio could object if I wanted to risk my long neck between pictures—as long as I didn't risk it during production. Anyway, I operated on that theory. I stayed on the ground while I was making pictures, until I had my license. The only trouble was that I got so little time off between pictures, it took me months to build up enough solo flying time to try for a license.

"When I got that license, that was another big thrill. There it was in black and white: I was qualified to operate a private plane. But where was the kick in operating a plane somebody else owned? It was like getting a driver's license just to go riding in a U-Rent-It car. I decided I had to have a plane of my own or bust. I mentioned the matter to my business manager. He screamed to high heaven. He said, 'You don't believe those rumors about your salary that you read in the newspapers, do you?' But he finally said I could have a small one.

"I picked out a Stinson 105, a two-seater, with a fuel tank that would hold enough gas for seven hours' flying. I went to Kansas City last January to fly it out and incidentally to give myself a navigation test.

"Between the weather and my navigation, that trip took five and a half days. I was forced down five times. The fifth time was the bad one. I got lost—and I stayed lost for an hour and a half. I was riding the radio beam into Kingman, Arizona, from about 100 miles away, when it faded out and I couldn't pick it up again. Below there was nothing but mountains, and they all looked alike. I couldn't tell where I was, and I only had a couple more daylight hours in which to get my bearings. To make matters still worse, the storm was tossing the plane around like a cork. It was like riding to Catalina on a rough day. I was

worried that the buffeting was going to tear the plane apart, and I was getting a little air-sick myself. To understate matters considerably, I had to find a place to land without too much delay. I studied the map frantically. It showed a railroad running east and west to the south of me somewhere. I turned south, finally picked up the railroad and followed it into Kingman—with about a half-hour of daylight to spare!"

Apparently afraid that he had come perilously close to dramatizing himself, relating that adventure over Arizona, Jimmy added wryly, "I wonder why it is that I can't get any of my pals to go flying with me? They invariably have something else to do."

He claimed, with a knock on the commissary table, that that Arizona experience was the only close call he had had. He discounted that last trip from Kansas City a few weeks ago. After finishing "The Philadelphia Story" (and wait till you see him in *that!*), he rushed East via airliner for a quick visit with his family. He had an East-bound aviator-friend fly the Stinson to Kansas City, where Jimmy picked it up on his way back to the Coast. This time he spanned the distance in three days. ("I'm improving," he commented.) But darkness overtook him between San Geronimo Pass and Los Angeles—and he had never made a night landing.

"That was when the two-way radio came in handy. I got in touch with the night supervisor at Clover Field, where I was keeping my plane then and told him I was coming in. 'Come on,' he said. It was easy enough to find Los Angeles and to follow Wilshire Boulevard out toward Santa Monica. But then came the tough part: finding Clover Field. It doesn't have any landing lights. The supervisor literally 'talked me down' to the pitch black field."

And Jimmy flies "because it's such great relaxation!"

"I don't go up in the clouds to get away from it all," he said. "But there's so much to think about up there, just to stay up there, that you forget things down below. Flying is something altogether different from the way I'm earning my living. That's what I like about it. I used to make professional movies six days a week and then make home movies on Sunday. That wasn't relaxation. I was always around people who were talking shop, and I was constantly talking shop, myself. Now I'm bumping into people who speak a different language, and in my spare time I'm speaking a different language. When you make four pictures a year, as I do, you can use every bit of variety you can get.

I'VE been lucky so far in the different roles I've had and the different people I've worked with. But flying is a sort of guarantee that life will continue to have variety."

Of late, people have wondered if the Stewart-de Havilland romance has ended—because Jimmy and Olivia haven't been seen at the night spots. The answer to that is those airport breakfasts. Another answer is: When you're going to put an airplane through spins and turns at 6 A.M., you can't do much carousing.

"To get a transport pilot's license," Jimmy explained, "you have to pass tests in precision flying. You have to execute a succession of figure 8's around two pylons a certain distance apart—which isn't so easy when you have to make your turns in a limited amount of space. You have to be able to come in from a thousand feet and make a full-stop landing within forty feet of a certain white line. You have to know how to go into,

and come out of, tailspins. You have to know how to fly by instruments. I've got all the instruments on my plane that an airliner has, and consequently it's so loaded down with gadgets I can hardly get off the ground with two people in it.

"You not only have to pass flying tests to get a transport pilot's license, but you have to pass a four-hour written examination. That's another reason why I'm staying home nights. I'm cramming for that exam—with an Army instructor who comes to the house every night."

But what does Jimmy want with a transport pilot's license? What's he going to do with it?

"To get in the air corps, you need that kind of training. If we get into the war, I want to get into the air corps. And if we don't get into it—well, I'll know some things about flying I didn't know before, anyway."

Meanwhile, you know some things about Jimmy Stewart you haven't known before. Including the fact that he's as serious about flying as he is about acting—though for some inexplicable reason he worries more about acting.

Incidentally, don't overlook the fact that Olivia de Havilland is the one girl who shares both of his big interests in life. That may mean something. Even though Jimmy says, smothering a smile, "N-no, I don't have any marriage plans."

HOLLYWOOD'S NO. 1 MENACE

(Continued from page 27)

at the tip of my tongue. How can you be conceited when you're so unversatile. I can't play a pale poet or a languid lover." He flashed a burlesque leer at me and added, "Not a languid one! I couldn't, for instance, play Donat's Mr. Chips!"

"I can't play anyone with an accent. I'd have to struggle with it. I just can't do that. If I can't believe what I'm doing, I can't make others believe it. That's not being an actor."

"You played 'Boom Town.'"

"A man of action. That's my trouble—I've got to have some action somewhere. I can't play old men. I had a part in 'Strange Interlude' a few years ago and I had to age. They put paint and more paint on my puss, then powder galore and more bags under my eyes than the American Express Company ever carried. It was still Gable! In this picture, I wear a long beard in some scenes—have my map covered with enough hair to keep it warm in an Icelandic blizzard. This, I thought, will fool 'em. But total strangers took one look at me and said, 'Hi ya, Gable!' Even the pigs knew me," he mourned.

"I can't get into 'moods,'" grinned Gable. "What the hell is a mood, anyway? I can't be one of the fellows who study every move they're going to make. I don't think I ever played two takes of the same scene alike. Why, if I figured out in advance what I was going to do in a scene, I'd be so self-conscious, I'd be thinking about my big hands and feet instead of what the scene means."

"Maybe," I reflected aloud, "it's just as well you can't age. Maybe those looks of yours put you up there."

"I'm way overpaid when it comes to my looks, honey," laughed Mr. G.

"But do you really like being an actor?" I asked.

"Sister," he said, "I certainly wanted to act or I wouldn't be out here. No one pushed me up on the stage. I walked up there under my own power. I'm just as

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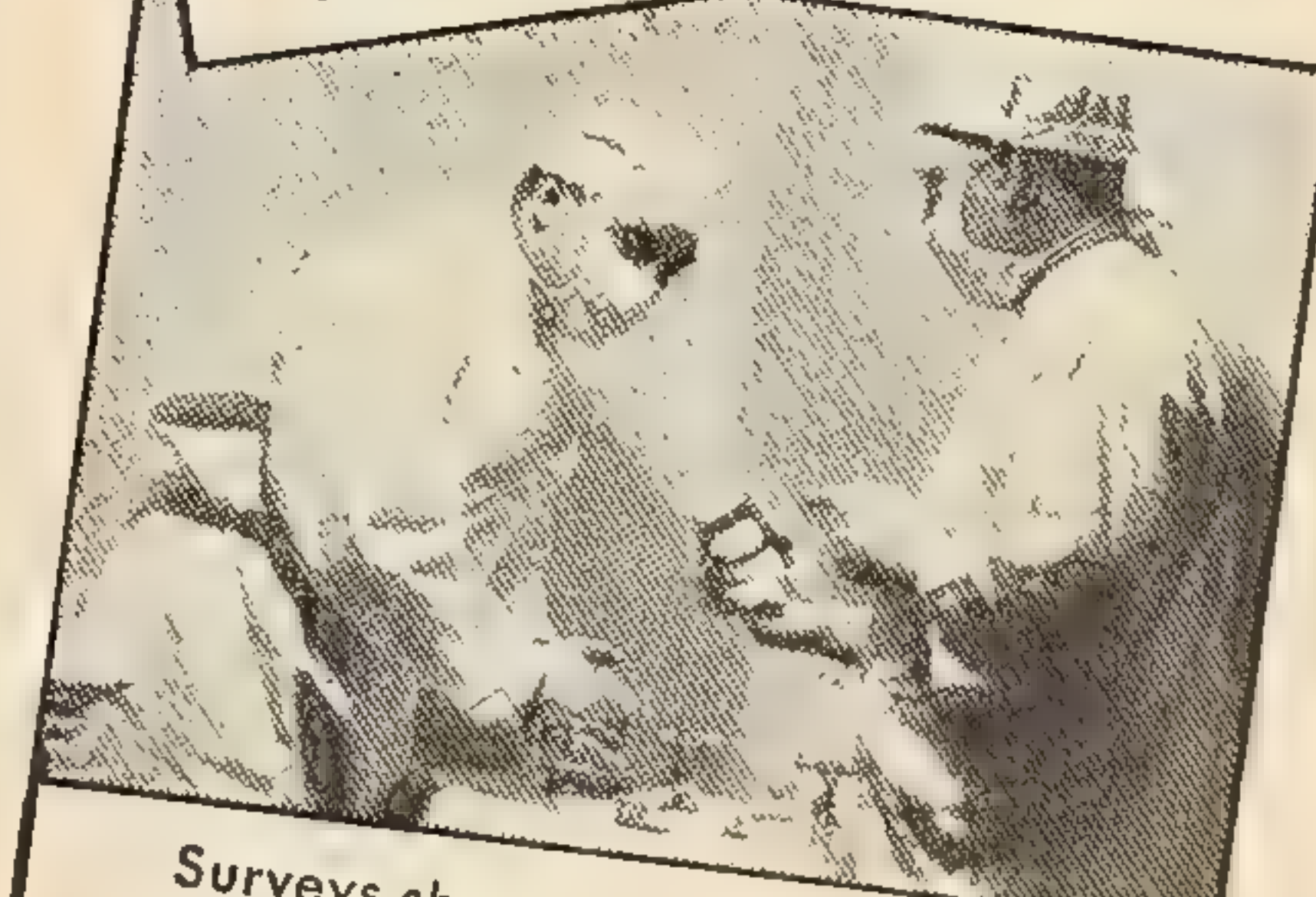
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New Lipstick For Brunettes Gives Your Lips That "NAUGHTY LOOK"



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much of an exhibitionist as the next ham."

"Well, anyway," I said, impatiently, "I don't see what not being able to play old men has to do with your still wearing the same size hat."

"Plenty to do with it. Unless an actor can strut his stuff from slapstick to Shakespeare and back again, he has no reason for bellows in his chest and an oversized hat. You may say that the actor isn't born who can play everything. There are damn few of them, but I can think of one without trying—John Barrymore. If he should want to make the grandstand gestures, he has the right, he's earned it. I just play the same fundamental character everytime."

I accused him of false modesty.

Gable laughed, "I'm being serious. I'm suffering from a lot of things (such as the desire to hop in the car with Carole and go far away from Hollywood) but I do not suffer from false modesty."

"Thing is, I've got my limitations and I know them. When you're fenced in with limitations, you can't rampage like a prize Spanish bull; you might get hurt."

SPEAKING of things Spanish," I interrupted, "reminds me of that trip of yours to South America. The cheering multitudes, the swooning señoritas and all that kind of dilates the inner man, doesn't it?"

"Say, do you remember reading the newspaper accounts of Will Rogers' trip to South America?" countered Clark. "And Bob Taylor's? And Ty Power's? The multitudes cheer and the señoritas swoon over anyone with a name who goes there. Something pretty swell about it, too, but nothing individual. That's what I mean. Why anyone should think he is any different from anyone else is beyond me. If a man does something no other mortal man has ever done, that's something else again. But that's not true of actors, by and large. The fan mail comes into the studio and is sorted alphabetically. Get the idea? The crowd follows me out of a restaurant or theatre, then turns around and follows Taylor. Same crowd. In pictures, everyone has a niche

and I have mine. But how does that make me better than the fellow in the next niche? Follow me?"

"No, honey, I can't get up the wind over this business of being a movie star. An actor sells himself, sure, but only if he gets the material. A story can make a star, a star can't make a story; ever think of that? Then, you've got to have a director who knows what you do best and helps you to do it. The producer does pretty much the same for you. A cameraman can like you and fix you pretty or he can hate the shape of your nose and screw you up so that you can ham your fool head off—right on the cutting room floor. It's certainly not a personal success. That's why I can't understand why anyone in movies should feel he is an Institution, let alone an invaluable one."

"I'm glad to have a chance to discuss this, though. I really am. It's a funny thing, but with all the stuff written about me since I came to Hollywood, I don't believe anyone ever asked me to explain me. I've read a lot about this 'being natural' business, and it doesn't seem a matter of much importance to me or one that should require any explanation. But if people are interested in why I haven't blown my hat, I'll tell 'em: It was already blown before I came to Hollywood! There's your answer in a great big nutshell."

"I guess everybody, at one time or another, gets to thinking he's pretty good, especially if he's an actor."

"I went through it when I was a punk kid and had a job with a stock company. The leading man quit and the company couldn't afford a bigger name, so they put me in to play his parts. With the help of the company and the director, I made good. Of course, I thought I was doing it all myself. I got so not a hat I owned fitted me. That was youth, inexperience. To top it, I played in 'Machinal' on the New York stage, and that went over well. Then I *knew* no one in the world could top me. After that, I had nothing but flops for two whole years. I was even taken out of a couple of shows so that the shows *could* go on."



Jeff Lynn, who only a short time ago vowed his allegiance to Hollywood's bachelor brigade, plays traitor and switches loyalties to gal friend, Dana Dale.

"Somewhere during this period David Belasco made it clear to me that I hadn't the semblance of an idea about acting. He said he didn't know that I'd ever make it. Then I went to the other extreme, depression, melancholy, but I came out of that, too, onto middle ground. Am I glad Belasco blew me down like that? Damn right I am.

"What I'm getting at is this—and it's something no one ever knew or, for that matter, cared about: I came to Hollywood with humiliation. When I came, in a pretty potent play, 'The Last Mile,' I had no idea of getting into pictures. Lionel Barrymore saw me and spoke for me. Get it? I wasn't rushed out by a chartered plane from New York because Hollywood hungered for Gable.

"I was no 'overnight' success after that either. I think it's pretty well-known that at first I couldn't even get a job as an extra. When I did break in, I got very small parts. A laundryman was one of my first assignments. I played a chauffeur at Warner Brothers. I had a small part with Jean Harlow in 'The Secret Six.' Both of us spent our time wondering whether we'd ever get another job! I made any number of 'B' pictures. Yep, it took me two years to get started after I appeared in that first film. Got my first recognition as the heavy in 'Dance, Fools, Dance.' And why? Because the man I played was a potent guy who bumped off a brace of men and then sat in tails in a drawing room and played soft music on the piano. Why, the boy was a 'natural' when the author's brain conceived him!

"You can't figure stardom. That's why you can't take the bows for it. Like when I played the gangster with Norma Shearer in 'A Free Soul.' I hadn't picked that part for myself with rare acumen—I played it only because every other actor in Hollywood turned it down. Too small for them, they said, too risky. When I socked Norma across the jaw in that picture, it might have done for me, but the women applauded the scene and the goose hung high! What makes a man a star is your guess as well as mine. But I don't have a standing order at the florist to send myself bouquets because I engineered the breaks I've had, for myself!

"When Claudette and I made 'It Happened One Night,' we were both being 'punished' by our studios. I forget what for. The thing wouldn't be any good, it was thought, so we'd just rip through it, have some laughs, let it go at that. You know how that panned out.

"So, again I say, why should anyone take bows for being a part of a good motion picture? Conceit is a disease of the very young."

The assistant director looked in on us again. "We're through for the night, Clark," he said. "See you tomorrow."

Clark reached for his hat. A gray fedora; old, battered, somewhat out of shape.

"Ten years old, this topper," he grinned. He put it on his head. It fit. Perfectly.

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DATE BAIT

(Continued from page 33)

to utter. Nowadays the Parrish telephone is gathering cobwebs. Hollywood's younger suitors don't bother to call, and when they speak of Helen and Charlie, they hyphenate the names.

A few years before Brenda Joyce became one of the most promising starlets in Hollywood, she was "the popularity kid" in school and always the center of a group of the smoothest boy students.

WHEN Brenda first met Owen Ward she looked him over, liked what she saw and smiled her Sunday smile. Which is very, very Sunday. Ward returned the smile blandly and said, "Nice to have met you. Goodbye." And walked away.

That was a new one in Brenda's book. Never before had a boy been able to dismiss the high voltage look in her eyes. It fascinated her and piqued her a bit, too. She decided that Owen needed looking into. From that day on, Brenda contrived to meet him in the school corridors between classes, at the lunchroom and at the games. In fact, Miss Joyce began to make a career out of meeting Owen Ward. Finally, she shook her pack of pursuers one day and ran into Owen alone. She grabbed his arm as he attempted to pass by with just a brief nod, and asked quite bluntly, "What's wrong with me? Why do you avoid me?" Two very leading questions that most girls would rather die than ask. But not Brenda.

Owen pondered and smiled quizzically. "I like you, but I don't care to be just one of the boys."

Soon it was just Owen Ward and Brenda Joyce. It still is today. Owen's an unusual type of American youth. He wants no part of Brenda's publicity and ballyhoo. He refuses to take her to the well-known night-spots frequented by the stars, and he won't have himself mugged by the hocus focus men with Brenda.

Casting director Lew Schrieber pleaded with Owen to take a screen test, but the answer was an unqualified "Nothing doing," and he meant it. But that's all right with Brenda. Owen's studying to take his public accountant examinations, and when he passes them the two kids will probably team up together for life.

It didn't happen in Hollywood but in Dallas, Texas—the meeting between Linda Darnell and Jaime Jorba (pronounced Hymie Yorba). This young Spanish refugee hadn't been a high school student more than a week before practically all the girls were swooning over "the marvelous new man." All of them except Linda Darnell who thought it was disgusting to go so completely haywire over some insignificant boy.

When she met him accidentally at lunch one day, she found him as courteous as he was handsome. She was glad to admit she was wrong, and from the way Linda talked to us about Jaime, it was easy to infer that she had "fallen" for him at the first meeting. And apparently he for her.

In order to be near Linda, Jaime defied the government and overstayed his six-month visitor's permit. As a result, he had to go to Mexico City where he has remained for over three years. Each week, however, Linda gets a letter from Jaime written in Spanish, which she learned with a speed that she had never shown in her other school subjects.

"I have been dreaming about seeing Jaime for the past three and a half

years," Linda told us. Of course, I've been seeing dozens of other boys—having a wonderful time, but I could never fall in love with anyone else until I found out for sure about Jaime. I don't know whether it would be possible for us to be happily married or not. He is even more jealous than the average Spaniard.

"He's jealous of my career, for instance. He told me he would demand that I quit pictures immediately after marriage. But who knows—if he is the same person I knew in Dallas, I may even be willing to do that."

We all know it's no trick to look provocative sipping champagne, but when a girl can look glamorous guzzling a double dip soda, a fellow really has something! Just ask the man who dates one. Don Kahn's the lucky chap in question this time, and Ann Rutherford's the gal. Yes, the way to Ann's heart was via the chocolate soda route. Don lured her out for one ten minutes after they were introduced, and the romance was off to a swell start—until...

ONE morning, Chuck Isaacs, one of Don's closest pals, went along to a breakfast party given by Ann at her new Westwood Hills home. One look and he knew she was the girl he'd always wanted to share a chocolate soda with—but every time he took her out Don went along!

Chuck is a yachtsman of some note on Pacific waters, so he asked Ann to go sailing with him. She consented and blithely suggested that Don go along, too. Chuck had to agree, even though the idea didn't appeal to him much. As they sailed from Coronado to Catalina, Chuck gave Ann a few lessons in navigation while Don sat nearby in the cockpit and burned.

He felt much better about it, though, when he read in a Hollywood column that "Chuck Isaacs, the boy with the yacht, is running around with Ann Rutherford—who likes yachts." That was a measure of consolation. Maybe Ann liked the yacht better than Chuck. Don asked her point-blank, while the three of them were sipping chocolate sodas.

Ann told the two boys she liked them both equally well and that she didn't know two other boys whom she liked better. But, she added, she had to think only of her career for the present. Only a super-diplomat could say that to her two most persistent suitors and make them like it.

They liked it and Ann so well that the breach which was ruining a good friendship was mended. They still go out with Ann together most of the time. They accept with grace her breaking of dates at the last minute, because they know she does so only when she's working overtime or is too tired from long hours before the camera. They're on hand, too, when she asks them to take her out at the last minute.

Yes, Don and Chuck like Polly Benedict Rutherford so well that it has reached a point where the three of them have even dipped three straws into the same chocolate soda! That's really the test of friendship and adolescent love!

But having boy meet girl is the same old headache to the Hollywood scripter or praiser. He still speculates on how he can cleverly get the verb "meets" to fit cozily between "boy" and "girl." Somebody ought to tell him how well the real Hollywood boys and girls manage that all by themselves!

SHOOTING FOR THE STARS

(Continued from page 25)

"On the other hand, an actress like Merle Oberon gives the photographer a good deal of work. Her countenance can only be photographed from certain angles. And as to clothes, her body requires that she wear either fluffy dresses or evening gowns to show her up to advantage. Jean Arthur, a dear friend of mine, won't mind my mentioning that her face is also a lighting job, but, when it comes to attire, she is perfectly photogenic in anything from a cowboy costume to a bathing suit.

"Thinking back on personalities, I recall that I had difficulties with Ingrid Bergman when I worked on 'Intermezzo.' Ingrid is really two persons. Shoot her from one side and she's breath-takingly beautiful. Shoot her from the other, and she's average."

Toland paused for punctuation, then smiled.

"Of course," he said cheerfully, "I'd rather photograph girls like June Lang and Arleen Whelan with their pretty little faces, than any. Because they're no work at all. You set your camera and your lights anywhere, and they still look cute. If I shot them constantly, though, I'd become far too lazy."

Now he spoke of the stronger sex.

"The most photogenic male is Gary Cooper. But he looks best when he isn't photographed well! Here's what I mean. If he's shot casually and naturally, without frills or fuss, he has plenty of femme appeal. He doesn't have to be dolled up like the juvenile leads. If you don't be-

lieve me, just take a gander at him in 'The Westerner.' He's grand in it and without special lighting or any make-up.

"Henry Fonda is another I enjoy working with. He also doesn't require make-up. And he's so damn intelligent. Understands props, stage business, electricity. You know, Fonda's main hobby is photography, and on 'The Grapes of Wrath' he spent half his time looking through my camera, which, of course, gave him a better understanding of what I was after."

I inquired about Toland's most recent and celebrated patient, Orson Welles.

SHOT 'Citizen Kane' in sixteen weeks," explained Toland. "It's an unusual picture. For example, we worked with no beams or parallels (to hold spots) for the first time in Hollywood history. All sets were given natural ceilings, which made bright lighting difficult but also made for realism.

"Orson Welles was an interesting type to shoot, especially his characterization, changing from a lad of twenty-five to an old man of seventy, and wearing, in old age, blood-shot glass-caps over his eyes.

"His problem, today, will depend on whether audiences prefer him as a character actor or as himself. I like one quality in his acting and direction. Stubbornness. He would bitterly fight every technical problem that came up. Never say die. Never."

Gregg Toland confessed that the one defect he'd found in most actors and

actresses was discoloration and lines or wrinkles under their eyes. "Were we to leave them natural, it would make them appear tired and haggard on the screen, especially since they are amplified so greatly. So, I place bright spotlights directly in their faces, which wash out these lines and make their faces smoother."

Then Toland began discussing technical problems in a very untechnical manner. It was a liberal education in cinema craft. He spoke fondly of "The Grapes of Wrath." Said he enjoyed much of it because he was able to shoot his favorite type of scene—building somber moods through shadowy low-keyed lighting, such as the opening candlelight scene in that classic of the soil. "We slaved, Jack Ford and I, to make that picture real," Toland revealed. "We sent the cast out to acquire good healthy sunburns. We threw away soft diffusion lenses. We shot the whole thing candid-camera style, like a newsreel. That's the trend today in Hollywood. Realism.

"Of course," he added, "sometimes realism is attained only through complete trickery. Remember the third or fourth shot in the beginning of 'The Long Voyage Home?' The scene of the ship floating and rocking on the water? Here's how that was done. I had the studio build half a miniature boat, set it on a dry stage. Then I took a pan full of plain water, placed it on a level with my lens—and shot my scene over this pan of water, catching the boat and giving the perfect

(Continued on page 84)

MARtha Scott and William Gargan starring in "Cheers for Miss Bishop", a Richard Rowland Production for U.A.

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(Continued from page 62)

NAME	MARRIED TO	DATE OF MARRIAGE	MATE'S PROFESSION	PREVIOUS MATES	CHILDREN	STATUS OF MARRIAGE
Holden, Fay	David Clyde	Winter, 1914	Actor	None	None	Love found Ma Hardy
Holt, Tim	Virginia Ashcraft	Dec. 10, 1938	Student	None	Lance, 1	Definitely stable
Hope, Bob	Dolores Read	Dec. 25, 1934	Singer	None	Linda, 16 mos.; Tony, 6 mos.; both adopted	Yehoodi beams on this one
Howard, Leslie	Ruth Martin	Mar. 13, 1916	Social worker	None	Ronald, 22; Leslie, 17	The rumors persist
Hubbard, John	Lois Golder	Apr. 1, 1939	Non-prof.	None	Initial production on way	Bill-y and coo-y
Hudson, Rochelle	Hal Thompson	Aug. 16, 1939	Disney director	None	None	Storm warnings posted
Hunt, Marsha	Jerry Hopper	Dec. 23, 1938	Film editor	None	None	Christmas every day
Hunter, Ian	Casha Pringle	Fall, 1926	Actress	None	Jolyon, 12; Robin, 9	Ecstatic in a reserved way
Hymer, Warren	Virginia Meyer	Feb. 21, 1936	Non-prof.	None	None	Not too happy
Jagger, Dean	Antoinette Lowrance	Jan. 29, 1935	Writer	None	None	Won't emulate Brigham Young's
Jones, Allan	Irene Hervey	June 26, 1936	Actress	One	Jack, 3; son, 11, by first wife	Close harmony
Jones, Buck	Odelle Osborn	August, 1915	Non-prof.	None	Maxine, 23	Riding high
Joslyn, Allyn	Dorothy Yockel	Mar. 7, 1934	Actress	None	None	Yockel-girl makes good
Kibbee, Guy	Brownie Read	Aug. 27, 1927	Advertising copywriter	None	Shirley, 9; Guy, Jr., 5	Still Lohengrinning
Kruger, Otto	Susan MacNamany	Sept. 20, 1919	Actress	None	Otilie Ann, 14	A wear-ever model
Lake, Arthur	Patricia Van Cleve	July 25, 1937	Actress	None	None	On an even keel
Lake, Veronica	John Detlie	Sept. 26, 1940	Studio art director	None	None	June in January
Lang, June	John Roselli	Apr. 1, 1940	Businessman	Vic Orsatti	None	Too sudden to be sure
Langford, Frances	Jon Hall	June 4, 1938	Actor	None	None	Love in tune
LaRue, Jack	Constance Deighton-Simpson	Jan. 31, 1937	Socialite	None	None	Coasting along
Laughton, Charles	Elsa Lanchester	Feb. 28, 1929	Actress	None	None	They Found What They Wanted
Lederer, Francis	Margo	Oct. 16, 1937	Actress	One	None	Separation looks permanent
Leeds, Andrea	Bob Howard	Oct. 25, 1939	Millionaire sportsman	None	Heir en route	In fine shape
Leigh, Vivien	Laurence Olivier	Aug. 30, 1940	Actor	Leigh Holman	Suzanne, 7, by former marriage	A fire hazard
Livingston, Robert	Dorothy Gee	Nov. 30, 1935	Non-prof.	None	None	Made in heaven
Lockhart, Gene	Kathleen Arthur	June 12, 1924	Actress	None	June, 15	Long term contract
Lombard, Carole	Clark Gable	Mar. 29, 1939	Actor	Wm. Powell	None	Ask Mr. Gable
Lorre, Peter	Cecile Lvovsky	June 22, 1934	Actress	None	None	Two sensible people
Louise, Anita	Maurice E. Adler	May 18, 1940	Theatre owner	None	None	Sittin' pretty
Loy, Myrna	Arthur Hornblow	June 27, 1936	Producer	None	None	There's been talk
Lugosi, Bela	Lillian Arch	Jan. 31, 1933	Non-prof.	Beatrice Weeks	None	Thrills but no chills
Lupino, Ida	Louis Hayward	Nov. 16, 1938	Actor	None	None	Nothing wayward about Hayward
MacDonald, Jeanette	Gene Raymond	June 16, 1937	Actor	None	None	Molasses and honey
MacLane, Barton	Charlotte Wynters	Nov. 22, 1939	Actress	One	None	Toast-burning stage
MacMurray, Fred	Lillian Lamont	June 20, 1936	Show girl	None	Susan, 5 mos. adopted	Stars in their eyes
March, Fredric	Florence Eldridge	Spring, 1928	Actress	None	Penelope, 8; Tony, 6½; both adopted	Perpetual devotion
Marshal, Alan	Mary Grace Borel	Nov. 18, 1938	Socialite	None	One infant	They're likethis
Marshall, Herbert	Lee Russell	Feb. 27, 1940	Actress	Mollie Maitland; Edna Best	Sarah, 8, by Edna Best	Safe on third
Martin, Mary	Richard Halliday	May 4, 1940	Literary agent	None	None	Aflame
Massen, Osa	Alan Hersholt	Dec. 15, 1938	Film critic	None	None	Following in the Hersholt tradition
Massey, Raymond	Dorothy Whitney	July 10, 1939	Socialite	Peggy Fremantle, Adrienne Allen	Son, 17, and daughter, 7, by first wife; son, 3, by second wife	This time's the last time
Maynard, Ken	Bertha Denham	Nov. 15, 1939	Circus performer	Mary Elsa	None	Faring better than first
McCrea, Joel	Frances Dee	Oct. 20, 1933	Actress	None	Joel, 6; David, 5	Dee-lightful
McHugh, Frank	Dorothy McIsaacs	Feb. 27, 1933	Non-prof.	None	Michael, 5; Peter, 11, and Susan, 8, by wife's first marriage	The real McHugh
McLaglen, Victor	Edna Lamont	Oct. 28, 1919	Non-prof.	None	Andrew, 20; Sheila, 17	Good as new
McPhail, Douglas	Betty Jaynes	January, 1939	Singer	None	Joan Lorraine, 1	Smooth sailing
Menjou, Adolphe	Verree Teasdale	Aug. 25, 1934	Actress	Two	Peter Adolphe, 4	Verree happy
Merkel, Una	Ronald Burla	Jan. 1, 1932	Engineer	None	None	"Perfect," says Una

NAME	MARRIED TO	DATE OF MARRIAGE	MATE'S PROFESSION	PREVIOUS MATES	CHILDREN	STATUS OF MARRIAGE
Milland, Ray	Muriel Webber	Oct. 2, 1931	Non-prof.	None	Daniel David, 9 mos.	Honeymoon for three
Mitchell, Thomas	Rachel Hartzell	Jan., 1938	Actress	One	Ann, 22, by first wife	Like the 'Frisco quake—shaky
Montgomery, Robert	Elizabeth Allen	Apr. 14, 1928	Actress	None	Betty, 7; Robert, 4	Having wonderful time
Moore, Constance	Johnny Maschio	Apr. 29, 1939	Actors' agent	None	None	Lifelong option lifted
Morgan, Dennis	Lillian Vedder	Sept. 5, 1933	Retired drama teacher	None	Stanley, 6; Kristen, 3	Going down for the 3rd time
Mowbray, Alan	Lorraine Carpenter	Aug. 1, 1930	Non-prof.	None	Patricia, 10; Alan II, 6	Entitled to service stripes
Muni, Paul	Bella Finkel	May 8, 1921	Former stage actress	None	None	Stands the test of time
Murphy, George	Juliette Johnson	Dec. 28, 1926	Former dancing partner	None	Dennis Michael, 2	Lucky partners
Naish, J. Carrol	Gladys Heaney	Feb. 10, 1928	Actress	None	Carol Elaine, 9	It's a "take"
Niven, David	Primula Rollo	Oct. 3, 1940	Social worker	None	None	No recent communicate
Nolan, Lloyd	Mell Efrid	May 10, 1933	Actress	None	One en route	Straight from "Modern Romances"
Oakie, Jack	Venita Varden	Mar. 23, 1936	Actress	None	None	Peaceful at present
Oberon, Merle	Alexander Korda	June 5, 1939	Producer	None	None	Complete ac-Korda
O'Brien, George	Marguerite Churchill	July 15, 1933	Retired actress	None	Erin, 5½; Darcy, 1½	Must be unlucky at cards
O'Brien, Pat	Eloise Taylor	Jan. 23, 1931	Actress	None	Mavourneen, 6; Sean, 3; Christopher, 2; all adopted	No quarrels yet
O'Hara, Maureen	George Brown	May 28, 1940	Film technical adviser in Eire	None	None	Oceans apart
O'Keefe, Dennis	Steffi Duna	Oct. 18, 1940	Actress	Louise Stanley	None	Made for each other
Olivier, Laurence	Vivien Leigh	Aug. 30, 1940	Actress	Jill Esmond	Simon, 5, by first marriage	Story-book stuff
O'Sullivan, Maureen	John W. Farrow	Sept. 25, 1934	Writer; now in Canadian army	None	Michael, 1½	Temporary war casualty
Palette, Eugene	Marjorie Cagnacci	Sept. 19, 1932	Non-prof.	None	None	No news is good news
Parker, Cecilia	Dick Baldwin	June 2, 1938	Actor	None	First on its way	Look up synonym for "bliss"

(Continued on page 98)

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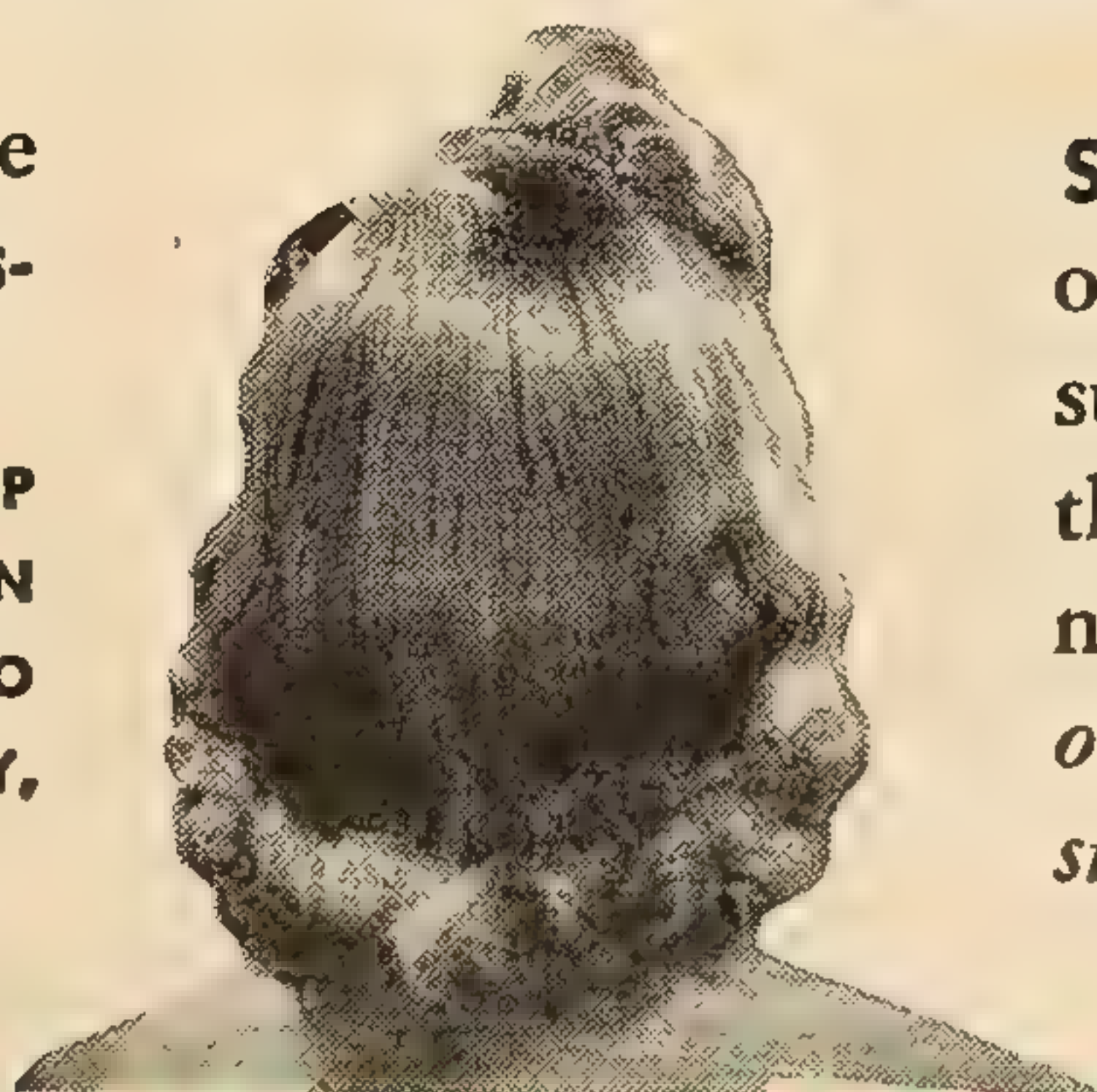
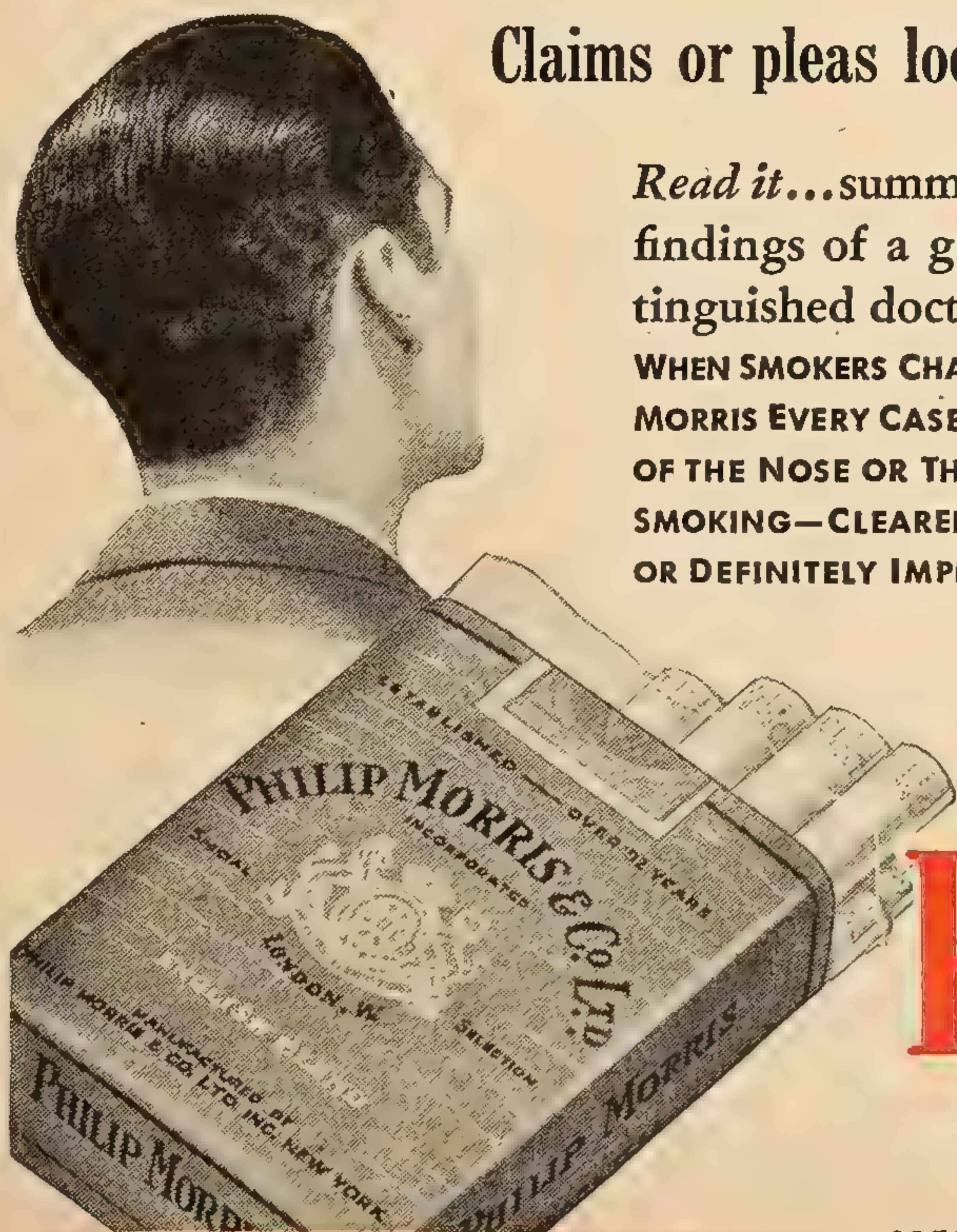
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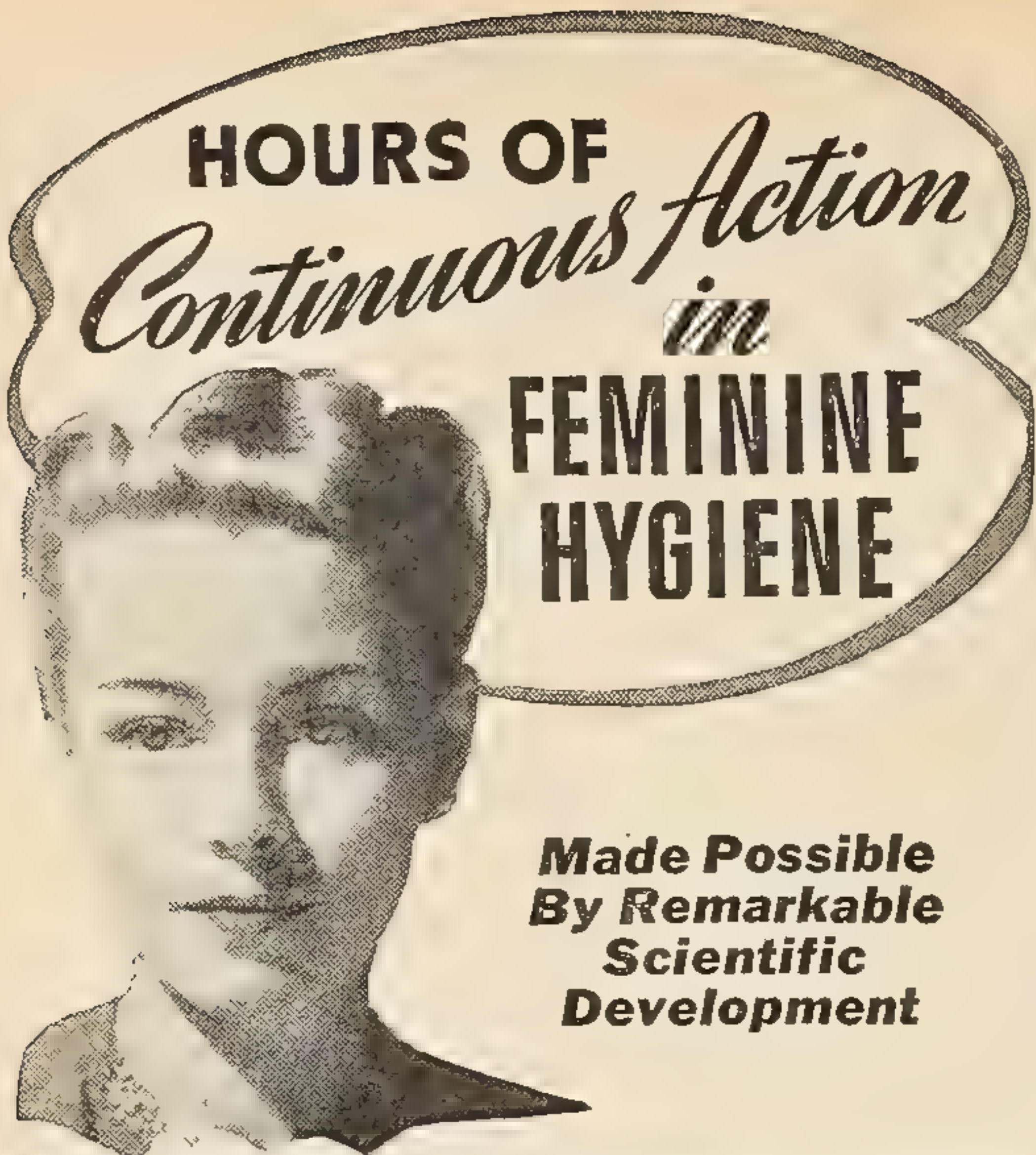
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(Continued from page 81)

illusion of its being in the water. But I better not tell you too much of that. Trade secrets, you know. You better have another beer . . ."

But, instead of another beer, I indulged in something equally stimulating. I saw another ace cameraman. I left Toland, drove out into the Valley north of Hollywood and halted before an intimate Oriental restaurant bearing a blinking neon that read "Ching How."

This restaurant was the hobby and hide-out of the cherubic Chinese cameraman, James Wong Howe, the place where he came in the evening, to chat with old friends or supervise a steaming chow mein after a hard and tiresome day with Ann Sheridan, Rita Hayworth, Hedy Lamarr or Loretta Young!

LOOKING at Jimmy Howe, you'd never know what he's been through and what his keen eyes have seen. Not because he has the "inscrutable" yellow man's face of fiction, the traditional face that hides feelings and emotions, but because he is so cheerful, so friendly, so disarmingly sincere.

You wouldn't know that he once fought gory battles in the fistic arena for ten bucks a knockout, or that he got his first job in Hollywood as a camera assistant at that same price. But you would know, immediately, that Jimmy Howe is as American as you or I, born in Pasco, Washington, of a farmer father; and you would know, too, immediately, that he understands more about Hollywood stars than any photographer alive.

I found Jimmy Howe a little interview-shy when it came to discussing personalities. That was because he'd been burned once. Recently, a reporter asked him about Bette Davis, and Howe told the reporter that Bette's enormous eyes were her finest feature, and that they must be emphasized by lighting, whereas her long thin neck must be shadowed. The reporter misquoted him as stating that Bette was badly pop-eyed. Ever since, Howe has been afraid to explain the truth to Bette—and if she reads this—well, hell, Bette, the guy thinks you're the greatest actress on earth!

Over a delicious dish of aged Chinese eggs, bamboo shoots and other Far Eastern delicacies, in a nook of his popular eatery, Jimmy Howe softened sufficiently to discuss the women he had captured for celluloid.

He digressed on the subject of glamour gals.

"Hedy Lamarr has more glamour than anyone in Hollywood. Her jet black hair and fine light complexion, marvelously contrasting, requires no faking soft diffusion lens. But, like all glamour ladies, she must be aided by the cameraman. First of all, I took attention away from her lack of full breasts by playing up her eyes and lips. With a bright light I created a shadow to make you forget her weak chin. Then, I really went to town! I planted an arc on a level with her eyes, shadowing her forehead and blending it and her hair into a dark background. Now, all attention was focused on her eyes. Remember her first meeting with Boyer in 'Algiers?' Her eyes got away with lines that would never have passed Mr. Hays.

"It's an old glamour trick. The average girl should learn it. For example, when you wear a hat with a low brim, and then have to peer out from under the brim, it makes you more interesting, centers attention on your orbs. When you sport a half-veil, you have to look from behind it and thus become an exciting and intriguing person. There's no ques-

tion about it. The eyes certainly have it.

"Now Ann Sheridan. Her gorgeous throat and shoulders, and those lips. I light them up and disguise the fact that her nose is irregular and her cheeks overly plump. Incidentally, to correct her nose, which curves slightly to the left, I put kliegs full on the left side of her face, pushing her nose perfectly straight. Once, on 'Torrid Zone,' when Annie arrived on the set with a pimple on her chin, I had the make-up man convert it into a beauty mark, and then viewing her through the camera, realized that this concentrated attention on her full lips, which made her even more glamorous!

"Each actress, no matter how beautiful, becomes a problem. Madeleine Carroll has a good and bad side to her face, like so many others. I always shoot her three-quarters, because it thins her out. A full face shot makes her too fleshy. With Myrna Loy, there must not be white around her neck, because it's too contrasting to her complexion. Moreover, lights must be low, shooting upward, to reduce the size of her underpinnings.

"Zorina, off-screen, relaxing, is an ordinary woman, with a good-sized healthy body. But, the minute she dances before the camera, her true personality grows. Her face turns from good looking to gorgeous. Her body becomes smaller and willowy. She's easy to work with, except that an enthusiastic uncle of hers, a doctor, gave her four vaccination marks when she was young, and we have to get rid of them with make-up and special lights.

"But you want to know the most photogenic lady I ever set my lens upon? Priscilla Lane. An absolutely eye-soothing face, despite a generous mouth. A fine skin texture. A rounded facial structure. Mmm. Lovely to look at.

"There is no perfect camera face, Confucius say. Not even Loretta Young, who is reputed to have a camera-proof face. Why, she wouldn't want a perfect face and neither would any other actress. A perfect face, without irregular features, would be monotonous and tiresome to observe. Of course, a well-balanced face is another thing. Oh, I've seen so-called perfect faces—those composite photographs showing Lamarr's eyes, Leigh's nose, Dietrich's lips—but the result is always surprisingly vacant!

MOST women must be photographed with flat lights, shooting down from a forty-five degree angle, because this lighting washes out any defects. Whereas, a cross-lighting from either side, while it makes the face natural and round and real, also accentuates wrinkles, blemishes and bad lines. There are exceptions. Flat lighting would wash Joan Crawford's face clean to the point of blankness. Cross-lighting chisels her beautifully. But others can't stand up as well.

"I'm not telling you these inside items on the stars to give you a sensational story. I'm trying to point out this—that while the Chinese author, Lin Yutang, wrote a book called 'The Importance of Living,' I should like to write one called, 'The Importance of Lighting.' It's all-important. Take a look at the way celebrities appear in a newsreel, without careful kliegs adjusted to them. They seem messy.

"Why, the only newsreel personages I ever saw who looked decent without expert work on them, and who were, in fact, once offered a million dollars to come to Hollywood, were the Windsors. Now Wally Simpson is a bit too thin in the face and has some blemishes. But this could be corrected by shooting her

three-quarters, the lights flat against her. She should never be shot in profile. As to the Duke, Edward himself, well, while he often appears a bit weary and haggard, he would have to be kept that way in Hollywood. It's part of his adult charm. We wouldn't want to wash that out with faked brightness."

Now the little man expounded on picture-making. He told exactly the way pictures should be made. Here's Howe:

"My theory of picture-making is that a movie must run true. It must be real. You must not feel that it is obviously a movie. A big fault is that photographers often try to make their photography stand out. That is bad. If you go away raving about the photography of certain scenes, you've seen a bad photographic job."

"When I was a beginner, 'way back, I had that common failing. I never gave a damn about the actor. All I wanted was to get those fat beautiful clouds in, so people would say, 'Some shot. Some photographer.' But now I know that's not professional."

There was one more thing. I had a hunch a lot of photographers, like producers, were repressed actors at heart. Did James Wong Howe ever aspire to histrionics?

"Oh, once I almost became an actor. The late Richard Boleslavsky wanted me to play with Greta Garbo in 'The Painted Veil.' Just a bit part. I refused. My place is behind the big machine, not in front of it. Besides I'd be scared stiff. Me, Wong Howe, an actor? Hell, the boys would rib the pants off me!"

To continue my scientific study of the lads behind the lenses, I went to a party of General Service Studios. There, on the lavish set of "Lady Hamilton," Vivien

Leigh was passing out cake to celebrate her birthday, and a stocky, dark-haired handsome man named Rudolph Mate was celebrating his first year as a full-fledged American citizen.

Rudolph Mate, born in Poland, student of philosophy, lover of fine paintings, was the cameraman on the newest Leigh-Olivier vehicle. His previous pictures had been movie milestones—"Love Affair," "Foreign Correspondent" and "Seven Sinners."

I asked Mate about the ingredients that make a tip-top photographer, and he answered very slowly and very precisely. He spoke slowly to prevent becoming mixed in the languages he knows—French, German, Hungarian, Russian, Polish, English and pinochle—all of which he speaks fluently.

TO become a good photographer, one must have a complete knowledge of the technical end," stated Mate. He pointed toward his \$15,000 movable camera. "One must make everything about that instrument a habit, a second nature, as natural and uncomplicated as walking. This complete technical knowledge gives one time, on the set, to think in terms of the story being shot. A photographer must be creative, imaginative. Above all, he must have a talent for continuity."

"What do I mean by continuity? The celluloid mustn't be scatterbrained. For example, every day a cameraman looks at the daily rushes of the footage he's shot. Some photographers have excellent daily rushes, excellent separate scenes—but, when the film is cut, patched together, it's mediocre and without full meaning because the cameraman had no feel of harmony, no sense of continuity."

"A cameraman must be thorough. I

study a script page by page and solve each problem as I study it. Also, on the side, I study oil paintings and works of art. In fact, I have a big collection of my own, because this study gives a cameraman knowledge of composition and color."

Rudolph Mate was ecstatic about Vivien Leigh as Lady Hamilton.

"A marvelous subject. Cool. Positive. The certain beauty of a steel dagger. No bad facial angles. And an actress in her head and in her heart. Laurence Olivier is fine for me to shoot, too. His face is so expressive. It has so much character."

Mate admitted that he had enjoyed toiling with Marlene Dietrich on "Seven Sinners," and that he was scheduled to do her next opus at Universal.

"She has a wonderful head. I mean both brains and shape. Furthermore, like no other actress, she understands lighting problems and angles, and takes all suggestions without a fight. She is cooperative despite the nonsense you read. She will pose for fifty different takes if need be. The reason she knows so much is that she acquired her photographic education from Josef Von Sternberg, her first director, who still has the best pictorial mind in the cinema business."

Mate, I understood, was a master magician at trickery. He could make anything real. In "Lady Hamilton," you'll see the Battle of Trafalgar, when Olivier as Lord Nelson is killed. It'll be a terrific scene, realistic as war and death—but remember, it was made with miniature boats, only five feet tall, costing \$1,000 each, and the cannon balls were tiny marbles shot into thin balsa wood.

Remember, too, that Mate can—and often has—made mob scenes involving thousands of people with just a half

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dozen extras. This he has accomplished with a special "button lens," one with 220 separate openings for images, thus multiplying anything it is focused upon.

Rudolph Mate had a date with Vivien Leigh, in front of the camera, and I had one, at Warner Brothers Studio, with a gentleman named Ernie Haller, a studious architect who wound up by becoming the genius to put that little tidbit labeled "Gone With the Wind" on celluloid.

Good-natured, bespectacled Ernie Haller didn't waste words. "The cameraman's main duty is to tell a story with lighting. Next, he must have a thorough understanding or feeling for composition; you know, how to group and balance people and objects properly. It's like salesmanship—you create a point of interest, and you try to sell the fans a star or an idea by subtly focusing attention on this point of interest."

Haller referred to a few tangible points of interest.

"I'm not merely being loyal to Warners when I tell you Ann Sheridan is the most photogenic female in this town today. Her features are well proportioned and take lighting easily. The most photogenic man is Errol Flynn. His oval face stands up from any angle or under any lighting condition.

"But, as you know, we have our sticklers, too. There's Clark Gable. I always shoot him three-quarters, so that you see only one of his ears. If you saw both at once, they'd look like mine do—stick out like the arms of a loving cup.

BRENDA MARSHALL, whom I'm working with at present, is a fine actress. Her only defects are a slightly crooked nose and eyes set too closely together. I light up one side of her face more fully to straighten the nose, and push inkies square into Brenda's face to spread her eyes.

"When I shot GWTW, I found Vivien Leigh ideal for Technicolor. But I learned too much light was extremely bad for her. Her face was delicate and small, and full brightness would wash out her features and spoil the modeling of her countenance. Another thing. She has blue eyes. David Selznick wanted them green. So I set up a baby spot with amber gelatine, placed it under my lens, and Scarlett wound up with green eyes.

"Listen, they all have handicaps that we have to correct. Most have square

jaws, which must be softened and rounded. Some have prominent noses, which requires a low light set at the knees to push up their noses. Some actresses have thin legs. We plant spots right at their feet to fill 'em out.

"There's no limit to what we have to do. We keep middle-aged actresses young by using special diffusing lenses that make faces mellow, hazy, soft, foggy, ethereal. We use these lenses on mood scenes, too, thus enabling us to create cold, crisp mornings on hot, sultry days.

"In my time, I've put them all in my black box. Some who were difficult and some who were easy, ranging from Mae Murray and Norma Talmadge to Dick Barthelmess and Bette Davis. I've never had trouble because I knew sculpturing, knew the basic foundation of the human face and was able to become, literally, a plastic surgeon with lights." Says Haller:

"Most trick stuff is in the hands of the Optical Printing Department of any studio. This is conducted by specialized cameramen and special effects men who manufacture 75% of the mechanical trick scenes. Most impossible scenes are done in miniature, caught by a camera that blows them eight times normal."

Ernie Haller, with an eye for the unusual, summarized some of the crazy paradoxes he'd run into during his many semesters in the movie village. He said that big banquet scenes were always filmed right after lunch, because the extras weren't so hungry then and wouldn't eat so much expensive food! Moonlit night scenes were taken in the daytime with a filter, because real moonlight was not photogenic. Faked fights photographed better than real ones, because real ones appeared too silly. Sequences on an ocean liner had to be faked on dry land, because an honest-to-goodness boat pitched and heaved too much for the average camera. Blank cartridges recorded better on the sound track. Real ones were too high-pitched.

"In barroom sequences," concluded Haller, "cold tea is better than whiskey, not because it photographs better but because actors have to drink a lot of it—and tea, sir, keeps them sober!"

So there. You've met some of the boys from the ASC. Now paste Gregg Toland's classical outburst into your hat—

"Tell 'em we're not low-grade mechanical morons, we cameramen. Tell 'em we're creative artists, by God!"

And, by God, they certainly are!



How it feels to be one of the world's most envied wives is illustrated by Pat Paterson's happy smile as she dinner dates with husband Charles Boyer.

ALL THIS IS HOLLYWOOD, TOO!

(Continued from page 35)

Across the street and just a half block before the renowned intersection of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street is the massive Pantages Theatre. This movie temple, along with Warner's Theatre and Grauman's Chinese, represents all of Hollywood's first-run show houses. The film capital of the world possesses only three first-rate theatres!

But on premiere nights, when strips of virginal celluloid make their public debuts, these theatres are really carnivals to see. Brightly carpeted in front, decorated with microphones and crouching cameramen, studded with stars, packed with energetic autograph collectors and five hundred members of the inky-fingered sect—the theatres are topped by a battery of three or four metal-capped klieg lights, their long white slivers of light piercing the blue heaven above in crazy patterns, crossing and criss-crossing.

AND here, if we may be so unromantic as to inject a purely financial note, we would like to observe that these three or four klieg lights, each maneuvered by a union workman in overalls, have made a fortune for their owner, Mr. Otto K. Olsen. This should help you understand that like these dazzling klieg lights, glamour itself has a price in Hollywood and is only a commodity to be bought, sold, exploited. Mr. Olsen, one of the few community bigwigs who isn't connected directly with films, famed renter of giant searchlights, started out making \$5,000 a year. Now, after seventeen years of letting these klieg lights, he has pyramided his yearly take to almost \$300,000 per annum. Moreover, Mr. Olsen, we are happy to add, is not a snob. His blinding searchlights not only brighten the weekly premiere, but also the opening of any new vegetable shop or shoe store that is willing to pay greenbacks for glamour. Indeed, this is Hollywood!

But now, initiated, you've torn yourself away from the premiere at the Pantages, and suddenly, you are at the most famous corner in the world. It has been immortalized by a million amateur Homers, in verse, in anecdote, in shady stories, in gossip and in the song—"Hollywood At Vine."

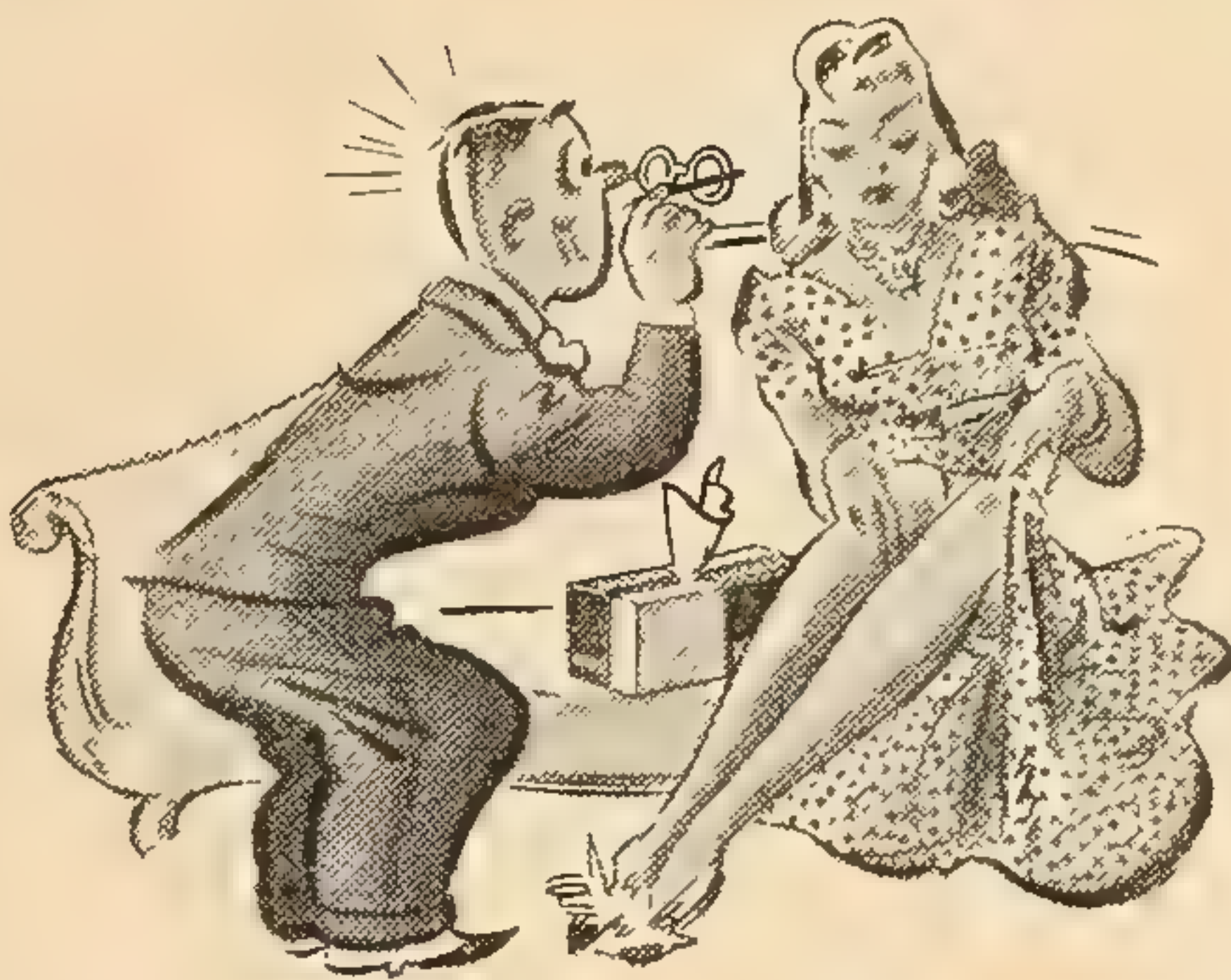
This corner is guarded by a department store, a restaurant, a bank and a drugstore. This corner is inhabited by cranks, tipsters, those who have been stars and those who want to be stars, by shoppers, curiosity-hunters, visiting firemen, the Barrymores and the Hardys.

This is Hollywood at Vine, and when you stand on the corner, you know it's everything you've dreamed about. It's in the air. You can taste it. Hollywood! The city needs no historian. It needs only Hollywood at Vine. Nearby is a steel bench where housewives still sit, waiting for the ten-cent bus to take them home. This is the "Lon Chaney" bench, where that neurotic, elastic-faced son of deaf-mute Colorado parents used to sit, in the early twenties waiting to ride to the studios. Nearby is a bar, run by a man with a pancaked nose and scrambled ears, a prizefighter who will show you I.O.U.'s collected in the early days from Charlie Chaplin and Wallace Reid and Al Jolson.

This is Hollywood at Vine where the old guard will fill your ears with stories

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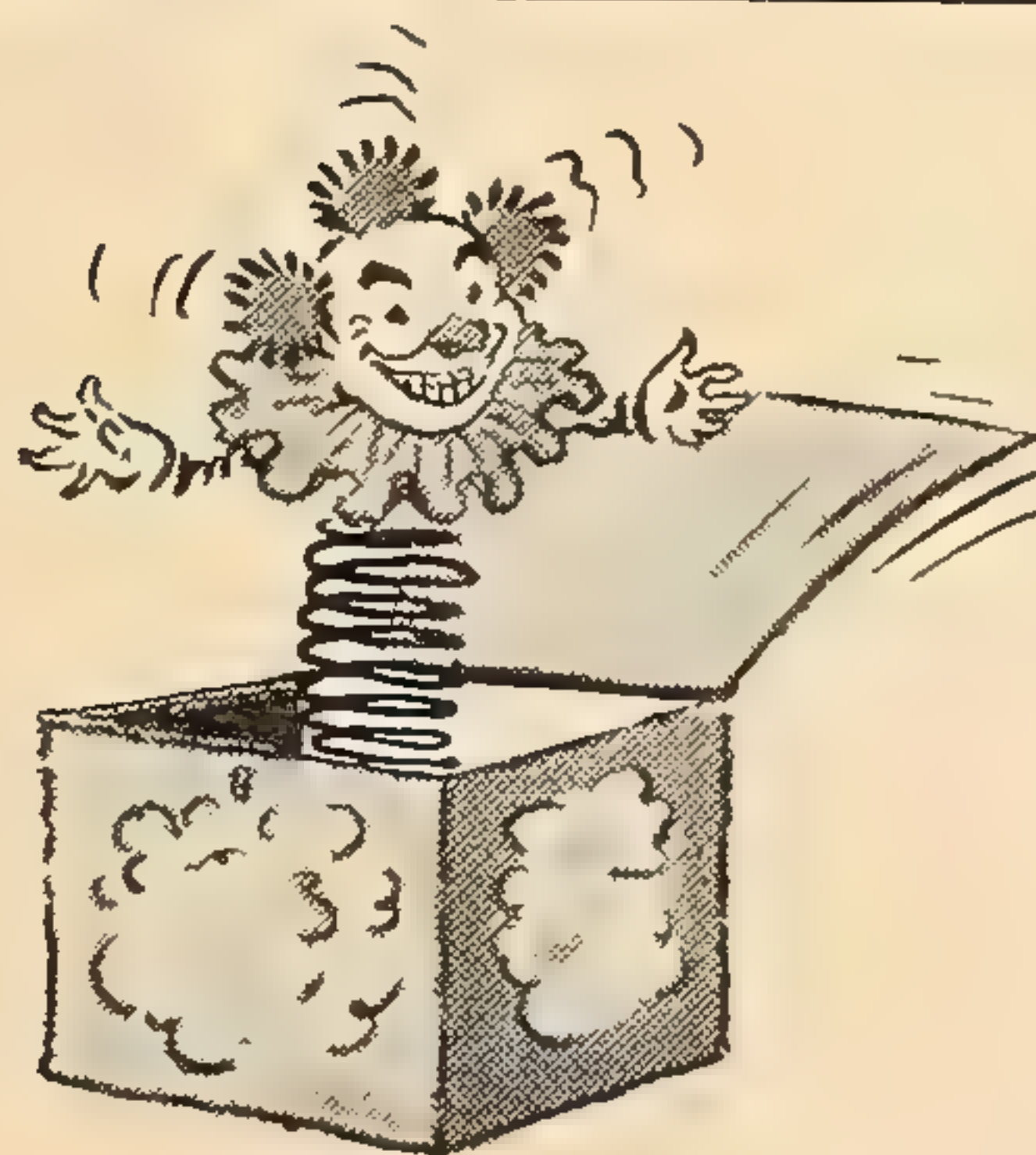
(from a letter by G. S., Redding, Calif.)



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—about Mae West, who has the biggest collection of books on sex and courtesans in the world, who combs her hair and puts on her hat before pulling on her slit dresses, and who has told the boys on the corner, "The best way to hold a man is in your arms!"; about Walt Disney, who used to go down to the Los Angeles zoo every week to study the animals and their noises; about George Gershwin, once called "A Drunken Schubert," who got five dollars for his first song, fifty thousand for his last, suffered from nervous indigestion and took three music lessons a week until the day he died; about the late Lilyan Tashman, whose home was the gaudiest in Hollywood and whose toilet seat was covered with white ermine!

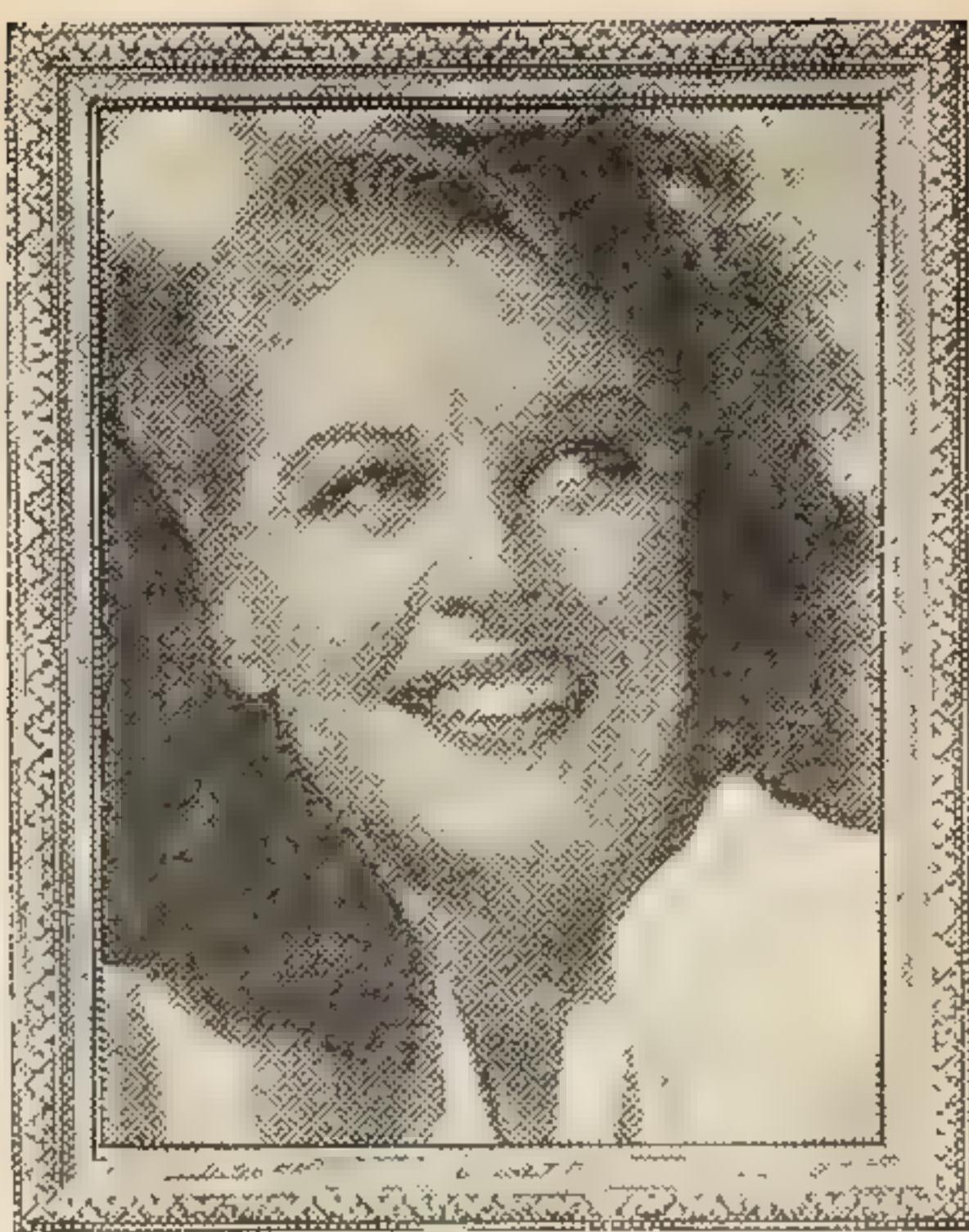
It's all there on that corner, the crazy, crazy cavalcade of Hollywood—the saga, told and retold, of that handsome Italian with slickum on his hair, Rudolph Valentino, who died fourteen years ago, and whose death prompted the women of Rio de Janeiro to hold High Mass, a chorus girl in London to take poison and leave a note for her girl friend begging

her to "look after Rudolph's picture," and 100,000 fans, including Pola Negri and Texas Guinan, to crowd his funeral; the story of W. C. Fields, who has fifty hats hanging in his smoking room to compensate for the years of bumming when he never had a place to hang his hat; the Cinderella legend of a plump, hard-boiled dame who came to this town, danced the Charleston, doubled for Norma Shearer and became the brightest of stars, meaning, of course, Joan Crawford.

Those are the things you'll hear on Hollywood at Vine, and they're as much a physical part of Hollywood as the buildings and premieres and wide clean streets.

The remaining blocks of the Boulevard, perhaps a mile of blocks, comprise the central shopping district. According to Thurston H. Ross, consulting economist, 25% of the people on the Boulevard shop for food, only 10% visit the night clubs and bars and a mere 7% are out to buy clothes. Then, with pretty colored graphs and charts, our economist reveals that three out of every ten persons on Holly-

Fit for a Queen

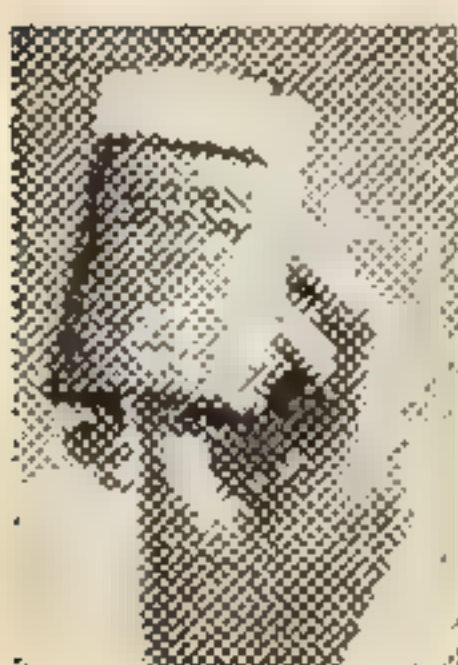


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wood Boulevard are there because it is supposed to be glamorous, because it is so informal, because there isn't much traffic or noise and because they want to see some stars.

Proceeding up the Boulevard, you pass Nancy's, bright and expensive—where you can get a dress from \$5 to \$50, and where the sales girls wear slacks. And there is MacIntosh, English tailors, frequented by Don Ameche, Joe Louis and Jackie Cooper, who sometimes pay \$150 a suit. Across the Boulevard is Gettle-sons, a ticket brokerage, where you can reserve one of the 20,000 seats in the Hollywood Bowl or purchase a paste-board to the Friday fights at the nearby American Legion Stadium, and there sit beside Lupe Velez, waving ten spots for bets, or Rochester, a Harlem jumping bean.

THE Boulevard becomes a whirl of neons now—Thrifty Drugstore, where giant malteds may be had for a dime; two tremendous five and ten cent stores, where we once saw Bing Crosby buying toys for the ailing son of a minor studio technician; the open air Hollywood Market, where grinning Japanese will sell you a bucket of oranges for pennies; and The Jade, an oriental-styled nightclub where some singer named Vivien Lee is capitalizing on a famous name.

Next you are passing the famed Bradley's Five and Ten, where for a fifteen cents you can have a hot dog and a stein of beer big enough to make you see pink elephants, where you can sit in oversized soft chairs and observe bit players, second-rate agents and all the fringe of Hollywood's society move in and out. Your head is on a swivel now, trying to see everything—Miller's Stationery Shop, where Garbo sneaks in for books on philosophy and Errol Flynn grabs a few more copies of "Beam Ends," which he wrote. Next, the Pig 'n Whistle, an eatery, where the door opens automatically as you approach.

Finally you are at Highland Avenue. There is the Bank of America, and next door to it Max Factor's \$600,000 makeup factory, where research workers have learned that there are forty-five different color types among women, each requiring a different cosmetic combination, and where Joan Bennett and Myrna Loy are often used as guinea pigs. Cater-cornered stands the old-fashioned, sprawling, wooden Hollywood Hotel, where you can sleep for \$12 a week. Two blocks along the Boulevard, and the garish fantastic Chinese Grauman's Theatre holds your attention—with blocks of concrete (so easy to remove once a star has slipped down the ladder) in the forecourt, each holding the handprints and footprints of some star, running the gamut from Marie Dressler to Tyrone Power to the late Tom Mix, who added the fine touch of gun-prints.

A half block from Grauman's is a spot, with booths, called Brown's. It specializes in hot fudges covered with toasted almonds and costing 30c each, and in pretty waitresses who serve them. One of the waitresses who served them was Ellen Drew, and an agent saw her and then Paramount—and that's Hollywood Boulevard.

You may have other fleeting memories of the Boulevard—of the unusual lack of jay-walking, since there is a five dollar fine for this offense; of the Duke of Hollywood, a stocky, cheerful negro wearing top hat and tails, who'll shine your shoes for a dime; of Jim Tully, the Irish hobo-author who once punched John Gilbert in the nose, arguing on a corner and telling a friend what he thinks of the mansions in which movie

stars live, "By God, you could feed five poets on what it costs to keep up one of their lawns!"

If the Boulevard is the spine of Hollywood, there are numberless other streets and sights to make up the flesh and bones of the twenty-four square mile body.

There are ordinary things like the twenty-five public schools and the one junior college, and extraordinary things like the drugstore across from Hollywood High School which sells more contraceptives than any other drugstore in the area (and we state this only as a fact, and not for obvious sensationalism). There are eleven radio stations in all of Los Angeles, but the two mammoth networks, CBS and NBC, have streamlined studios that seem to have been designed by Jules Verne.

Across from them is Earl Carroll's Restaurant. Of course, you'll see it, maybe even work in it. There's an aura about the place—because it is master-minded by forty-eight-year-old Earl Carroll himself, the skinny, baldish sex expert, who was once a journalist in Hong-kong, a baseball pitcher in Japan. Over a decade ago, Carroll gave a party at which he paid a seventeen-year-old girl \$700 to appear before guests clad only in a chemise and shoes, then had her strip naked, then ordered her into a bathtub of wine, while Carroll remarked, "Gentlemen, the line forms to the right!" He was sent to the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary for this—but there was a happy ending, because today his film restaurant is jam-packed nightly.

No less a landmark would be the Angelus Temple in Echo Park, which isn't exactly in Hollywood but near enough and cuckoo enough to be adopted. The round dome and twin radio masts of the Temple are the headdress on a building containing 5,300 opera chairs, an organ eighty feet high—and 49-year-old Aimee Semple McPherson, America's greatest actress-evangelist. Aimee, widowed at the age of nineteen in China, came to Los Angeles, preached, raised one and a half million dollars for her shrine for sinners and became famous enough to enable a local paper's circulation to jump 300% when it announced that she'd changed the color of her hair! We saw her once as she appeared before her converts, attired as a railway conductor, waving a lantern, shouting, "All aboard the Father, Son and Holy Ghost Limited For Gloryland!"

BUT no story on Filmville would be half complete without an essay on the natives of this topsy-turvy paradise. In fact, it's better to observe the natives than the gorgeous blue hills rimming Hollywood to the north.

Something happens to the average person who moves into Hollywood. It must be a cosmic thing. A young man coming to Hollywood immediately gets into a polo shirt and colored neckerchief, wears

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high-waisted, pleated trousers that bag at the knees and shuffles around in Mexican-styled shoes. A young lady forgets what her mother told her, sports a bandana, too much make-up, sloppy slacks and even takes to wearing her bedroom slippers in public. Everyone talks big. Very big. The language is well punctuated with the language of the movie sets. Words like "inkies," meaning incandescent lights; "gobo," meaning small-sized spots; and "blimp," meaning the felt-padded coverings that dull the whir of the camera, are tossed around with the clumsiness of a medicine ball.

But, to the men and women of Hollywood who taste fame, an even rarer phenomenon occurs. Sometimes they "go Hollywood"—which is pure Californianese for becoming uppity and forgetting your friends. More often they go plain crazy.

William Morris, the dean of movie agents, once tried to explain the insane antics of the stars by saying:

THEY are a pathetic group of poorly educated children, driven by forces incomprehensible to them, seeking diversion and security . . . Why, if you'd never had anything but a wardrobe trunk and a lousy second-rate hotel room to call home, you might spread yourself, too."

However, sometimes even that doesn't suffice to explain the daffy doings of an Ida Lupino, inviting guests to a party, asking them to come formal and then pushing them into a swimming pool fully dressed, or of a Glenda Farrell purchasing eye-glasses for her pet cat, or of a Joan Crawford building a special oversized piano done in stainless white and decorated with satyrs chasing nymphs.

The best explanation we've heard comes from Robert E. Sherwood, the playwright, who served several sentences in Movieland. When a friend wondered why Hollywood actresses cavorted so close to the lunatic fringe, he replied:

"Imagine the plight of a Hollywood heroine, a not too complex cutie who has been boosted suddenly to a dizzy eminence and is rather puzzled by it all. She awakens in the night with the realization, 'At this moment I am being subjected to vicarious rape by countless hordes of Jugo-Slavs, Peruvians, Burmese, Abyssinians, Kurds, Latvians and Ku Klux Klansmen!' Is it a wonder that a girl in that predicament finds it difficult to lead a normal life, that her sense of balance is apt to be a bit erratic?"

Still, the erratic lives of the actors and actresses have helped make Hollywood the razzling-dazzling village it is today. When you walk down a Hollywood thoroughfare and see Katharine Hepburn in blue overalls and hob-nail shoes, or Mary Pickford shutting her eyes as she passes a butcher shop (meat has nauseated her since she read "The Jungle" by Upton Sinclair years ago), or Tony Martin, coatless, hatless, informing a friend how he wishes he could sing like Bing Crosby—when you see the stars, so informal, so human, you begin to succumb to Hollywood's charm.

But there is another Hollywood, too, and it's no use avoiding it. The Hollywood known throughout the wide world, as the wildest den of vice and the most prolific playground for wholesale sexual orgies on this mad mudball earth.

And how much of this infamy is true? Ask any member of the Chamber of Commerce, and he assumes a horrified facial expression and points to Hollywood's sixty-nine churches and nineteen Service Clubs. Ask the boys in the pool-room and they grin and tell you another dirty story, which is mostly untrue,

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about one motion picture star or another.

Somewhere in between is the truth. The day of the "Casting Couch"—when a girl had to exercise her libido instead of her talent for a job—is almost dead. The much-publicized and traditional Hollywood orgy died that evening when Fatty Arbuckle became involved in the community's most colossal scandal which meant the end of Virginia Rapp. Today Hollywood parties are pretty dull and business-like affairs, where Darryl Zanuck is talking about himself, and boring Joe Pasternak who would like to talk about himself, and where Jack Benny won't talk at all for fear of losing a gag to Bop Hope and Ken Murray who are also silent.

But, most of the 28,500 persons in Hollywood—one-sixth of the population—who work in the twenty-one major studios, live decent, ordinary, useful lives and do their share in turning out the six hundred films a year.

Now, you must understand, space has forced us to skip many word photos of the Hollywood scene. We haven't had time to tell you about the novel Studio Club, a sort of "Stage Door" setup, a combination club-hotel exclusively for girls interested in the movies. We haven't been able to mention Billy Wilkerson, a hidden power in the colony, owner of *Ciro's* and boss of the industry's Bible, the *Daily Hollywood Reporter*, and of Wilkerson's colorful editorials (he once

referred to the death of an agent, Mr. Joyce, by writing, "God has lifted His option on Frank Joyce"). We haven't been able to describe the wonder of Harold Lloyd's lordly home at 1225 Benedict Canyon, with its golf course and seventy Great Danes romping loose.

No matter. You need remember only one more thing about Hollywood. This—

Within three blocks of each other there are three places symbolic of the heart of Hollywood. There is the Paramount Studio, which recently took Betty Brewer, a poor, unemployed fourteen-year-old, off the streets and made her rich and famous, made her life something glorious and of fiction. There is the Pacific Ciné Arts Film Company, where other unemployed girls become employed by stripping off their clothes, and for \$3 an hour, performing in the nude for two days at a time to help make suggestive movies for stag parties. There is the cemetery, green and white, where a well-known movie woman was recently buried. She had been living beyond her means, and had inhaled monoxide to pay her debts.

We make no further comment, but to quote the parting shot of visitor Vicki Baum:

"What I like about Hollywood is that one can get along quite well by knowing two words of English—swell and lousy."

That, normal Americans, is Hollywood in composite. Swell and lousy!

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MISTRESS PROBLEMS

(Continued from page 42)

furniture around, I dare not leave a mote anywhere. So I have to be a contortionist to crawl into crannies and under rugs." Bette's cook says her main problem is figuring a thousand ways to cook potatoes, since Bette can't enjoy a meal without them.

ROSALIND RUSSELL'S Hazel says that she wishes she were a mind reader; it would cut her work in half. For example, let's say Roz makes up her mind to go to New York. Hazel packs her bag with things she'll need there. Five minutes before train-time, Roz will change her mind and decide to go to Sun Valley to ski. Or she'll buy tickets for Alaska, switch plans and go to Palm Springs. Poor Hazel lives in a perpetual whirl of taking woollies out and putting sun-suits in and vice versa. However, she's licked her problem by packing half a dozen bags every time Miss R. is gypsy-minded. Then as Roz goes out the door, Hazel hands her the bags packed for the ultimate destination!

Ann Sheridan's Elizabeth says that when Ann is working, no one is more punctual, and Miss Annie is always on the set twenty minutes ahead of anyone else. But when she is not working, she can sleep the clock around, and it's always four or five in the afternoon before she gives evidence of life. Hence, since she is sure to be dining with Mr. Brent, Elizabeth must solve the problem of waking her. She has several systems, which include rattling the Venetian blinds like castanets; running the bath water with the velocity of a thundering Niagara; playing the radio loudly enough to blast the eardrums of Gargantua; and pretending to be on the phone and saying, "Yes, Mr. Brent, yes, Mr. Brent!" as many as fifty times on a rising scale. Elizabeth also has to be a voice mimic so that when Annie doesn't want to talk on the phone, but feels she should, Elizabeth can do it for her. So well does Elizabeth simulate the Sheridan contralto that she can even fool George Brent. In fact, on one occasion Brentie could not be convinced that it was not Annie he was talking to. And was Elizabeth's face red, were Elizabeth's eyes shining and her breast heaving at what she heard! Don't ever tell Elizabeth that Brent isn't the Great Lover, she knows!

Rosemary Lane's Nana says that her problems with Miss Rosie were solved before they arose. For Rosemary, when interviewing a new maid, spends an hour at it, explains to the applicant in detail that "I am a so-and-so when I'm working but a very pleasant girl when I'm not. When I get into a temper and bawl hell out of you, just don't pay any attention to me—skip it. I am much too particular about everything when I'm on a picture. My mirror, brush, comb and toothbrush must always be just where they belong even though I, myself, have taken them into the kitchen or out under a tree! No matter what I have done with them, I expect them to be where they belong! It's like playing Hide-the-Thimble, working for me, and if you're not good at it, let's part company now." Nana says: "I really have only one major problem with Miss Rosie, and that is to keep secrets. She tells me all her love affairs. And this is one of God's chilluns that wouldn't have wings if I blabbed my big mouth on Miss Rosie!"

When Jimmy's Malcolm took over the Stewart ménage, the place was overrun

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by mice. Mice so tame, so housebroken, that when Jimmy played his accordion they all came out and danced. They loved Jimmy's accordion and, according to Malcolm, Jimmy loved them. Malcolm fixed up the mice situation—but now he has another worry. Jimmy won't encourage him to be efficient. "Mr. Jimmy says to me," complained Malcolm, "Malcolm," he says, 'there's so much less you could do, you know.' When I ask him to please elucidate, he says, 'When someone calls me on the phone and asks whether I'm in, you could just say "no." But instead you go into a detailed itinerary of my day. You say, "Mr. S. got up at seven fifteen, took a shower, ran around the block, called Miss Olivia on the phone and went to the chiropodist." Take your job as less of sacred duty, Malcolm,' he says. Then there's the times Mr. Burgess Meredith is staying with us. Strange parcels are always arriving at the door. Strange women, too, to tell the truth. I takes the parcels in and keeps the women out and then I've done the wrong thing. When Mr. John Swope stays with us, he and Mr. Jimmy rarely has an evening together. How we know they finally get together is when we find nut-shells from cellar to roof. Way that is, we always keep a huge big bowl of nuts by the fireside. The evening Mr. Jimmy and Mr. Swope are together, they don't eat any dinner, just talk and eat nuts. And when the last nut is gone, they go to bed. Mr. Jimmy has odd people come to the house, too. Like one day he told me, 'Malcolm, one of my trees is deathly ill. Termites, Type B.' Next thing I know a man comes to our door, says he is the Tree Doctor and performs a operation on the banana palm! Another time Mr. Jimmy says, 'Malcolm, our lawn has got fleas and must be de-fleaed.' Pretty soon a man comes up, says he is the 'de-fleaeer.' I pass 'em in. You get accustomed to most anything when you are working for him."

EDDIE ALBERT'S houseman started life as a Portuguese fisherman. He is now working for Eddie, because Eddie heard him singing Portuguese folk-songs and offered him a job just to have him around. Now, Eddie's house is just barely hanging by the skin of its shingles over the edge of Hollywood's highest hill and you'd think no one in the world could possibly find it. But according to Renaldo, Mr. Eddie "has a million lady friends, and they come up at all hours of the day and night!" The windows are always open, the doors are always open, the Capehart phonograph is always playing, so there are no defenses! Eddie's passionate interest in World Events is one of Renaldo's big worries. It causes him to take all the pictures off the walls and hang huge maps from floor to ceiling. On the maps are arranged serried rows of pins, showing the positions of armies and air forces in Europe. Renaldo says that walking on eggs would be child's play compared to dusting between pins, any one of which might be Il Duce or Der Fuehrer. Nor is this all. Eddie has a huge collection of records and books. He keeps them all on the floor. Says he can't find them when they are on shelves. One day, one of his girl friends, Beverly Holden, dropped by and, finding Eddie out, turned housewifely and put things in order. Renaldo said he couldn't tell a lady what Eddie said to her when he got home! Eddie is always in a hurry. On his way home from the studio, therefore, he starts undressing. By the time he reaches his front door, he has on a "neck-tie! Renaldo has then to go on a scavenger hunt for the missing garments. He finds the Albert shoes in a cuckoo's nest,

the Albert shorts on the rear-view mirror! I feel maybe I'm working for Gypsy Rose Lee," he sighs.

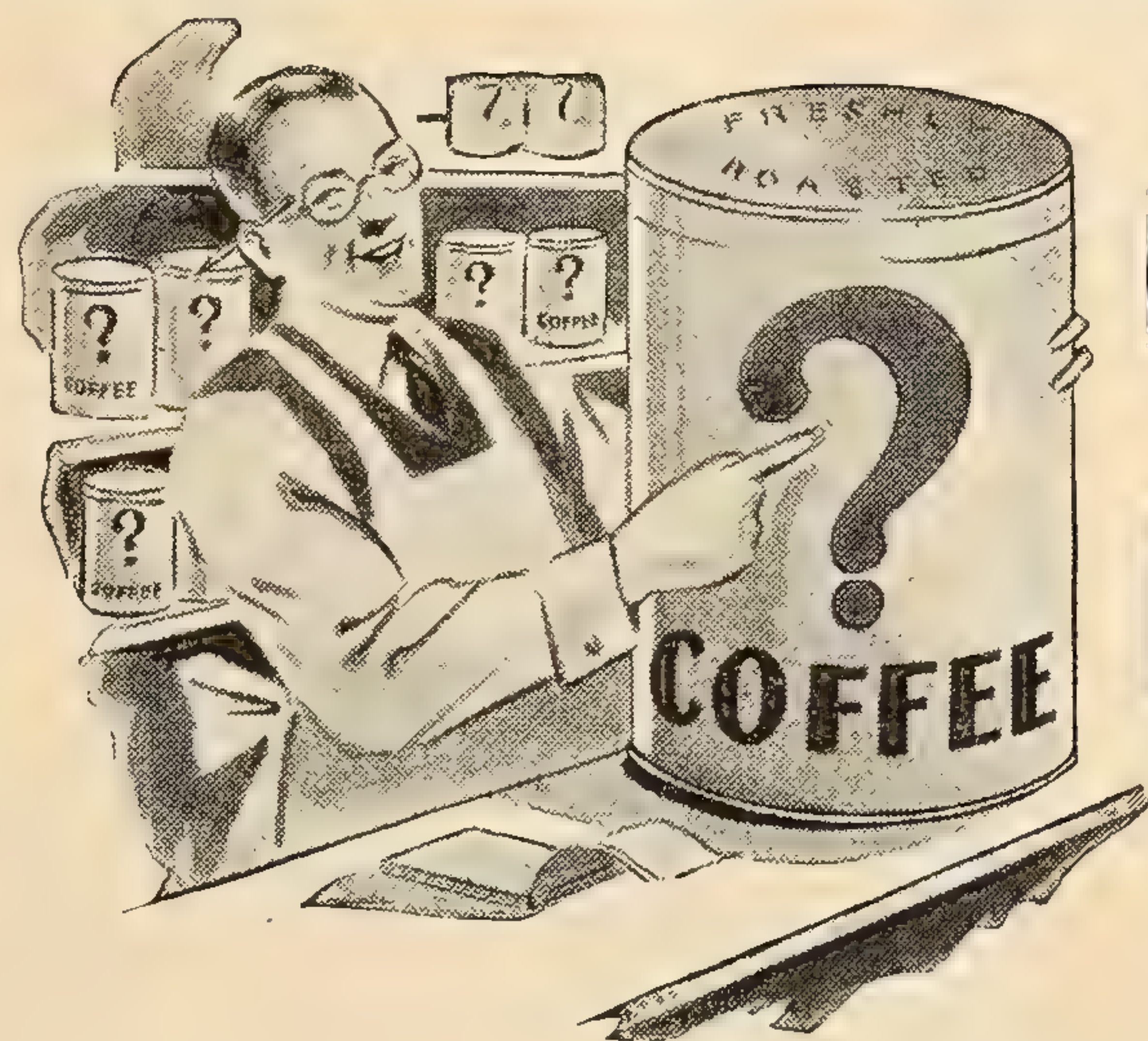
Constance Moore's maid is of West Indian extraction. Connie calls her Daiquiri. Daiquiri's particular problem is to keep anyone who can possibly have anything to sell off the premises—Connie being susceptible to sales of any kind, ranging from the Queensboro Bridge to a rubber mouse. Fuller Brush men, to a man, vote Connie their Ideal Choice for a desert island!

Joan Bennett's French maid, Madeleine, has taken it upon herself to keep as many newspapers and news broadcasts away from her mistress as it's humanly possible to do. Joan is positively allergic to the disturbing nature of today's headlines, and a bad turn in Europe not only sends her into a depressed mood for the rest of the day, but actually causes her to break out in red blotches!

Ann Sothern's Marie was particularly voluble. "Miss Ann is not supposed to eat fattening foods," she informed us, "but she's always sending me for ice cream on the sets! Well, I just say to her, 'Miss Sothern, you know you're not supposed to eat ice cream,' and I get her an apple instead! Then, she will suddenly yell at me, 'Marie, we have to be in the studio, on the set, in five minutes!' This happens every day Miss Ann is working. Well, I calls Robert, the chauffeur, tell him to bring the car around fast as those wheels will re-volve. Then I tears around like a crazy woman. I gets Miss Ann's lunch basket (she always takes her own lunch to the studio), I get her

make-up box, her knitting, the book she's reading, her stationery, (she writes her letters on the sets but never mails them), her extra coat and shoes. Then I gets in the car. I waits and I waits. Then I gets the palpitating miseries. I think, Lawd have mercy, Miss Annie has sho' broken her neck falling down the stairs! I rush into the house and there is Miss Ann, straightening pictures on the wall or fixing a rose in a vase! I also has to keep reminding Miss Ann of dates and appointments and such. Sure as I live, she will make an appointment with some big gentleman from the studio and just when he raises the knocker on the door, Miss Ann is off having a permanent! I tries to get her to keep a date-pad but she won't on account of how she is using 'mental discipline,' she says."

Virginia Field has only her Danish Mrs. Kjar for "general housework." Virginia doesn't believe in having a personal maid at the studio. "Too bloody silly," she said. "There's a make-up man, a wardrobe girl, a hair-dresser for every woman player. If that's not enough for them, they should fall apart!" Mrs. Kjar's most "worriting" problem is to make Virginia eat enough. Especially since Richard Greene has gone away to war. Mrs. Kjar will whip up some little Danish numbers, and Virginia will scream at her, "Get out of here with those lovely things or I'll kick you!" Which, as Mrs. Kjar sniffed, "Don't make no sense." Then, Virginia is constantly losing things; her camel's hair coat, her silver foxes, her purses. And Mrs. Kjar spends hours making out inventories, writing Virginia despairing notes which



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say, "those two lace-edged brassieres, where are they?" Mrs. Kjar must also, she told me, take every phone message clearly and exactly. Phone calls properly delivered are the Field phobia. "If I don't get the name and the message straight," sighed Mrs. Kjar, "she say she beat me over the head with the ice-box!" Another of Virginia's habits that constitutes a major problem to thrifty Mrs. Kjar is her mania for shopping in the five and tens and bringing home things that make flowers in the bath-tub, awful candies, all the framed pictures of Richard Greene that are on sale there! Mrs. Kjar maintains that, "Miss Field she love the five and ten too mooch. That iss Mr. Greene's only rival." Mrs. Kjar also admits to a worship of young Mr. Greene. "Miss Field, she tell me," she laughed, "that I act all gooey and pecooliar over him! I says she is describing herself and how she act over him, not me! But she is goot, nice young girl, my Miss Field. She iss never moody, never cross except in the late of nights when she is all alone, and I hear her crying in her pillow now he iss gone away!"

Desi Arnaz's Richard started life with theatrical ambitions of his own. Now he is devoting himself entirely to Desi in every capacity, one of which is that of critic. Desi never comes off a set that Richard doesn't say, "Don't mugg so much," or "You didn't mugg enough." Getting Desi out of bed in the morning used to be Richard's biggest worry, but he has fixed him at last. He's bought an alarm clock with lungs like Big Ben and a Big Bertha combined. He hides the alarm clock in Desi's room, set for the time he thinks a Cuban gent should arise. The alarm goes off. Desi bawls for Richard. Richard "can't find" the clock, "forgets" where he hid it. In sheer desperation and to the accompaniment of language not to be printed, Desi leaps out of bed and locates the screaming time-piece.

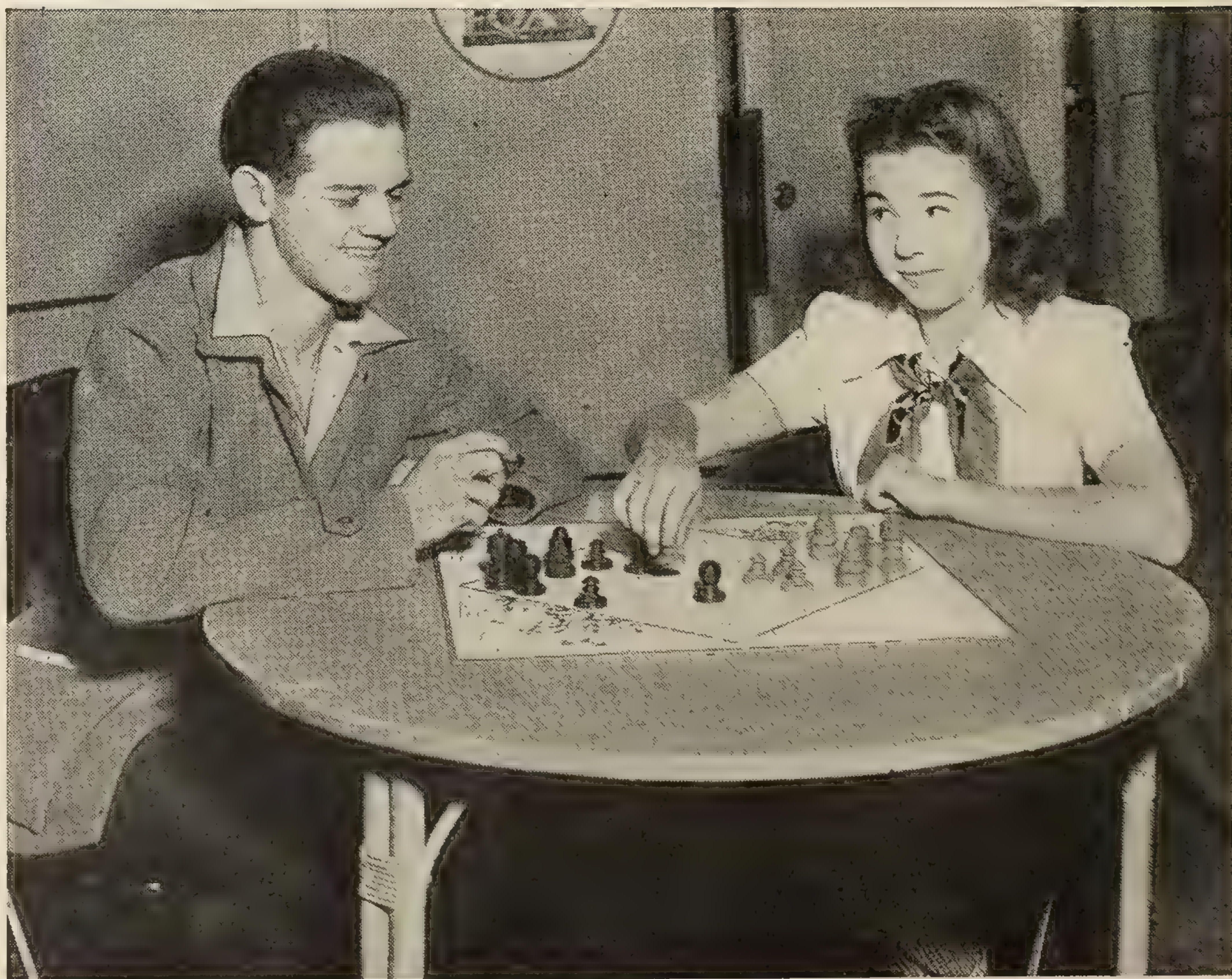
Olivia de Havilland's Alma has but one complaint: Olivia (now that she is the New Olivia, a free soul, a sophisticate) gets invited out so much (and not only

by Mr. Stewart, Alma let slip) that Alma never gets a chance to show off her cooking.

Madame Ouspenskaya's Gladiola loves to answer the telephone. So does Madame. The phone rings and they both run, struggling to see who gets there first. Gladiola also has the problem of having several mistresses: Madame Ouspenskaya, the spider monkey and the love-birds. Gladiola's chief duty is to keep the love-birds happy and amused. When there is a premiere at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, Gladiola must remember to put covers over the cages so that the nearby lights don't get in their eyes!

Ida Lupino's Lily must awaken Ida with three cups of tea each morning. It takes the third to give Idsey the vaguest idea that another day has dawned. Then, there's the dinner problem. Dinner, Ida gives orders, must be on time to the minute. It is. Ida says, "Just five minutes more, Lily, Helen Hayes is on the radio." It is announced again. Ida says, "Just five more minutes, Lily, Mr. Hayward is listening to the news broadcast." By the time the Haywards sit down to dinner the ducklings have become old ganders, and the hot coffee is iced. Every Saturday night everyone in town "drops in" and everyone must be treated as "a member of the family." So Lily must know, not only the intimate tastes and distastes of the Haywards, but also those of about five hundred of their "intimate" friends. Lily could qualify, she says, as a "mood detector." Because Ida, being a dramatic young person, can never make up her mind what she wants to wear, and Lily must determine whether the Lupino mood is a "black mood," a "white mood" or one of sultry scarlet!

Now that you've seen and heard how the other half lives, don't all those "Servant Problems" seem pale and tepid compared to "Mistress Problems," which require servants to be contortionists, jitterbug artists, voice mimics, deaf-mutes, salesmen, tap dancers, lie-detectors, scavenger hunters, mousers, critics, Beatrice Fairfaxes and mind-readers in order to give complete satisfaction?



Jane Withers and her screen discovery Buddy Pepper do some plain and fancy jumping in Citadel, Hollywood's favorite game, twist scenes of "Golden Hoofs."

A GREAT PERFORMANCE

(Continued from page 45)

The background of the picture is the countryside around Charlottesville, Virginia—filmed in Technicolor. It is a land of peace and plenty, where life is leisurely and graceful. It's easy to think of Madeleine in such a setting.

That's ironic, too, because it didn't seem natural to her to be there. It was like a dream. Unreal.

Only a few days before she had been in a place where people were starving and life was a nightmare of brutality and horror and suffering with war the only reality.

Every British player in Hollywood has been hard hit by the war. All of them have offered their services. And England has told every last one—including David Niven and Richard Greene—to stay in Hollywood, to keep on working, to help financially. Acting isn't easy for any of them these days, reading and hearing and thinking about what's happening Over There. And, particularly, it isn't easy for Madeleine. She has also seen what's happening.

WHEN she finished "North West Mounted Police" last May, she faced a six weeks' vacation. It was her first vacation in months. And, perhaps, her last chance to try to see the people she loved. The Germans were beginning to bomb London, overrun France.

She boarded the Clipper, bound for Europe.

She didn't think of it as courageous; she felt it was the only thing to do.

She wanted to get her parents and her younger sister, Marguerite, out of England—to safety. She wanted to make sure that the 200 orphans of the Maison de Charite in Paris, for whom she had assumed financial responsibility when war broke out, could be evacuated from her chateau near Oise in case that became a danger zone. And—last, but not least—she wanted to marry the man she loved, Lieut. Richard de la Rozier, skipper of a French bomber . . . while there was still time.

By the time the Clipper landed in Lisbon she was frantic. The Germans were threatening Paris—and Oise was only 17 miles away. She couldn't think of anything but getting there before it was too late. She left her baggage on the pier at Lisbon, except for an overnight bag, and rushed north across Portugal and Spain to the French border.

The day she arrived in Biarritz, across the Bay of Biscay from Spain, Paris fell.

She had no way of knowing what had happened to the orphans. She had no way of knowing what had happened to her fiancé, who had been stationed in Paris. No way of knowing whether he might have been shot down, or taken prisoner, or wounded or whether he might still be flying.

Frantically she sent wires to the places where the French government was rumored to have gone, to officials she knew—begging them for information. Then she waited in an agony of suspense for their answers. None ever came.

She determined to try to go north herself, searching for someone, somewhere, who would know. She offered fabulous sums for a car and driver. People looked at her as if she were mad. No one would think of driving north, with the roads clogged with refugees fleeing south. Every day they were pouring into Biarritz. And no one would

part with his car for any price. He might need it to save his life, tomorrow, next week.

She tried, desperately, to find someone with an airplane who would fly her north—or to England. That search was as fruitless as the other.

There was nothing she could do but wait, hoping against hope, reading news bulletins, watching the endless lines of refugees, doing what she could to help care for some of them—especially the children, ragged and starving and dazed, lost from their parents.

For days, weeks, she watched those endless lines of refugees—pitiful, terrified people, driven from their homes, going they knew not where. She heard nothing else, except that the Germans were pressing relentlessly forward.

SHE knew that France couldn't hold out. She knew, too, that when France fell, the conquerors would consider her an enemy. But still she stayed. Even after the French authorities began stamping the visas of all foreigners every half hour to discourage their staying. She didn't cross back into Spain until the day before France surrendered.

She had a bad moment at the border. A suspicious official asked her if she hadn't played in the picture, "Blockade," which the present government of Spain didn't like. She had to act on the spur of the moment. She forced a laugh. "Oh, no, that was another actress named Madeleine Carroll," she said. He decided to believe her.

She went to Madrid, sent more wires that brought no answers, made more efforts to fly to England that brought no results.

Long before the civil war in Spain, she

had bought a house in Spain for vacations. She went there now. No one was there except the old couple who took care of the place. She stayed with them—while she still waited for word from France, or word from her parents that they could come to her. She passed the time cleaning, working in the garden, in the suit she had worn ever since she had stepped off the Clipper.

The only word she had before it came time for her to take the Clipper back to the United States to return to work was from her parents. They said they didn't want to leave England. It was where they had always lived. It was where they wanted to die.

She had been back in America several days before she had her first word from her fiancé—a cable from North Africa, telling her that he had flown his bomber there to join General Nogues' forces, which would still fight on. But General Nogues changed his mind about fighting on. He ordered Lieut. de la Rozier to fly his plane back to France.

Since then, there has been only silence.

It was weeks, too, before she heard what had happened to the orphans. A letter from one of the Charity Sisters finally broke through the wall of silence between occupied and unoccupied France. The children were back at the chateau now, safe. They had received some of the money she had sent.

All this time Madeleine had been sending money to the orphans with no assurance that they were getting it. All she could do was to hope. She's still sending it, still hoping.

Soon after her return to America the Germans started their mass bombings of London. And all she could think of was her father and mother and sister, living

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WELL-MANICURED CUTICLE

at 51 Lexham Gardens, on the fringe of Croydon Airdrome—bound to be a constant target. In answer to her desperate pleas she finally had word that her father and mother had moved to the country, to Kent, though her sister, who worked at Harrod's department store in London, was still staying at 51 Lexham Gardens.

With all these things preying on her mind, Madeleine threw herself into her work—to try to forget a little, to make work an anodyne. She went to bed early, got up early, took part in no social activities, with the single exception of functions for British War Relief.

The morning she had to do that crying scene, the climax of a quarrel with Fred MacMurray, she had a letter from her sister describing her life and her parents' life.

Marguerite had spent the weekend before with her father and mother in Kent. There had been an air raid, and she had seen the effect on "Daddy." All his life, he had been a professor of romance languages, a man living in the past. These bombings were his first contact with brutal reality. "Mummy has an awful time with him during a raid," Marguerite wrote. "He turns white with horror. I'm afraid the shock may kill him."

And just before Griffith knocked on her dressing-room door, Madeleine had been reading the end of the letter again:

"How pleasant it must be over where you are—no war and no air raids—just warm sun. I will say goodbye to you now. Cross your fingers for me."

That was the last letter Madeleine was ever to have from Marguerite.

Only a few days later, a bomb landed

squarely on 51 Lexham Gardens—and Marguerite was there.

Madeleine was at home when reporters phoned her the tragic news. "I won't believe it," she told them. "It can't be true. I haven't had direct word from my mother or father."

Distraught, she cabled her mother. No answer had come by the time she had to leave for the studio next morning after a sleepless night. But she didn't beg off from work. She reported as usual right on the dot of nine.

Halfway through the morning, a messenger handed her a cablegram. A confirmation from her mother of the news report.

Madeleine didn't break down—at least, not where anyone could see her. She went to her dressing-room, closed the door and stayed inside about a half-hour. Then she came out and went back to work.

She wanted to fly to Europe again after she finished the picture and would have if Paramount hadn't begged her to make personal appearances in Canada with "North West Mounted Police"—with the proceeds to go to British War Relief.

Even those who know the story and know Madeleine wonder how she has been able to go on acting, making personal appearances, forming knitting clubs for British War Relief and helping this cause and that—when her own heart must be breaking.

Someone asked her the other day how she has been able to "carry on."

Her only answer was: "Well, it's a wonderful thing for a woman to be able to work at a time like this, with so many unfortunate people needing help."

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 53)

DISCORDANT DUET

From a reliable source comes word that the team of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy may be broken up forever. Jeanette and Nelson, we are told, have not worked together happily for a long while and only their terrific combined box office appeal has prevented them from splitting before this. Recently their studio announced that they would star in separate pictures in the future, so it seems fairly certain that "Bittersweet" must have ended on a sour note.

SHORT SHOTS

John Garfield's exhibiting a letter from a fan who enclosed a dollar and asked him to get a haircut. . . . Eddie Norris' home is decorated with pictures of his three former wives, the first, a Philadelphia socialite, the second, actress Lona Andre, and the third,

our own Annie Sheridan. . . . In appreciation of Albert Basserman's great performance in a recent flicker, writer Clifford Odets sent him orchids. . . . Harold Lloyd is plotting an early-in-the-year return to acting. . . . Those beautiful corsages Jeanette MacDonald's wearing on her concert tour are made of artificial posies. Real flowers give her hay-fever. . . . Arty Richard Halliday, who once rented a house in Beverly Hills because he liked the crayon drawings in the dining room, now selects all of wife Mary Martin's clothes. . . . Rudy Vallee is pulling the crowds away from his own Pirate's Den by appearing at the Victor Hugo, a rival nite-spot. . . . Credit Perc Westmore with rigging up the most unique Christmas tree in town. It stood in his beauty salon and was hung with green, gold and silver compacts instead of Christmas balls. . . . Claude Rains has snapped at least one picture of his daughter, Jennifer, every day for the last two and one-half years. . . . Dotty Lamour, taking advantage of the new glass shoe fad, is sporting a slender gold ring on her little toe. . . . Dick Powell has opened a new drugstore in Hollywood. . . . Jane Darwell lost a strong part in "Tobacco Road" because the role demanded that she run around in bare feet—and Janie's got a complex about it!

SAGA OF THE WEST

Mae West, the most durable glamour girl in show business, is on the verge of making her forty-second comeback. Only this time Mae will return as a film producer and not as a purveyor of sex appeal. For a full year she's been in retirement, has lazed

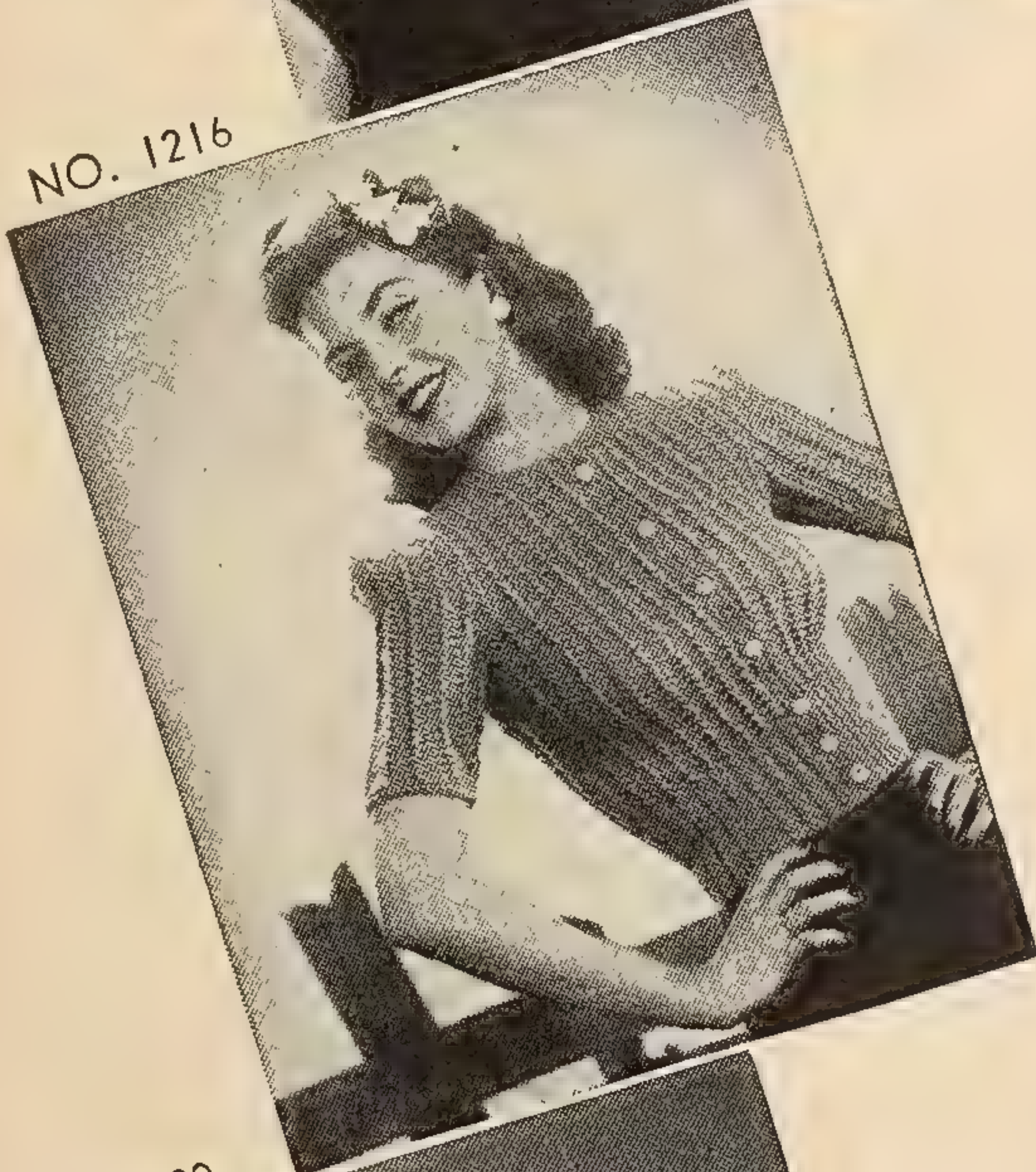
(Continued on page 96)

SUGAR 'N SPICE

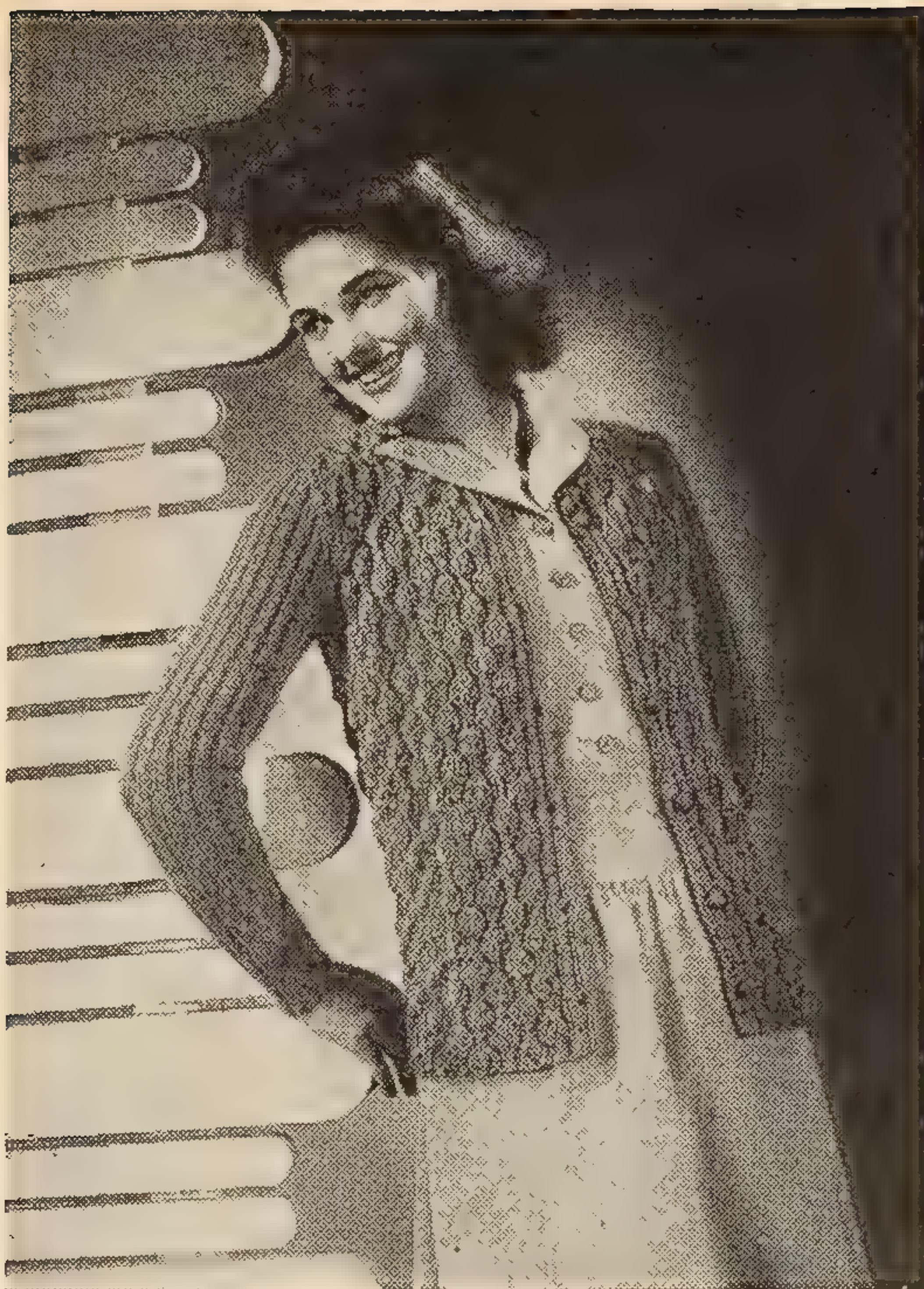
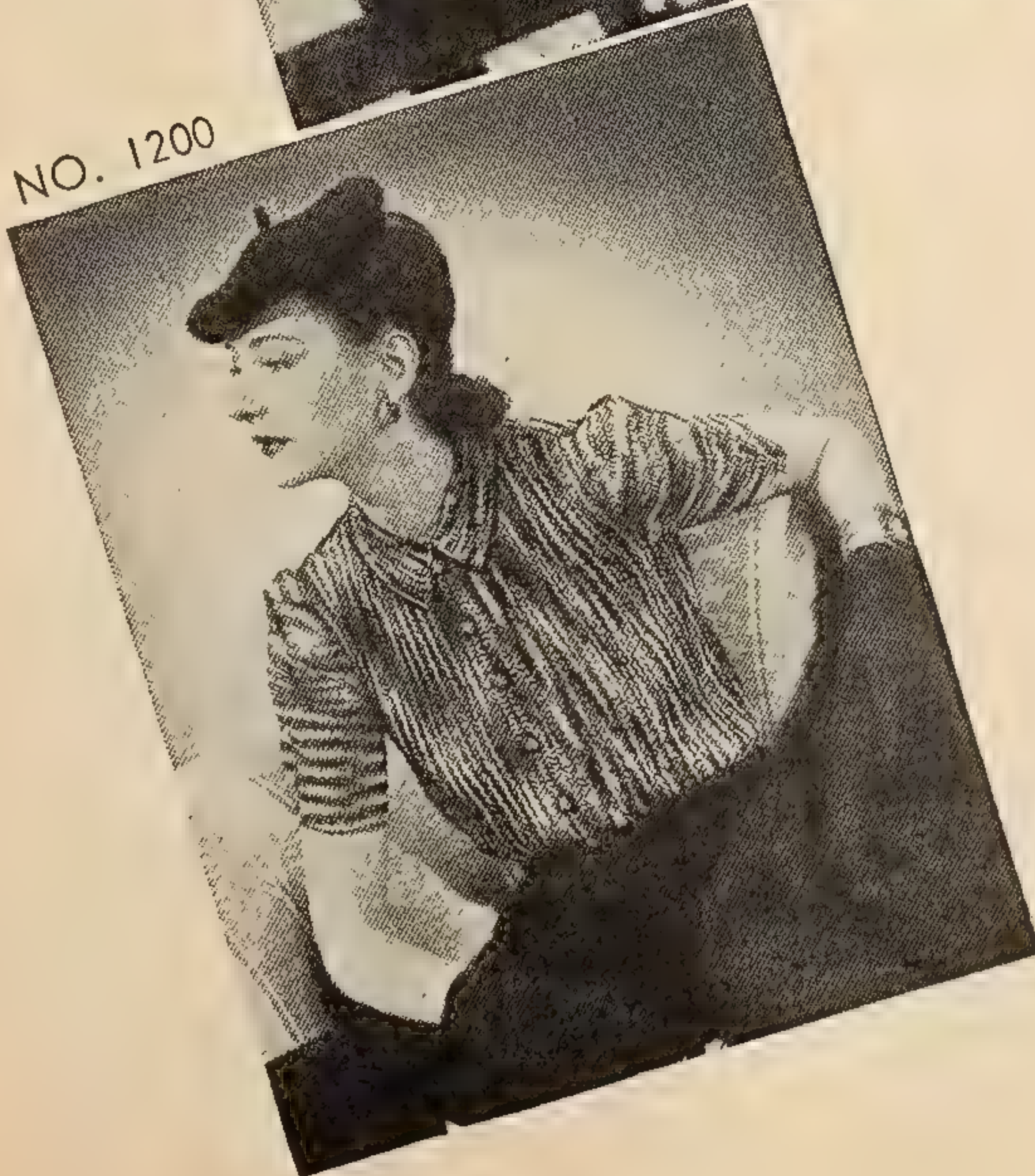
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... and all that's nice. And that's what little girls look like in these scrumptious sweaters that any rank amateur can whip up in two jerks of your knitting needle.

1219—Just wait till you see how "Surprise Package" spices up a drooping winter wardrobe. It's as light as a breeze despite that smart front bulkiness and the snugly ribbed back and sleeves.

1202—"Chevron" adds a dash of patriotism to your suits with its red and blue décor on a slim, snowy white cardigan with boxy shoulders, elbow length sleeves and bow-tied collarless neckline.

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1200—Pepper your formal suits to taste with "Madame President," an exciting blend of black, white and grey yarn woven into a dressy cardigan with self buttons and a tiny turnover collar.

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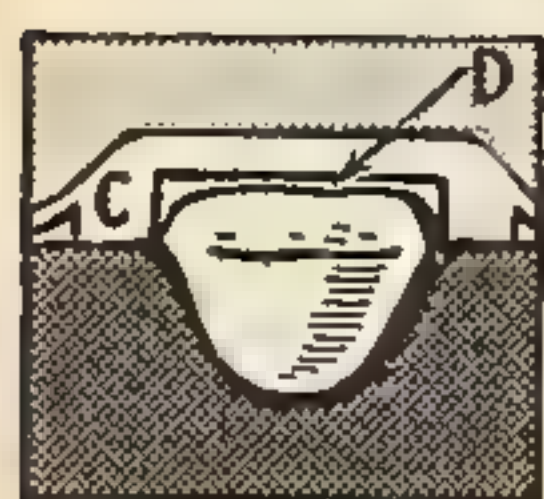


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More than 10,000 women, acting as an advance CONSUMER-TESTING GROUP, told Campana what they wanted—and here is the result. Quick-disappearing. Absolutely free of stickiness. No greasy after-feeling. Big value. Compare Campana with other hand cream quantities. At toiletry departments everywhere in 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ jars.

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BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent **FREE** to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. **LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 1609, Detroit, Mich.**

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(Continued from page 94)

around Hollywood and her valley ranch, slept till noon and spent long hours tap dancing, reading, beating her shiny set of drums and entertaining the bankers, doctors and lawyers who are her friends. Now Mae's ready to get back into harness, and we don't mean the 1890 kind! She plans to produce three pictures in the next year and will operate out of her four-room satinhung Hollywood apartment. There's an interesting story attached to that apartment, incidentally. It's located in a building that's owned by an organization which aids unfortunate boys. Mae's lived in it ever since she came to the coast six years ago and, though she'd like to move out, she won't because she realizes that her name in the door bell induces free-spending tourists to rent neighboring apartments. And so Mae West, always connected with sex and sin, remains in a small, inexpensive flat and plays fairy-godmother to over 400 unsuspecting males!

HAIR NOTES

Number One: Rita Hayworth was converted into a "Strawberry Blonde" by having her hair bleached yellow and then hennaed. . . . Number Two: No movie actress who has consistently worn a sleek, upsung-in-the-rear hairdo has remained popular. Seems there's an ugly spot on the neck that, left uncovered and blown up several thousand times on the screen, robs a woman of her attractiveness. . . . Number Three: Tony Martin, asked how he liked Lana Turner as a blonde, replied: "Say, I'd like that one even if she were bald-headed."

JOB INSURANCE

Randolph Scott is a very busy man. And the thing that keeps him busy is Randolph Scott. Randy is the town's foremost male worshiper of the torso terrific and devotes three or four hours a day to swimming, riding, golfing and hiking, just to keep himself lovely. "Other actors spend their spare time learning to waltz or warble," explains Randy. "I spend mine keeping my body in trim. But we're all doing the same thing. We're building fan appeal."

AN ORCHID TO JEFFREY

While we haven't given Jeffrey Lynn's personal health record a careful check-up, we're certain he's escaped one affliction that most rising stars suffer. That's the affliction known as "Going Hollywood," and its symptoms are an abnormal swelling of the head plus an inability to remember one's old friends. Our proof that Jeffrey's still an okay guy is the little wooden file box he keeps atop his bedroom bureau. In the box are cards containing the names and addresses of all the acquaintances, friends and relatives he assists monthly with money and gifts, and it's our pleasure to report that the number of cards increases as Jeff's income does. Aside from that we have no comment to make about Jeffrey Lynn, except this: if Dana Dale doesn't grab that man right quick, well, gangway—we're putting on our war-paint!

MODERN DAY CYRANO

Mike Gordon has written love letters to almost every beautiful actress in Hollywood. He's written to Hedy Lamarr, Marlene Dietrich and Alice Faye—written of their eyes, their lips, of the moon and a secret rendezvous. He's written over 250 passionate letters to great stars, all of which have been read and many of which have been answered. Yet Mike Gordon has never been married, jilted or sued. Who is this strange person? Well, we'll tell you. He's a professional love letter writer, that's what. When the script of a movie calls for a ro-

mantic letter, Mike Gordon is the gent who composes it. He reads the story, gets in the mood and then knocks off a poem of passion like pancakes at breakfast. "Nothing to it," he confesses. "But I never write them outside the studio. They're too dangerous. Besides, when I leave the lot, I gotta keep my mind off my work."

MUCHA SWELL

While still recovering from a series of earthquakes, Hollywood was hit by a South American cyclone. And a very lovely one at that. Her name is Carmen Miranda and she's the lassie who scored so terrifically in "Down Argentine Way." Carmen's sequences in that picture were filmed in New York and then tacked on to the finished product, but for her role in "The Road to Rio" she's come all the way out to the coast. Carmen's giving the town plenty to talk about. She always wears red, seldom removes her head-hugging turban and refuses to learn English. It's this last item that's driving her voice coach, Charles Henderson, nearly crazy. In order to teach her to sing in English, he must learn Portuguese!

WHY MEN LEAVE HOME

When Don Ameche disappeared from home recently, leaving behind his wife and four children, the Hollywood scandal-line buzzed with speculation. Where had Don gone, and with whom, asked the curious—and when would he be back, if ever? His wife would say nothing, his studio would say less. The Ameche mystery seemed insoluble. Then one sunny morning about four weeks later, the runaway returned to town. The first person he met was an old friend, a former school chum. "Just between us," said the friend, "who was the date, Don?" "The date," Don repeated. "There were eleven of them! I spent the last month touring the country with the Notre Dame football team, eating with them, sleeping with them and sitting on the benches while they played. I attended four colleges in my youth—but this is the first time I've stuck to one school long enough to see it through a football season!"

FIRE PREVENTION

Residents living in the vicinity of Warner Bros. report that three times in the past week the studio has appeared to be in flames. However, snoopers searching for the arson-bug found the real source of the sizzle on the set of "Footsteps in the Dark" where Miss Lee Patrick was doing a big strip-tease scene. So hot was Miss Patrick that half the Will Hays censorship board stood on the sidelines ready to pounce while she did her number. According to reports, they nodded approvingly as she removed one garment and then another and another, but when she leaned over and began to roll her sheer silk stockings down the fullness of her thighs, they screamed. That was too suggestive! Remarked Miss Patrick: "Well, the censors taught me one thing—that brassieres may come and brassieres may go, but my stockings stay on forever!"

DISA AND DATA

Greta Garbo, cold weather notwithstanding, strolls around town with open sandals and stockingless tootsies. . . . Ann Sheridan has a private detective guarding her home against prowlers. . . . Bill Gargan used to write magazine yarns under the name of Belden Fitzgerald before the movie bug bit. . . . Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville have a daily luncheon date in the Metro commissary even when they're not working. . . . There's a new swimming pool in Ginny Weidler's back yard. . . . Babs Hutton has 20 servants in her Brentwood home.

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture General Rating

All This, and Heaven Too (Warners).....	4★
Always a Bride (RKO).....	2½★
Andy Hardy Meets Debutante (M-G-M).....	3★
Angels Over Broadway (Columbia).....	2½★
Argentine Nights (Universal).....	2½★
Arise, My Love (Paramount).....	4★
*Arizona (Columbia).....	4★
Beyond Tomorrow (RKO).....	2½★
Bitter Sweet (M-G-M).....	3★
Black Diamonds (Universal).....	2★
Blondie Plays Cupid (Columbia).....	C 2½★
Boom Town (M-G-M).....	3½★
Boys from Syracuse, The (Universal).....	3★
Brigham Young—Frontiersman (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Calling Philo Vance (Warners).....	2½★
Captain Caution (United Artists).....	2½★
Charlie Chan at the Wax Museum (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Christmas in July (Paramount).....	3★
City for Conquest (Warners).....	3½★
Colorado (Republic).....	2½★
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount).....	2★
Cowboy From Texas (Republic).....	2★
Cross Country Romance (RKO).....	2½★
Dance, Girl, Dance (RKO).....	2★
Dancing on a Dime (Paramount).....	2★
Devil's Island (Warners).....	2½★
Devil's Pipeline, The (Universal).....	2★
Diamond Frontier (Universal).....	2★
*Dispatch From Reuter's, A (Warners).....	3½★
Dr. Kildare Goes Home (M-G-M).....	3★
Down Argentine Way (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Earl of Puddleston (Republic).....	2★
East of the River (Warners).....	2½★
Escape (M-G-M).....	3½★
Fantasia (Walt Disney).....	C 4★
Five Little Peppers in Trouble (Columbia).....	C 2★
Flowing Gold (Warners).....	3★
Foreign Correspondent (United Artists).....	4★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
French Without Tears (Paramount).....	2½★
*Gallant Sons (M-G-M).....	2½★
Gambling on the High Seas (Warners).....	2½★
Gay Caballero, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Ghost Breakers, The (Paramount).....	3★
Girl from Avenue A (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2★
Girl from God's Country (Republic).....	2★
Girl from Havana, The (Republic).....	2½★
Girls Under 21 (Columbia).....	2★
Glamour for Sale (Columbia).....	2★
Gold Rush Maisie (M-G-M).....	2½★
Golden Fleece, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M).....	4★
Grapes of Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Great Dictator, The (United Artists).....	3½★
Great McGinty, The (Paramount).....	3½★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Haunted Honeymoon (M-G-M).....	3★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia).....	2½★
Hired Wife (Universal).....	3★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal).....	2½★
House of Seven Gables (Universal).....	2½★
Howards of Virginia, The (Columbia).....	3½★
Hullabaloo (M-G-M).....	2★
*Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby (Universal).....	2★
If I Had My Way (Universal).....	C 3★
I Love You Again (M-G-M).....	3★
I Married Adventure (Columbia).....	3★
I'm Still Alive (RKO).....	2½★
In Old Missouri (Republic).....	2★
Irene (RKO).....	3★
Isle of Destiny (RKO).....	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M).....	2★
I Want A Divorce (Paramount).....	3★
Kit Carson (United Artists).....	2½★
Knute Rockne—All American (Warners).....	3½★
Ladies Must Live (Warners).....	2★
*Lady with Red Hair, The (Warners).....	3★
Last Alarm, The (Monogram).....	2★
Letter, The (Warners).....	4★
Little Bit of Heaven (Universal).....	C 3★
*Little Nellie Kelly (M-G-M).....	C 3★
Long Voyage Home, The (United Artists).....	4★
Lucky Cisco Kid (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Lucky Partners (RKO).....	3★
Mad Men of Europe (Columbia).....	2★
Mal He's Making Eyes At Me (Universal).....	2½★
Man I Married, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Man Who Talked Too Much, The (Warners).....	2½★
Mark of Zorro, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Maryland (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★

Picture General Rating

Meet the Wildcat (Universal).....	2½★
Men Against the Sky (RKO).....	3★
Mexican Spitfire Out West (RKO).....	2★
Midnight (Paramount).....	3★
Money and the Woman (Warners).....	2½★
*Moon Over Burma (Paramount).....	2½★
Mortal Storm, The (M-G-M).....	4★
Mummy's Hand, The (Universal).....	2½★
Murder in the Air (Warners).....	2★
My Favorite Wife (RKO).....	3★
My Little Chickadee (Universal).....	2½★
My Love Came Back (Warners).....	3½★
My Son, My Son (United Artists).....	3½★
New Moon (M-G-M).....	3★
North West Mounted Police (Paramount).....	3½★
Northwest Passage (M-G-M).....	4★
No Time for Comedy (Warners).....	3★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners).....	3★
Oklahoma Renegades (Republic).....	2½★
One Crowded Night (RKO).....	2★
One Million B. C. (United Artists).....	C 3★
Opened by Mistake (Paramount).....	2½★
Our Town (United Artists).....	4★
Out West With The Peppers (Columbia).....	C 2★
Pastor Hall (United Artists).....	3½★
Phantom Raiders (M-G-M).....	2★
Pier 13 (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Pinocchio (RKO).....	C 4★
Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia).....	2★
Pop Always Pays (RKO).....	2½★
Prairie Law (RKO).....	2★
Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M).....	3½★
Public Deb No. 1 (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Quarterback, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Queen of the Mob (Paramount).....	3★
Queen of the Yukon (Monogram).....	2★
Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal).....	2★
Ramparts We Watch, The (March of Time-RKO).....	3½★
Rangers of Fortune (Paramount).....	3★
Rebecca (United Artists).....	4★
Rhythm on the River (Paramount).....	3½★
Road to Singapore, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Safari (Paramount).....	2½★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO).....	2½★
Sea Hawk, The (Warners).....	3½★
Seven Sinners (Universal).....	3★
Sidewalks of London (Paramount Release).....	3★
Sing, Dance, Plenty Hot (Republic).....	2★
Sky Murder (M-G-M).....	2★
Slightly Honorable (United Artists).....	3★
Slightly Tempted (Universal).....	2★
South of Pago Pago (United Artists).....	2½★
South to Karanga (Universal).....	2½★
So You Won't Talk? (Columbia).....	2½★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal).....	C 2½★
Sporting Blood (M-G-M).....	2½★
Spring Parade (Universal).....	C 3★
Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Star Dust (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Stranger on the Third Floor (RKO).....	3★
Strike Up the Band (M-G-M).....	C 3½★
Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M).....	2½★
Susan and God (M-G-M).....	3½★
Swiss Family Robinson (RKO).....	C 3★
They Drive by Night (Warners).....	3★
They Knew What They Wanted (RKO).....	3½★
Thief of Bagdad, The (United Artists).....	3½★
Third Finger, Left Hand (M-G-M).....	3★
Those Were the Days (Paramount).....	C 2½★
Three Faces West (Republic).....	3★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal).....	C 3★
Thundering Frontier (Columbia).....	2★
Tin Pan Alley (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Tom Brown's School Days (RKO).....	C 3★
Too Many Girls (RKO).....	3★
Tower of London (Universal).....	2★
Triple Justice (RKO).....	2★
Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners).....	2½★
*Victory (Paramount).....	3★
Vigil in the Night (RKO).....	3★
Waterloo Bridge (M-G-M).....	3½★
Westerner, The (United Artists).....	3★
We Who Are Young (M-G-M).....	3★
When the Daltons Rode (Universal).....	3★
World in Flames, The (Paramount).....	3★
Wyoming (M-G-M).....	3★
You'll Find Out (RKO).....	3★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Young People (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★
Young Tom Edison (M-G-M).....	C 4★
Youth Will Be Served (20th Century-Fox).....	2★

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Name.....

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(Continued from page 83)

NAME	MARRIED TO	DATE OF MARRIAGE	MATE'S PROFESSION	PREVIOUS MATES	CHILDREN	STATUS OF MARRIAGE
Payne, John	Anne Shirley	Aug. 22, 1937	Actress	None	Julie Ann, 6 mos.	Still on honeymoon
Pidgeon, Walter	Ruth Walker	Summer, '31	Non-prof.	One	Edna, 18, by first wife	Parted but friendly
Powell, Dick	Joan Blondell	Sept. 20, 1936	Actress	Mildred Maund	Ellen, 2½; Norman, 6, by Joan's first marriage	Sweethearts forever
Powell, William	Diana Lewis	Jan. 5, 1940	Actress	Eileen Wilson, Carole Lombard	William, 16, by 1st wife	Still kiss in public
Power, Tyrone	Annabella	Apr. 23, 1939	Actress	None	None	Inseparable
Preston, Robert	Kay Feltus	Nov. 8, 1940	Actress	None	None	Matchmates
Price, Vincent	Edith Barrett	Apr. 23, 1938	Actress	None	Vincent, 4 mos.	Couldn't be swoonier
Raft, George	Grace Mulrooney	About 1916	None	None	One son, about 23	In name only
Rains, Claude	Frances Propper	Apr. 8, 1935	Non-prof.	Isabel Jeans, Marie Heminway, Beatrice Thompson	Jennifer, 3	This one seems to have taken
Rambeau, Marjorie	Francis Gudger	Nov. 19, 1931	Retired studio vice-prexy	About five	None	This time it's real
Rathbone, Basil	Ouida Bergere	Apr. 18, 1926	Scenarist	Ethel Forman	Rodion, 24, by first wife	Every day is party day
Ratoff, Gregory	Eugenie Leontovich	Dec. 8, 1922	Actress	None	None	On again; off again
Raymond, Gene	Jeanette MacDonald	June 16, 1937	Actress	None	None	Sweetness and light
Reagan, Ronald	Jane Wyman	Jan. 26, 1940	Actress	None	None	Infanticipating
Robinson, Edw. G.	Gladys Lloyd	Summer, '26	Former stage star	None	Manny, 7; daughter, 24, by wife's first marriage	Mutual adoration society
Rogers, Buddy	Mary Pickford	June 27, 1937	Retired actress	None	None	Love-birds
Rogers, Roy	Arline Wilkins	June 11, 1936	Non-prof.	None	Cheryl, 5 mos.	No chance for rustlers
Ross, Shirley	Ken Dolan	Sept. 18, 1938	Actors' agent	None	None	Still hold hands at movies
Schildkraut, Joseph	Marie McKay	May 27, 1932	Non-prof.	Elise Bartlett	None	No disturbances
Scott, Martha	Carleton Alsop	Sept. 16, 1940	Radio producer	None	None	The real McCoy
Scott, Randolph	Marianna Somerville	Mar. 23, 1936	Socialite	None	None	No hope
Shirley, Anne	John Payne	Aug. 22, 1937	Actor	None	Julie Anne, 6 mos.	A potential Darby and Joan
Sidney, Sylvia	Luther Adler	Aug. 12, 1938	Actor	Bennett Cerf	Jacob, III, 1	Soulmates
Sondergaard, Gale	Herbert Biberman	May 8, 1930	Stage director	None	None	Having fun
Sothorn, Ann	Roger Pryor	Sept. 27, 1936	Band-leader	None	None	"Just wondy"
Stanwyck, Barbara	Robert Taylor	May 14, 1939	Actor	Frank Fay	Dion, 8, adopted	Honeymoon's over
Stephenson, James	Lorna Dinn	Dec. 1, 1938	Non-prof.	None	Peter, 8 mos.	A bit of all right
Stone, Lewis	Hazel Woof	Oct. 16, 1930	Non-prof.	Two	Two daughters by 1st wife	Hazel has the heart of Stone
Stuart, Gloria	Arthur Sheekman	July 28, 1934	Writer	Gordon Newell	Sylvia, 5½	So far, so good
Sullavan, Margaret	Leland Hayward	Nov. 15, 1936	Actors' agent	Henry Fonda, Wm. Wyler	Brooke, 4; Bridget, 1½; 3rd coming	Really smitten
Sutton, John	Charlotte Meier	Apr. 25, 1933	Non-prof.	None	None	Sutton-ly is clicking
Tamiroff, Akim	Tamara Shayne	Aug. 6, 1932	Russian actress	None	None	Accent on love
Taylor, Robert	Barbara Stanwyck	May 14, 1939	Actress	None	None	Winchell fodder
Tracy, Lee	Helen Thomas	July 21, 1938	Non-prof.	One	None	Hearts are trump
Tracy, Spencer	Louise Treadwell	July 28, 1923	His former leading lady	None	Johnny, 14; Susy, 6	Academy Award winner
Treacher, Arthur	Virginia Taylor	May 23, 1940	Stand-in	None	None	Very good, sir
Trevor, Claire	Clark Andrews	July 27, 1938	Script writer	None	None	No rumors
Tucker, Forrest	Sandra Jolley	Sept. 25, 1940	Showgirl	None	None	Time will tell
Wayne, John	Josephine Saenz	Spring, 1933	Socialite	None	Michael, 6; Toni (girl), 4; Patrick, 16 mos.; 4th coming	Love's definitely not on the Wayne
Weaver, Marjorie	George Schart	Oct. 22, 1937	Ensign in U. S. Navy	None	None	Distance lending no enchantment
Weissmuller, Johnny	Beryl Scott	Aug. 20, 1939	Socialite	Bobbe Arnst, Lupe Velez	John Scott, 3 mos.	Going along swimmingly
Whelan, Arleen	Alexander D'Arcy	Sept. 2, 1940	Actor	None	None	Off to a good start
Wilcoxon, Henry	Joan Woodbury	June 29, 1936	Actress	Sheila Browning	Wendy, 1	Much to be thankful for
William, Warren	Helen Nelson	Oct. 15, 1920	Socialite	None	None	Lifetime guarantee
Wyman, Jane	Ronald Reagan	Jan. 26, 1940	Actor	Myron Futerterman	One en route	Every woman's hope
Young, Loretta	Tom Lewis	July 31, 1940	Advertising executive	Grant Withers	Judy, 5, adopted	"Marriage ain't Measles"
Young, Robert	Elizabeth Henderson	Mar. 6, 1933	Non-prof.	None	Betty, 8; Carol Anne, 5	Gilt-edge security

NEXT MONTH—Another chart listing ex-marrieds who live alone and like it

a

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Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3RD, *Philadelphia*
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